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*\*\* Rejected Articles cannot be returned.*

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**NOW PUBLISHING**  
 IN THE  
**NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.**  
**THE FLITCH OF BACON:**  
 OR,  
*The Custom of Dunmow.*

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

*This Tale of English Home was commenced in the JANUARY NUMBER of the NEW MONTHLY, and will be continued regularly until completion.*

**JANUARY.**

**PART THE FIRST.—THE OLD INN AT DUNMOW.**—Chap. I. From which it may be inferred that Perseverance in a Good Cause will meet its Reward. II. How Jonas Nettleseed counted his Chickens before they were hatched. III. Of the Strange Guest who arrived at the Flitch. IV. How Abel Roper, the Steward, obtained an insight into the Old Gentleman's breast. V. Showing that Frank Woodbine should have Looked before he Leaped. VI. The Jury of Backs and Maidens; and what they did.

**FEBRUARY.**

**PART THE SECOND.—THE GAMEKEEPER'S COTTAGE.**—Chap. I. How Dr. Plot visited the Old Priory Church of Dunmow. II. A Peep at the Gamekeeper's Wife. III. Dr. Plot gives Reasons for his Disbelief in Conjugal Felicity; and relates the Particulars of an Unfortunate Marriage. IV. The Pigeon and the Rook.

**MORNING POST.**

"MR. HARRISON AINSWORTH's new story, entitled the 'Flitch of Bacon; or, the Custom of Dunmow,' if conducted to its close with the same spirit that has so agreeably signalised its opening, will do more for the literary reputation of its author than any work he has yet essayed. It is dramatic in incident, highly diversified in character, and thoroughly English in sentiment. If MR. AINSWORTH will only continue as he has begun, we shall have to thank him for as pleasant a story as we have read for many a day."

**SUN.**

"We have reason now to congratulate the readers of the *New Monthly*, not only upon the return of MR. AINSWORTH to them in his capacity as a 'Story-teller,' but also upon his beginning once more for their pleasure to interlard his Romance with Ballads like those which some time back imparted so much zest to 'Crichton,' and to 'Rookwood.'"

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE FLITCH OF BACON:

OR,

### THE CUSTOM OF DUNMOW.

A TALE OF ENGLISH HOME.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

The Bacon was not set for them I trow,  
That some men have in Essex at Dunmow.

CHAUCER. *Wife of Bath's Prologue.*

PART THE THIRD.

### The Lord of the Manor of Little Dunmow.

#### I.


IN WHICH IT IS SHOWN THAT THERE MAY BE MORE WAYS THAN ONE OUT OF A CELLAR; AND MORE ROOMS, THAN ARE GENERALLY SUSPECTED, IN AN OLD HOUSE.

FRANK WOODBINE was locked up in the cellar. That we know. Now to see what he did there.

Not expecting his confinement to be of very long duration, since Nelly had promised to liberate him as soon as the coast was clear, Frank took it quietly enough at first, amusing himself by thinking how cleverly the Triliffs had been tricked; but when a long interval of time had elapsed: and it seemed much longer to him than it really was: he began to find the detention exceedingly irksome, and made several futile attempts to force open the door.

Another hour of restraint increased his impatience to such a degree, that unable to rest inactive, he began to grope about the place in every direction to ascertain if, by possibility, any other mode of egress existed. Though he moved as carefully as he could in the dark, he managed to upset a good many bottles, and more than once came in contact with a mouldy old beer-cask; but at length, he contrived to hit upon the entrance to the inner vaults, and passing through it, went on, with even greater

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cautious than before; becoming sensible from the increased dampness of the atmosphere, and the broken condition of the floor, together with the litter scattered about, that he had got into some neglected depository of rubbish, where there might be danger of a serious fall. Happily, no such accident occurred to him.

A second doorway ensued, and a second vault, full of rubbish like the first. Here he found a ladder lying on the ground, and placed—as he luckily discovered in time—across the mouth of a deep, circular hole: an old well it might be, to judge from the dampness of the brickwork: into which he had a narrow escape of being precipitated, headlong.

Passing by this dangerous abyss with a shudder at the risk he had run, he entered a third vault terminated by a short flight of stone steps, down which he descended, wondering where they would land him. When at the bottom, his further progress was impeded by a door. It was locked; but being in no mood to be stopped, and the lock chancing to be on the side next him, he took up a brick from the loose pavement, and knocked off the rusty fastening with a blow.

No further hindrance then. A narrow passage presented itself; circuitous, and gradually rising as he advanced along it. He was delighted to find the air become fresher, and the obscurity decrease with each step he took, until at last, the full light of the moon burst upon him, shining down from a grated aperture in the walls. Unluckily, this aperture was out of reach; but even if accessible, the closeness and strength of the bars rendered escape by it wholly impracticable.

Further on, a blank wall opposed him. The passage had evidently communicated with some chamber beyond, but the doorway had been blocked up, as was shown by the comparative freshness of the brickwork.

To all appearance, he had reached the end of his course. All this trouble had been taken, all this risk run, for nothing.

But he would not go back till he had looked carefully round. Trap-doors and secret passages he knew were to be found in many old houses. Might not similar contrivances exist here? Entertaining the conviction that they might, he examined the walls, and sounded the brickwork; but with no satisfactory result.

At last, when just giving up the search, he chanced upon a small stone let into the wall, with the figure V. carved upon it.

What could it mean? There was no corresponding mark near it that he could detect; and yet the figure must have some significance.

He counted five yards, and they brought him exactly to the blocked-up doorway. Returning to the starting-point, he took the like number of steps in the opposite direction, and being still within the scope of the moon's rays, clearly perceived the figure IV. cut on the wall. Four steps more brought him to III.; three to II.; and though the next movement almost involved him in gloom, he could trace with his finger, upon a piece of stone, the number I.

Here he halted.

The walls, on examination, proved to be of hard brickwork. The floor sounded firm beneath his tread, and returned no hollow reverberation. Looking upwards, he could just distinguish, in the partial obscurity, a chain dangling from the roof.

The chain seemed within reach, and springing aloft, he succeeded in

grasping it, and in maintaining his hold. But the attempt had nearly proved his destruction ; for his weight brought down a heavy board to which the iron links were attached, and the edge of the wood striking him in its fall, and grazing one of his temples, laid him prostrate, bleeding, and senseless.

How long he remained in this state he knew not ; but when he recovered, his limbs felt stiff, and he could only move them at first with considerable difficulty. His hair and face were covered with coagulated blood. A wonder he had not been killed.

Serious, however, as might have been the accident, it rendered him an important service. The fall of the board had left a square opening in the roof, through which he could distinguish some portion of a chamber illuminated by the moon. From the bolts and rings as well as the rusty chain attached to it, it was evident the board had been used as a trap-door.

How to attain the room above was now the question ? He was not long in solving it. Bethinking him of the ladder he had met with in the vaults, he resolved to fetch it. The plan was no sooner conceived than executed ; and on application, the ladder being found to reach the square hole above, it was soon securely planted, and mounting the steps with eagerness, he effected an entrance near the fireplace of a large deserted-looking chamber.

Deserted, indeed.

No human footstep, it would seem, had invaded it for many and many a year. Whether it was equally avoided by members of the Invisible World, was not so clear. It seemed especially adapted to them, and a ghostly atmosphere pervaded the place. The room had once been magnificently decorated ; but time and neglect had despoiled it of its splendour. The lofty windows were boarded up, but some of the planks having given way from the effects of weather, the moonlight streamed in through the interstices. The walls were panelled, and the wainscots had been covered with rich tapestry, but the arras was mildewed, stained, and rotten, as were the window-curtains, and hung down in strips and tatters. The mirrors in their richly gilt and curiously-carved frames were dull and tarnished. The moulded ceiling was cracked and blistered, and festooned with cobwebs. The furniture was of an antique and cumbrous form, but its gilt leather and silken coverings were sullied and moth-eaten. The portraits had nearly all perished, and the canvas on which several had been painted, had dropped from their frames.

Two only, from some unaccountable reason, remained in a tolerable state of preservation. Both of these were full-length portraits, admirably painted, and almost lifelike in character and expression. One was the likeness of a man, between forty and fifty, habited in a rich court dress of George the First's time ; the other that of an exquisitely beautiful woman, some twenty years younger, and equally richly attired in robes of the same period. Yet in spite of the lady's beauty, there were traces of sadness in her looks. Her splendid garb seemed to hide an anxious heart, and the smile upon her sundered lips had a touch of melancholy in it. She was of a noble presence, stately figure, and majestic carriage, with a full person, rounded arms, and fine shoulders.

Her eyes were black and large, but though their brilliancy was softened by the sadness pervading the mouth, they were full of latent fire and spirit. The brows were dark and well defined; the hair jetty, raised from the beautiful forehead, and crowning the head as with a natural tiara. The features were classical in shape; the complexion of a rich brown.

This portrait riveted Frank Woodbine's attention. He continued to gaze at it until tears rushed to his eyes, and as a relief, turned to the other picture.

To deny that the person here represented was handsome would be impossible. Yet his good looks were almost entirely marred by a peculiar and forbidding expression. It was not easy to say in what the expression consisted, or whence it arose. It might be pride, or suspicion, or excessive irritability. All these feelings seemed to lurk there, and indeed broke forth in parts of the singular physiognomy—singular, because there was as much good in it as evil; the former qualities being in such strength that they might have preponderated, if allowed fair play. Irritability, scorn, and sarcasm hovered about the mouth; but they were held in check, or corrected by highly nervous sensibility. Pride was the dominant expression of the face; and yet the haughty brow and imperious eye were tempered and restrained by a look suggestive of benevolence and even humility. So many opposite qualities were blended and confounded together, that the face seemed a mere bundle of contradictions, enough to puzzle any one who made it his study. The features were sharp, well defined, and full of intelligence. In stature, this oddly-compounded personage was rather above the ordinary standard; but he lost something of his height from lameness: a defect which, instead of being concealed, was rather obtrusively displayed by the artist; probably at the suggestion of the original of the picture. Apart from this drawback, the figure was finely formed, though, perhaps, too spare. The eyes looked out of the picture, steadily confronting the beholder, and seeming to follow him with their keen glances about the room.

The contemplation of this picture produced no such effects on Frank Woodbine as had been excited by the first. On the contrary, his aspect assumed unwonted sternness, and he frowned angrily as he met the penetrating gaze it seemed to fix upon him. This sentiment of displeasure, however, soon gave way to pity; and, as if fearing his indignation might be re-awakened, he placed himself once more under the gentler though saddening influence of the lady's melancholy eyes.

While thus occupied, Frank completely forgot the situation in which he was placed. Thoughts of the past—painful thoughts—swept over his mind, to the exclusion, for the moment, of all other considerations. But at length, the necessity of exertion rousing him from his sombre reverie, he went towards the windows for the purpose of ascertaining on what they opened; ever and anon looking back at the two portraits, and thinking one of them was watching him with its keen glances.

Clouded with long-accumulated dust, and further obscured by the action of the frost, the windows were so dimmed, that no view could be obtained from them, except through a broken pane; and hence he discovered that immediately beneath him there was a small secluded court,

screened from outer observation by a thick belt of trees. This court, moreover, having been excavated to a considerable depth below the rest of the habitation, in all probability faced the walled-up chamber, once communicating with the passage he had recently traversed; making it evident that every precaution had been taken to secure privacy and seclusion to this part of the building, when in occupation. It became evident also, on further investigation, that the apartments had been very suddenly as well as very carefully closed, and had continued wholly undisturbed until his intrusion upon them.

Abandoning all idea of descent from the windows, Frank looked about for some other outlet, and was then astonished by a peculiarity in the chamber, which had hitherto escaped his notice: there was no door to it.

Here then was a fresh dilemma, out of which he saw no means of extricating himself. He ~~must~~ go back after all, and had unwillingly come to this conclusion, when chancing to cast a glance at the portrait, the eyes of which seemed constantly tracking him, he fancied he could read so much mockery and malice in its looks that he resolved not to give up his search for the secret entrance; feeling convinced, from the peculiar arrangements of the room, that such an entrance must exist.

While shaking the panels, and pressing against them to see if one would slide back, he came upon a table on which an escritoire was placed, with writing materials near it; affording ample evidence of the suddenness with which the chamber had been forsaken and shut up. Nothing had been removed from the room; and probably no one had been allowed to enter it, after it was abandoned by its occupant. The escritoire was open, and an unfinished letter was lying near it—the paper discoloured by time, and the ink faded. Incited by curiosity, Frank took it to the window to read it. Its perusal roused new emotions, and of a wholly different character, in his breast. He again glanced at the portrait, and fancy now changed the look he encountered to one of sadness and sympathy. Carefully folding the letter, he placed it within his breast.

Within the escritoire were several documents and papers, with none of which Frank thought it right to meddle, until he came to a packet sealed with black wax, and inscribed—"FOR LADY FITZWALTER. TO BE DELIVERED, AFTER MY DEATH.—W. F'W."

With trembling hands, Frank took up this packet; his first thought being to secure it. But the portrait seemed to admonish him to desist, and he laid it down again, though not without reluctance.

He had scarcely done so, when he was greatly startled by an occurrence which, for the moment, seemed to partake of the supernatural; though it was presently explained. Appearing to detach itself from its frame, the portrait advanced towards him. He hastily retreated; and it was well he did so, for he was scarcely out of reach when the picture fell to the ground with a tremendous clatter that shook the whole room, and filled it with a cloud of dust. The explanation of the occurrence was obvious. His own hasty movements had no doubt shaken the picture, and dislodged it from its supports, which it appeared, on examination, were rusty and decayed. With some difficulty he managed to rear it up again, though not to its former position, and in doing so, he perceived what he had been searching for so anxiously—a sliding panel.

On the fall of the picture, the panel had flown open ; the spring being in some way connected with the frame, which had moved upon hinges like a door. His course was now uninterrupted.

The passage, into which the sliding panel admitted him, was very narrow and intricate, and its close mouldy smell showed how long it had been disused. After traversing it for some time, and speculating where and when it would terminate, for it evidently led to the other end of the building; he mounted a short flight of wooden steps, and came to a small closet.

It was now quite clear that he had gained the habitable part of the house, for he could not only see a light through the chinks in the oak boards forming the front of the closet, but could hear voices, some of which he recognised. Jonas Nettlebed and his wife were making merry, it appeared, with some company in the hall below. Frank now knew where he was. The little closet was partitioned off the gallery, near the head of the staircase, and was no doubt quite unknown to the present inmates of the house. Nor did he desire they should be made acquainted with its existence, or with that of the chamber he had discovered. So he hesitated to go forth, though he easily detected a secret door amid the boards, and had only to press a knob of iron to become free. He was compelled to act thus cautiously from hearing a whispering sound in the gallery, as if two persons were standing there, engaged in muttered discourse. These persons he found were Carrotty Dick and Peggy, and it was the light of the candle held by the pretty chambermaid that reached him through the cracks in the boards.

While thus detained, Frank examined the place into which he had got. It was little more than a large cupboard, and constituted a receptacle for strange lumber. Amongst other things, he found a suit of old armour placed upon a stand. Most likely it had been put there out of the way, and forgotten. This knightly equipment, which might have belonged to the first Fitzwalter, as it had some of the peculiarities of the mailed statue on the tomb in the old Priory Church, was complete from top to toe: plate armour with a chain shirt beneath it. If the panoply could stalk forth, how it would terrify the loiterers on the gallery, and rout all the laughing company below. What so easy as to carry this notion into effect? Thinking so, Frank instantly set to work, and arrayed himself in the old warrior's battle harness, putting on the chain shirt, the breast-plate and greaves, the vambraces and gauntlets; and binding his handkerchief round his head, to protect his wounded temple, finally clapped on the casque. The armour fitted as if fashioned for him.

When fully equipped, he moved towards the secret door, slowly and with difficulty, for the weight of iron considerably impeded his movements. Having reached the point of exit, he listened for a moment. All seemed quiet in the gallery, and the light was gone, but loud laughter and revelry continued to resound from below. He then drew down the visor, and touched the spring of the secret door. It flew open, and he stalked forth into the gallery.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! The boards creaked awfully.

At this moment, Peggy issued from the dark corridor followed by Carrotty Dick. As her eye alighted on the mail-clad apparition, she uttered a shriek loud enough to rouse the whole house, dropped her candle, and fell back into the arms of the almost equally-terrified ostler.

II.

THE WAGER.

To be sure, what a disturbance! Captain Juddock's arrival occasioned at the Dunmow Flitch.

He threatened to turn the Old Inn topsy-turvy. • For some time, nothing was heard, but the clatter of his enormous boots, and the roar of his stentorian voice : singing, swearing, shouting—all in a breath. The old chairs were not safe for him—he broke the back of one in sitting down; and the solid oak table shook beneath the unaccustomed weight as he flung himself upon it. But he was never quiet for three minutes together. He must be doing something. And as Nelly had gone to the cellar (for a purpose we wot of), and had not returned, he began to make love to pretty Peggy, chucking her under the chin, and whisking her towards the mistletoe bough, which his quick eye had detected in the recess; but his purpose was interrupted by Carrotty Dick, who, planting himself in front of the window, forbade all approach to the sacred branch. During the scuffle that ensued, Peggy managed to make her escape, and Dick followed her in double quick time, his movements being accelerated by an application of one of the baffled giant's large boots.

All this had been witnessed, with many internal qualms, by Jonas, who bitterly bewailed the hour that had brought such an overgrown and unruly monster, to disturb the peace and comfort of his dwelling. He feared there would be no getting rid of him, since the impudent and intrusive rascal had once obtained a lodgement. Something dreadful was sure to happen : the long-coveted Flitch, itself, was in fearful jeopardy.

The circumstances seemed critical. Something must be done; and without delay. He tried to summon up his courage : to feel like a man. But the blustering deportment of the giant unnerved him; and his chicken heart quailed. However, he expostulated with himself; and got to the sticking-point, just as Peggy and Dick had taken to their heels. A fitting occasion for a respectable landlord's interference, who piqued himself on maintaining the decorum of his house.

Jonas coughed rather loudly to attract the giant's attention, and clear his own throat. Juddock echoed back the sound from his mighty lungs in an infinitely louder key, and advancing towards the discomfited landlord, clapped him on the back, with such force, that poor Nettlebed's wig was nearly shaken from his head, water started to his eyes, and his red face grew redder than ever.

"Well, mine host—what now?" the captain exclaimed, in a voice of thunder.

"Really, Captain Juddock," Jonas replied, arranging his wig, and rubbing his shoulders, "I must be permitted to observe that I cannot allow such proceedings in my house. The Flitch is a particularly well-conducted inn, sir—the best in Essex, and it's my pride to keep it so. The servants know their places, the landlord knows his, and he expects his guests to know theirs. If not, he can dispense with their company. By the marry maskins! I think I've hit him as hard as he hit me. I hope he'll take the hint," he added to himself.

Juddock burst into a great roar of laughter.



"Why, what a punctilious little fellow you must be, landlord!" he cried. "If you dismiss every guest who casts a sheep's eye at your pretty chambermaid, I'll warrant me you'll soon have a clear house. But you regard her as your own property, I conclude, and allow no interference with your rights, eh?—Zounds! man, never look so sheep-faced. Mrs. N.'s not by, now. Where's Sir G.? Still in his own room, upstairs, I suppose! By-the-by, I must look after my bed-chamber. Tell your wife to show it me."

"I'll show it you, myself," Jonas rejoined hastily—"that is, if you're determined to stay all night. Stop! let me see. How unfortunate!—but it can't be helped. Sorry I can't accommodate you, sir."

"Not accommodate me!" Juddock roared. "You must. I shall stay here a week—a month—a year—a century, perhaps! I shall NEVER leave!"

"Oh, dear! I thought he wouldn't," Jonas muttered. "But what's to be done? There isn't a spare bed. Sir Gilbert has taken the last."

"Then I'll sleep on that bench by the fireside," the captain rejoined; "for here I remain—that's flat. You won't easily get rid of me, landlord. But I don't believe a word you say. Mrs. N. told me there was a very comfortable bed—quite at my service."

"Mrs. N., as you rather too familiarly call her, was quite mistaken—I assure you she was. Oh! the Flitch! the Flitch! It is written I am never to win it!" he exclaimed aside.

"Well, we shall see when she makes her appearance," Juddock replied. "Meantime, I'll keep up the fire, in case of accidents."

So saying, he lifted the huge Yule log from the hearth as easily as if it had been a common fagot, and tossed it upon the blazing coals, where it presently began to spit and crackle in emulation of them. Jonas could not repress a groan; but he was afraid to interfere, lest, peradventure, he might follow the log.

"And now, landlord, what can we have for supper?" the giant demanded. "The best inn in Essex must have an excellent larder, especially at Christmas time:—cold chine, cold turkey, cold ham, cold pie, cold plum pudding,—cold everything, no doubt. But I want something hot—a carbonado—a grill—a devil. You understand?"

"Yes, I understand well enough," Jonas rejoined—"but—but I'm extremely sorry——"

"More excuses!" Juddock interrupted, knitting his brows. "Landlord, I will have none of them. Supper I must have. A hot supper, mark me. The best must be forthcoming. No paltry makeshifts—no miserable kickshaws. A couple of wild ducks—nicely roasted—I know they're in the larder, and who gave them—Mrs. N. has let me into the secret."

"The devil she has!" Jonas muttered. "Oh! the Flitch! the Flitch! What *will* become of it?"

"Then, in the way of tipple, you've some prime October, I'm given to understand—bright and pale as sherris—I mean to give my opinion upon it.—And you've also got some wonderful old brandy I'm informed. I shall pronounce upon that, too."

Jonas lifted up his hands in absolute despair.

"The traitress! to tell such a swillbowl as this of the old brandy," he mentally ejaculated.

"You see I've not lost my time, landlord," Juddock continued, in a self-complacent tone. "Mrs. N. was very confidential during our walk. I shall know all your secrets before long. There's one more I've learnt; but that's no secret. You expect to carry off the great matrimonial prize of Dunmow—the Flitch of Bacon. Don't you wish you may get it? Ho! ho!"

"Most decidedly I do, sir," Jonas rejoined, bristling up, and picking up a few crumbs of courage, for his tenderest point had been touched by this sting. "Most decidedly I do, sir," he repeated, looking up, and staring the insolent giant in the face; "I not only *do* wish I may get it, but by the marry maskins! I am certain I *shall* get it; and that's more. Have you anything to say to the contrary?"

"Oh, no! nothing at all," Juddock said, still indulging in his boisterous merriment. "If you and Mrs. N. choose to take the Oath, that's your concern, not mine."

"To be sure it is; and I don't think it at all likely you will be consulted on the occasion, sir."

"Hum! that remains to be seen," the giant muttered. "Well, I admire your confidence. Now what will you bet, that you don't win this prize after all?"

"What will I bet?" Jonas echoed, rather staggered. "I never do lay wagers."

"But if you're certain to win there can be no harm," the giant rejoined. "I'll lay you Ten Thousand to Fifty, you lose the Flitch."

"By the marry maskins! those are long odds," Jonas exclaimed, opening his eyes to their fullest extent. "Ten Thousand Pounds would be better than the Flitch itself," he muttered. "I'll take him. But he won't pay. These empty boasters never do. However, I'll risk it.—Done! captain,—done," he exclaimed, aloud—"I accept your bet. You are to pay me 10,000*l.* if I win the Flitch; but, if I lose it, I must hand you over fifty."

"That's it exactly, landlord," the giant rejoined. "But I shan't give you such a chance as this, without a slight reservation."

"I thought not," Jonas observed, drily.

"You must pay me a guinea a week till you're enabled to claim it. Not that I want the money—oh! no. I will hand it over to the High Bailiff of Dunmow to be applied to some charitable purpose. But this will bring the bet to an issue. Are you agreed?"

"I think I may safely do it," Jonas reflected. "Four days have only to run before I can legally make the claim—that's under the week. Yes, captain, I *am* agreed," he added, aloud.

"Your hand upon it then," Juddock cried, giving him a terrible squeeze that again drew water to his eyes. "And now, the caution-money?"

"The what?" Jonas cried.

"The guinea. You must pay one week in advance."

"Adzooks! I didn't count upon that," the landlord exclaimed, with a blank look. "Well, here it is," he added, producing a well-filled leather-bag, which seemed to attract the greedy giant's attention, and taking a piece of gold from it. "And now, sir, what security am I to have that you will pay me the 10,000*l.*?"

"What security?" the giant roared, putting on an offended look. "My word, sir. Is not that sufficient?"

"It must be, I suppose. But I would rather have your bond."

"Bond me no bonds—I will sign none of them. My word is my bond, as it is with every man of honour. Captain Juddock never said the thing he didn't maintain. 10,000*l.* is yours, if fairly won. If not, the 50*l.*'s mine. That's settled. Book the bet, while I pay a visit to the kitchen, and ascertain, from personal inspection, the state of the larder. I'm an old campaigner, and accustomed to foraging expeditions."

So saying, he put his great clattering boots once more in motion, and marched off towards the back part of the premises.

"Well, I think I have him any way," Jonas soliloquised, looking after him. "If he don't pay the bet he'll be obliged to decamp—that's one comfort. But I sadly begrudge my guinea."

The fat cook was in the kitchen, frying eggs and bacon for the household supper, when the giant made his appearance, and on perceiving what she was about, his appetite, which was perfectly Gargantuan, was so tickled by the inviting dish that he was fain to make an immediate onslaught upon it, and with that view endeavoured to snatch the frying-pan from her. But though taken by surprise, mistress cook would not submit to such an indignity, but threatened to knock the pan about his ears if he meddled with her; and the menace had the desired effect, for Juddock turned away and began to prosecute his examination of the larder. This soon resulted in a discovery of the wild ducks, and many other good things which Jonas would have desired to keep in the background; and tossing the birds towards the cook, together with a string of black puddings, the captain bade her prepare them, as soon as she could, for supper; telling her he would begin with a dish of eggs and bacon, and conclude with toasted cheese. These orders being authoritatively delivered, he returned towards the hall, and meeting Peggy by the way, after again chucking her under the chin, enjoined her to see them executed.

The pretty chambermaid found the cook quite flustered by what had occurred, and uncertain how to act: but Peggy told her she had better do as the tall gentleman had bidden her, for missis was sure to be content, whatever master might be; and, made easy by this assurance, the cook finished off the eggs and bacon, and sat down cheerfully, with Peggy, to pluck the wild fowl.

On re-entering the hall, Captain Juddock found the host and hostess and all the principal guests assembled within it. Sir Gilbert de Montfichet had come down stairs, and was pacing the chamber, to and fro, by himself. Dr. Plot and Mr. Roper were seated near the fire, and a screen being placed round their table, afforded them a certain sort of privacy. Dr. Plot's presence was evidently a considerable restraint to the young baronet, and he hailed Juddock's return as a relief, since it gave him some one to talk to, as well as something to laugh at. Thinking Nelly looked uneasy, and attributing her anxiety to a private lecture she might have received from Jonas on his account, Juddock exerted all his powers of pleasantry for her diversion, and speedily succeeded in raising a smile upon her good-natured countenance. Nelly, it must be confessed, was not difficult to amuse. Very little did it. She felt every disposition to be entertained now, but her tendency to merriment was somewhat checked by thoughts of Frank, and speculations as to what had become of him. However, she made no allusion to the cause of her uneasiness, and by-and-by, it disappeared altogether: Juddock's merriment was

contagious. As to Jonas, though he could not shake off his dislike of the captain, nor feel less distrust in him, he could not help secretly confessing that he was a very droll and diverting fellow, nor avoid laughing at some of his jests. The wager was not without its effect in reconciling him to his troublesome guest.

In anticipation of supper, and to give a whet to his appetite, Juddock called for a jug of ale, and rose still higher in the landlord's opinion by the hearty praise he bestowed on the beverage.

Thus a better understanding prevailed among the party, when a loud rattling was heard at the window, and a "Yoicks! tally ho!" given by a loud cheery voice, as if at a fox-chase, accompanied by the blowing of a huntsman's horn.

"By the marry maskins! there's Squire Monkbury," Jonas exclaimed. "I should know his halloa wherever I heard it. Wife!—Nelly!—get ready to receive him directly!—Coming, your honour, coming!"

"Bless us!" Nelly cried, looking rather annoyed, "what can have brought the Squire here at this time of night, I wonder?"

"Can't say," Jonas replied; "but our business is to see what he wants. To the door, wife! to the door! What the deuce is the matter with the woman?"

Nelly, however, paid no attention to his injunctions, but ran off. Before she got half-way up the great staircase her purpose was arrested by the appearance of Squire Monkbury, who opened the door for himself, and stepped in. He was accompanied by Dr. Sidebottom, the vicar, and followed by his old huntsman, Paul Flitwick.

### III.

#### AN ESSEX FOXHUNTER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

MARK MONKBURY, ESQUIRE, of Monkbury Place, commonly known as "the Squire" in that part of the country, where most of the resident gentry could boast of some title or other, being either baronets or peers; Squire Monkbury, we say, was the owner of an ancient house, which he kept up at a bountiful rate, and the lord of many acres which had been in the possession of his family for centuries. There was not in the whole county of Essex, nor in any other county, a gentleman's house where hospitality was more profusely or more constantly exercised than at Monkbury Place. It was almost always full of visitors, and some of them stayed a long time, though scarcely ever longer than was agreeable to the host. The Squire was a true lover of Country Life, and abominated Town, though he knew nothing of it, except by report, and could never be induced to go up to London. Indeed, he only went to the county town when compelled to do so by a summons to the Quarter Sessions, or by the desire to witness a horse race on Gallywood Common. His own estate, which was of considerable size, and came within a few miles of Dunmow, closely adjoining that of Sir Gilbert de Montfichet, afforded him admirable hunting, coursing, shooting, and fishing, and in all these sports he delighted; pursuing them with nearly the same ardour, now that nearly sixty years had flown over his head, that he did in the season of his hottest youth. He kept a capital pack of hounds; was constantly in exercise;

and could not live without it, he said, though he never made any trial how staying in-doors would agree with him, except when he broke his arm or his collar-bone from a fall received while hunting; and even these accidents did not keep him quiet long. As to minor ailments, he was never troubled with them, and enjoyed a redundancy of health and animal spirits. Indeed, he had never known a day's real illness. His countenance was fresh and ruddy, beaming with health and good humour; and though he indulged rather too freely in the pleasures of the table, and was, perhaps, somewhat too convivial in his habits (it must be recollected it was rather a hard-drinking age), these practices did not appear to have impaired his vigorous constitution; though he did not ride so light, by some stones, as he did at thirty, in spite of all his exercise.

Squire Monkbury was a confirmed old bachelor, though he was by no means indifferent to the sex, and indeed was rather gallant than otherwise; but he could never be induced to commit matrimony, nor to listen to any suggestions of the sort made to him by his friends. Country gossips pretended to assign as a reason for this, that he had sustained a great disappointment in his younger days, and had never been able to get over it; but sentiment had so little share in the Squire's composition, that it is scarcely probable this could have been the real cause. One thing is quite certain; namely, that he resisted all overtures made to him of a matrimonial nature. People talked to him of the necessity of having an heir to his ancient name and his large property; but even this argument, though sufficiently cogent, one would think, failed in effect. He shrugged his shoulders, laughed, and said he had not yet arrived at years of discretion. When he did, he might think of marrying—not before. If the truth must be confessed, the Squire was almost as rank an unbeliever as Dr. Plot himself in conjugal felicity; and though he had no such experience, as had fallen to the other's share, on which to found his opinions, he maintained them as stoutly as if he had. The freedom and happiness of a bachelor's life was ever the burthen of his song; and his married acquaintance of all degrees, were his constant butts. Not that he hit them very hard. He was too good-natured for that. But he liked a joke at their expense; and rarely omitted it.

Of late some change had been wrought in the Squire's establishment by the introduction of a niece, who had been confided to him by his only near relative—a sister who had died in a distant part of England. About a year ago, Barbara Bassingbourne came to live with him. She was then a lovely girl of seventeen, and had now ripened into a perfect beauty of eighteen. The Squire had become uncommonly fond of her, and she did just what she liked with him. He who would never submit to the control of a wife, was now ruled by his niece. Sooth to say, the yoke was so easy, that he never felt it. Bab suited him exactly. She loved a Country Life quite as well as he, and never talked of Town, unless to decry it. She shared in almost all his sports and exercises, and regularly hunted with him. She managed his house; and managed it remarkably well too, as he soon found, by the improvement that took place in it. She did not interfere with his general arrangements, but kept him a little more select in his acquaintances; and he speedily perceived the benefit of the change. In short, the arrival of Bab Bassingbourne at Monkbury Place formed an important epoch in the history of its owner. In

one particular, Bab especially resembled her uncle ; and this was in a decided aversion to matrimony. She rejected all offers, and plenty were made her, when it became known she was to be the Squire's heiress. What was more, she could not tolerate the society of young men, and if any one approached her in the character of a suitor, he was sure (if she suspected it) to meet with immediate dismissal. Such was the Niece, whom hereafter we may have the pleasure of introducing in person to the reader, should he feel inclined to visit Monkbury Place with us. Our immediate business is with the Uncle.

One important item in the description of Squire Monkbury must not be omitted. In addition to his other signorial rights, he was Lord of the Manor of Little Dunmow : a circumstance which, if he had possessed no other title to his respect, would have given him paramount importance in the eyes of Jonas Nettlebed. As Donor of the Flitch, Jonas regarded him with an awe little short of veneration. The Lordship of Little Dunmow was originally granted by Henry the Eighth on the suppression of the Priory, to Robert, Earl of Sussex, but afterwards passed into the possession of other families, until it was eventually purchased some fifty years back by the sire of the present Squire Monkbury, and now formed part of the territorial property of his son.

A popular man was the Squire ; popular with his neighbours ; popular with his tenantry ; popular with everybody, except the poacher, whom he dealt with pretty strictly. The only kind of vagrant he tolerated was the gipsy, and he confessed to a sneaking liking to this licensed vagabond, and seldom disturbed him, when his tent was pitched in his lanes, or on his commons. The Squire had a kind word with all, and made little distinction as to classes in his style of address, though, on the other hand, he would permit no undue familiarity, and indeed such was never attempted with him. With the wives of his tenantry, and their daughters, he was especially affable and condescending, and was an immense favourite with them in consequence. He liked to attend their marriages and christenings ; standing godfather, now and then ; sometimes giving a pretty girl away, when there was no one else to do it ; and in such cases he never failed to bestow a little marriage-portion adequate to the circumstances. As Justice of the Peace, his functions were satisfactorily enough discharged, and his decisions rarely called in question ; though they were often given according to his own particular view of the case, rather than in entire accordance with strict rules of law. He was a staunch upholder of Church and State, and though he took no very active part in the Rebellion of '45, he had raised a troop at his own expense in '15. His sympathies were not on the side of the Stuarts, whom he looked upon as inimical to the Protestant Faith, and the true interests of the realm. A regular attendant at church, he would once upon a time constantly slumber through the sermon, and keep up a tolerably loud bass accompaniment to the Vicar's discourse, but of late this habit had been corrected in him, in a great degree, by his niece ; and though even she failed sometimes in making him keep his eyes open, she managed to check his snoring.

Very bountiful was the Squire, and very charitable. His house was full of ancient servitors and retainers, many of them as old as himself, and some few older. Paul Flitwick, the huntsman who was with him, was full fifteen years his senior, though still a hale old fellow. The

Squire's entertainments were not confined to his wealthy friends. Humbler guests often sat at his board ; and those whom he did not care to admit to his own table were sent to the servants' hall, where he himself would see them regaled. None entered Monkbury without partaking, in some way or other, of its lord's hospitality.

The Squire's habiliments were of an antiquated cut. Abhorring modern fashions, he stuck to the style of dress in vogue in William the Third's time—whose glorious memory he held in especial reverence, and daily toasted. And as the costume of that period was far handsomer than any that had succeeded it, he could not be blamed for his predilection. He wore the broad-leaved Spanish-looking hat, the flowing peruke, the long, graceful riding-dress (altogether different in make, though similar in colour, being scarlet, to that of Sir Gilbert de Montfichet), and flexible boots which could either be drawn down or pulled high up on the thigh.

The Squire's personal appearance was highly prepossessing. His broad, handsome, and thoroughly Saxon physiognomy was radiant with health and good humour. In height he was somewhat under six feet, broad in the shoulders, stout in the leg, and portly in person. His manner was hearty, yet not wanting in a certain sort of dignity. His bright blue eye sparkled with fun and enjoyment.

Doctor Sidebottom, Vicar of Dunmow, was a boon companion of the Squire ; and many a haunch of venison had they consumed together, many a bottle of old wine discussed in concert. The Squire had been dining at the Vicarage now, and as it was not unusual in those days of good-fellowship for gentlemen to adjourn to a tavern after dinner, he expressed a wish to have a bowl of punch at the Flitch, where he knew it was admirably brewed, and the jovial Vicar, nothing loth, agreed to accompany him and partake of it.

Broad in the beam, and heavily laden with flesh generally, was Dr. Sidebottom, and rather unwieldy in his movements in consequence. His long loose waistcoat, with immense pockets flapping down to his knees, very imperfectly concealed his excessive obesity, and his enormous calves, protected by an under covering of lamb's-wool, bulged out his silken hose. He always appeared in his cassock and bands, well-powdered bushy wig, and clerical hat looped up at the sides, with a huge rose in front. The doctor's face was large and dull, with great pasty cheeks, and an uncommonly broad nose. With his equals or superiors he was friendly and familiar enough, but pompous and patronising to his inferiors. The highest of high churchmen was the Doctor ; rigorously orthodox ; regarding any species of dissent as infinitely worse than infidelity.

A thin, frosty, but tough, wiry, hatchet-faced old fellow was Paul Flitwick. He had lost all his teeth, and his nose and chin rattled like a pair of nutcrackers ; but though he mumbled in his talk, and over his food, old Paul could blow a horn, vociferate in the field, or utter any sort of huntsman's cry with the loudest or shrillest of them. His seat was still firm in the saddle ; his judgment perfect ; his knowledge of the country unequalled by that of any younger hand ; and his whip was not a bit lighter than it used to be, as any faulty hound was sure to discover. Paul's costume would not have found favour with a modern huntsman ; the only article bearing any resemblance to existing equip-

ments being the jockey-cap. Boots, leathers, and jacket were all of a bygone day and bygone mode; but, like himself, they had known more wear and tear, than was ever perhaps experienced by the habiliments of his smartest successors, and were made for work, not show. In spite of his attire, and his years, old Paul was a very keen blade, and had a thoroughly sporting air.

Such were the three personages who now entered the Dunmow Flitch.

#### IV.

IN WHICH THE TABLES ARE SLIGHTLY TURNED UPON CAPTAIN JUDDOCK;  
AND JONAS BEGINS TO LOOK UP A LITTLE.

"So ho! little Nelly—so ho!" the Squire shouted in his cheery tones, as he caught sight of the landlady on the staircase. "Wearing off, eh? Nay, that won't do. We shall be after you, and in full cry, too, if you attempt to give us the slip. Hark back! lass, hark back! Why, you look as blooming and buxom as ever!—prettier, i'faith! Nelly Nettlebed is an improvement upon little Nelly Nodder. Egad! marriage seems to agree with you."

"Tolerably well, thank your honour," Mrs. Nettlebed replied demurely, and without raising her eyes. "I hope your honour is quite well, and the young lady, too?"

"Both hearty, thank ye, Nelly. Well, when you're tired of inn-keeping, you must come and take up your quarters with me. My women are all so abominably old and ugly I can't abide the sight of 'em. Besides, I want a housekeeper."

"Greatly obliged to your honour, I'm sure," Nelly replied, still in the same demure tone, and maintaining the same downcast looks; "but I fancy you are very well provided for in that respect. Miss Basingbourne is said to be an excellent manager; and I'm sure you cannot complain of want of youth or beauty while she is with you."

"Fairly enough answered, Nelly," the Squire rejoined; "but then my niece may not stay with me for ever, you know. One must provide against a rainy day, doctor."

"But not by carrying off Mrs. Nettlebed, I hope, Squire," Dr. Sidebottom rejoined, with a fat chuckle. "Her worthy husband, I fancy," pointing to the host, who stood bowing and scraping before them most obsequiously, "would object to such a proceeding."

"Indeed, I should, your reverence," Jonas replied. "Nelly is the apple of my eye; and I wouldn't part with her for a king's ransom. I am mainly, if not entirely indebted for the treasure I possess to his honour himself, since he was instrumental in obtaining Nelly for me."

"Poh-poh! say no more about it, man," the Squire rejoined. "No obligation at all."

"Begging your honour's pardon," Jonas said, "I feel it to be a very great obligation, and one I shall never be able adequately to discharge. If your honour will recollect, you were good enough to mention Nelly Nodder to me—to paint her beauties in irresistible language—and to tell me——"

"'Sdeath, never mind what I told you," the Squire interrupted.

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"Your honour won't deprive me of the satisfaction of repeating it, I'm sure," Jonas pursued. "You told me you took an almost paternal interest in her, and would like to see her well married; adding, in the most obliging and condescending manner, that she couldn't have a better or more suitable husband than myself. Her mother, your honour said, was a most respectable woman, and had lived with you as—as—dairy-maid—till——"

"Well—well we know all this," the Squire said, looking rather disconcerted.

"Till she married Tom Nodder, your cowherd, who didn't treat her as well as he ought, but went away and left her with her sweet little babby—my own darling little Nelly that was to be. So your honour had naturally to look after the neglected mother, and became a sort of father to the infant: and a much better father you were than Tom Nodder: and took care of her, until Nelly coming of age, you wanted to see her comfortably settled, and thought I should make her a fitting spouse—and so if I was agreeable (which of course I was) you would engage to bring the matter about."

"Do stop his mouth, Nelly," the Squire said.

"And while I was debating it in my mind," Jonas continued, holding his wife, who endeavoured to obey the Squire's commands, at arm's length, "you decided me by declaring you would give her a good wedding portion—no, there I'm wrong, that didn't decide me; but what did, was the assurance given me by your honour, that little Nelly was such a sweet, amiable creature that we couldn't fail to live happily together, and I was certain, through her means, to win the Flitch at last. That clinched it."

"How fond your husband must be of hearing himself talk, Nelly! Have you done now, Jonas?" the Squire asked.

"Very nearly," the landlord replied. "To your honour's praise be it spoken, you made good your words on every particular. You brought Nelly and me together. Got us married. Gave the wedding portion. And now you mean to give us the Flitch."

"Halt there, friend Jonas," the Squire cried. "That last donation is beyond my control. You must prove your title to it, and take the Oath before I can confer it upon you. But these conditions I've no doubt you'll be able to fulfil—so I look upon your possession of the prize as matter of certainty. In recommending Nelly to you, I knew she would do us both credit; and it's quite true, as you asserted, that I took, and always shall take, a paternal interest in her. Nelly was always a good girl—though a bit of a coquette—weren't you, child?—always one of my favourites."

"Your honour has only one favourite now," Nelly observed somewhat reproachfully, and looking up for the first time. "All others have given place to Miss Bassingbourne."

"And very properly so too," the Vicar remarked. "Very properly."

"Well, I confess my niece is my chief favourite," the Squire rejoined, smiling. "Bab is a girl in a thousand, and suits my tastes exactly. You should see her with the hounds, Nelly. 'Tis a treat. Seat perfect, hand light as a fairy's. No fence can stop her. Clears everything. Always in at the death; and I don't know how many brushes she has got, though she has only been at it for the last twelve—

month. Never had a fall. She knows every hound in the pack—Towler, Jowler, and Music—just as well as old Paul himself knows 'em."

"Ay that a daas, yar hon'r, and th' haands knows *her* too reet well, blass her pratty fece!" the old huntsman remarked.

"'Tis a picture to see her, when animated in the chase," the Squire continued, waxing enthusiastic; "her countenance lighted up with pleasure and excitement. Talk about damask roses, and that sort of thing; her cheeks would put them to the blush. And as to her eyes, they shine, like—I don't know what—I'm a bad hand at a simile—but diamonds may do; though they don't come up to the lustre of Bab's sparklers."

"Udsbores! a rare lass that, if all old Nimrod says be true of her. Have you seen her, Sir G.?" Captain Juddock inquired of the young baronet, with whom he had moved a little aside, on the appearance of the new-comers.

"No; she had not come to Monkbury, when I was last in Essex—some fifteen months ago," Montfichet rejoined. "I never heard of her until t'other day, when I was surprised to learn the Squire had a niece residing with him. At the same time, I was told of her wonderful achievements in the field. A perfect Diana, by all accounts."

"But Miss Bassingbourne does not devote herself merely to the pleasures of the chase, and out-door amusements," Dr. Sidebottom remarked. "Her great merit in my eyes consists in her being so companionable and amusing in-doors."

"Companionable! to be sure she is," the Squire rejoined. "She'll rattle away to me by the hour; and when I'm tired of talking, will sing, or play the harpsichord, or take a hand at dominos or backgammon with me."

"Dominos and backgammon!" Juddock echoed contemptuously—"poor sport that! Udsbores! give me doublets, or gleek. Hazard is *our* game, Sir G. We like to hear the dice rattle—ha!"

"But as to housekeeping—your honour said the young lady looked after everything?" Nelly inquired.

"So she does," the Squire replied, "so she does.—Bab looks after everything and everybody, and me into the bargain. She takes care of house, garden, farm, stables, horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry. Baking, brewing, pickling, preserving, cooking, she's mistress of it all.—Nothing comes amiss to her, from the curing of a ham to the manufacture of a marrow-pudding. Her hand is so light at pastry that you might blow her puffs away."

"And no great loss, either," Juddock observed. "I prefer something substantial. Crust an inch thick, at the very least. Puffs—pshaw!"

"All trouble is taken off my hands now," the Squire pursued. "No more rating of servants. Under Bab's management they never require scolding. How she does it is the wonder. 'Miss Bassingbourne likes to have this,' they say—or 'Miss Bassingbourne prefers that.' Everything is right Miss Bassingbourne does. Her will is law at Monkbury. Nobody grumbles now, and there was plenty of grumbling before—grumbling, because the sloths had nothing to do, and at present there is not an idle person about the place. I'm a confirmed old bachelor, as you know, doctor. Feeling quite sure I should never be able to offer any

legitimate title to the Flitch, about the possession of which our worthy Jonas is so anxious, I never would marry. But if I had chosen a wife, it should have been one on the model of my niece, Bab Bassingbourne."

"She wouldn't suit us at all, Sir G.," Juddock remarked. "Udsbores! such a girl would govern us, as well as the servants. It's clear she manages *him*."

"It's a wonder Miss Barbara don't marry, since she's so clever, and so beautiful," Nelly observed, in a tone of slight pique; "but I dare say she will one of these days."

"No, she won't," the Squire said. "I've ascertained her opinion on the subject; and she is quite decided on remaining single. To be sure it's rather early to come to such a conclusion—seeing she is only just eighteen—but I think she'll adhere to it. At all events, I've had no hand in persuading her. I would never influence her one way or the other. She will have my fortune, married or not. But she can't bear young men."

"Law! that is strange," Nelly exclaimed. "I shouldn't have been surprised if she couldn't bear old ones; but not to like young men passes my comprehension. As to changing her condition, I don't know but she may be right in remaining as she is."

"Oh fie! Nelly—I didn't expect such a sentiment from you," the Squire said. "I hope it was uttered inadvertently."

"It was—it was," Jonas interposed hastily. "Your honour mustn't attach the least importance to it. Do be careful," he added aside, plucking her elbow.

"So it seems this matchless creature, who manages everything and everybody, dislikes us young fellows, and will have nothing to say to us," Juddock observed to Sir Gilbert. "Bodikins! I should like to try her."

"If I could only get Rose out of my head I would soon satisfy the Squire whether his niece's objection to an enterprising coxcomb, like myself, was firmly-rooted or not," Montfichet exclaimed. "But hang it! Rose has got possession of my breast, and there's no dislodging her."

"No necessity whatever to do so at present," quoth his mentor. "But zounds! there's a vast deal of exaggeration in what we've just heard about the young lady. Old Nimrod has been sounding the trumpet, because he knew a rich young baronet was close at hand to listen to it. Only a lure, depend on't."

"You know nothing of the Squire, Jack, or you wouldn't say so," Sir Gilbert replied. "He's the honestest, most straightforward fellow breathing; incapable of doing anything unbecoming a gentleman. He is not aware of my presence, I'll be sworn!"

And so it proved. For at that moment, the young baronet, who had hitherto been obscured by his towering companion, placed himself within the Squire's ken, and was instantly hailed with a view holloa from the latter.

"Whoop! tallyho! why, who'd ha' thought it? Oddslife! if it be not Montfichet! Welcome, Sir Gilbert—welcome back to Essex," the Squire exclaimed, advancing to the young baronet, and shaking him cordially by both hands. "You've been a long time away from us—

leading a gay life in Lunnun, I dare say? That is, you'd call it a gay life; but 'twouldn't suit me. You won't catch the old Squire in Town, I can promise you. I should be stifled—I know I should. So many houses—such crowded streets—no air, fit to breathe—no horses worth looking at—no hunting except the Epping Hunt—and that a mere cockney affair, fit only for your fat citizens. No, no; I'm content with quiet Essex, it's fresh air, open country, and healthful amusements. No town-life for me."

"I'm well aware of your tastes, Squire," Montfichet rejoined; "and so far agree with you, that I'm heartily sick of Town, myself."

"Overdone it, eh, Sir Gilbert?" the Squire rejoined, with a laugh. "Pace too fast to be kept up—ah! You left us all on a sudden—I did hear the reason—something about a pretty girl, I think, but I forget what—and now you're come back on a sudden. Not in consequence of another love-affair, I hope! Glad to see you again, at any rate. You must come over to Monkbury. Can't offer you any hunting just now, as you must be aware, owing to this confoundedly severe weather. Beg pardon, Doctor—I ought not to complain of the weather, since it's doing the country so much good, and benefiting my tenantry as well as myself; but a hard frost always makes a fox-hunter swear. But as I was saying, Sir Gilbert, you must come over to see me—and come soon, too. I want to make you acquainted with my niece."

"There it comes, Sir G.," the giant whispered the young baronet. "Didn't I say so?"

"It will charm me to be presented to Miss Bassingbourne," Montfichet said, bowing his acknowledgments. "I hear delightful accounts of her."

"I must prepare you for a strange madcap, Sir Gilbert," the Squire rejoined. "Bab's as wilful as a filly that has never known the bridle. You mustn't be surprised at any reception you may meet with from her. Let her have her own way completely."

"You pique my curiosity, Squire," Montfichet said. "I'm all impatience to behold this charming, untameable creature; being vain enough to think I may form an exception to the country bumpkins she has hitherto seen, and may be honoured with a smile."

"Well, we shall see, Sir Gilbert,—we shall see. I can't answer for her. But who's your tall friend, eh?"

"Your pardon, Squire,—I ought to have introduced him before. Give me leave to present Captain Juddock to you. A town friend, who is staying with me at Stansted."

"Happy to make his acquaintance," the Squire said, returning the giant's exaggerated *congé*; "and of course as he is your guest, I shall be happy to see Captain Juddock with you at Monkbury."

"'Twill afford me the greatest pleasure, Squire, to accompany Sir G.," the captain replied, toning down his usually loud notes to a dulcet sweetness, and assuming, as well as he could, the air of a *petit maître*—"Foregad! I shall be enchanted to behold that sylvan beauty, that lovely wood-nymph, your adorable niece."

"More than she will be with you—or I'm much mistaken," the Squire observed, aside. "What a strange animal! If those are town manners we have the best of it, even in point of breeding, in the country. And

now, my worthy host," he added to Jonas, "let us have a bowl of punch, of your best brewing. Will you help us to discuss it, gentlemen?"

Sir Gilbert readily assented, and Juddock very reluctantly declined, alleging that having ordered supper he must of necessity eat it, before he should be ready for the punch. That duty performed, he would be delighted to join them.

"What, a second supper, Jack?" Montfichet cried. "On my faith, your appetite passes belief."

The captain, however, was not to be laughed out of his supper, and as it was soon afterwards served, he sat down to it, alone—Sir Gilbert declining to eat anything, and speedily demonstrated,—that however largely they might have been called on before, his powers as a trencherman were still unexhausted. The wild-ducks were done to a turn, and even the Squire, as he sat at an adjoining table with Dr. Sidebottom and Montfichet over a smoking bowl of punch, could not help expressing approbation at the perfect manner in which they were dressed.

"Those ducks were a present to me from Frank Woodbine, your honour," Nelly said.

"Then you ought to have kept them for your own, or your husband's eating—for I fancy there won't be much left for hashing to-morrow," the Squire rejoined, with a laugh.

"There, do you hear that?" Jonas observed to her in a reproachful whisper.

"And now a thimble-full of brandy, landlord," Juddock cried. "Mind, it must be the good old stuff Mrs. N. recommended—just to keep all quiet. And then, as soon as I've discussed the toasted cheese, and another glass of your excellent October, I shall be ready for the punch. By-the-by, your fat cook is a famous hand at black puddings. I never tasted better. Take it as a general order that I have some regularly at supper. D'y'e hear, landlord?"

"Oh! yes, sir, I hear," Jonas replied, pouring him out a glass of brandy, and wishing, internally, it might choke him. Instead of which, it appeared so satisfactory to the giant, that he immediately demanded a further supply, and Jonas having replenished the glass, was fain to make off with the bottle to prevent further claims upon it.

"A perfect cormorant!" he muttered. "There'll be a famine in the house, if he stays here a week."

"You were speaking of Frank Woodbine, Nelly," the Squire remarked, as he helped himself to a glass of punch. "An uncommonly fine young fellow he is; and I should be glad to have him as one of my own keepers if he were not otherwise engaged. His wife I'm told is a beauty. Odd! though they're tenants of mine, I don't happen to have seen her. But my steward, Mr. Roper, declares he doesn't know her equal."

"Mr. Roper is in the house now, your honour," Nelly remarked. "There, by the fire—with that old gentleman."

"Ah! is he so?" the Squire exclaimed. "Inquire if he will take a glass of punch with us, Nelly."

"I fancy he's engaged on some particular business with Dr. Plot," she replied.

"Oh, don't disturb him, if that's the case. I'll see him before he

goes. Dr. Plot you say is with him. I never heard of such a person. A stranger I suppose?"

"Family physician to Sir Walter Fitzwalter, I believe, your honour," Nelly said.

"Ah! was he?—I don't remember the name—but it's so long ago, it may have slipped from my memory."

"That old gentleman, whom you call Dr. Plot, must have more names than one," Montfichet remarked. "I have met him before—under particular circumstances which fix him upon my memory, and, indeed, he himself has reminded me of them to-night—and he was then known as plain John Johnson."

"Udsbores! he seems to have as many aliases as Bully Dawson or Jack Ogle," Juddock shouted from the supper table.

"A suspicious character," the Squire observed. "I must make some inquiries about him of Röper. I wonder what has become of my poor old friend Sir Walter?"

"Oblige me by no further allusion to him, Squire," Montfichet said, colouring angrily.

"I crave your pardon, Sir Gilbert, for my inadvertence. But I seem to forget everything. Let me see; what were we talking about, before this question was started? Oh! Rose Woodbine. Frank, they say, makes her an excellent husband. Next to our model pair here, I'm told, they're the happiest couple in Dunmow. Do you chance to have seen this pretty Rose, Sir Gilbert?"

"Why, yes—I have seen her," Montfichet replied, with some hesitation. "But you must excuse my giving any opinion about her."

Nelly here leaned towards the Squire, and whispered something in his ear, which caused the latter to whistle and feign to pull up one of his boots.

"Whew!—put my foot in it again! Take a glass of punch with me, Sir Gilbert—and let's thank our stars we're still bachelors. There's just as good fish in the sea as any ta'en out of it. In spite of all these married folks may say, there's no life like a bachelor's life!"

"Exactly my maxim, Squire," Juddock cried, drawing to the table, and filling a tumbler with punch—"and I'll drink it in a bumper. Shake a loose leg as long as you can. I've seldom felt any disposition to matrimony, or if I have, there has always been this obstacle in the way, that the charmers by whom I've been smitten were married already."

While uttering this speech he cast a tender glance at Nelly, and kissed the rim of the glass to her before he drained it; but she took no notice of his gallantry. Ever since the Squire's appearance, the landlady's deportment had totally changed. Pretending not to observe any of her admirer's leers and inuendoes, and turning a deaf ear to all his soft whispers, though he kept ogling during supper, now and then beckoning her to come near him, she kept entirely aloof, placing herself behind the Squire's chair, and leaving Juddock to the care of Tom Tapster and Jonas. The amorous swain did not know what to make of it. Having gone on so swimmingly before, this sudden coldness quite took him aback. But not being easily discouraged, even after the failure of his

last address, he made an attempt to seize her hand as she passed near him, but she snatched it away hastily—with a look of real, or feigned displeasure.

This was a great rebuff, and not unobserved of Jonas, who had already remarked his wife's change of manner, and with infinite satisfaction, for although he attributed it to its true cause, the presence of the Squire, he was not the less pleased by it, as it gave him a momentary triumph over the impudent disturber of his peace, and he determined to improve his position as far as he could. Juddock's last piece of familiarity gave him the desired opportunity.

"I think you must observe, captain," he said, with sarcastic politeness, "that your attentions are not so agreeable to Mrs. Nettlebed as to make their repetition necessary or desirable. I shall take it as a particular favour if you will desist from them—as a very particular favour, sir."

"You are not perhaps aware, captain, that our host is a candidate for the Dunmow Flitch?" the Squire observed with a laugh.

"Oh, yes I am," Juddock rejoined—"I've a trifling bet upon it."

"He calls 10,000*l.* a trifling bet," Jonas thought. "His ideas are as lofty as himself."

"If you have betted against Jonas's chance, I think you are likely to lose," the Squire said. "At all events, I will venture to back him."

"Oh! your honour is too good," the little landlord cried, in a transport of delight. "My prospects begin to brighten again," he added to himself, "and the Flitch once more appears fully in view."

"Well, to confess the truth, Squire," Juddock said, with apparently good-natured indifference, "I would rather lose than win. But having always doubted the possibility of any couple in these days venturing upon making such a claim, I offered the bet."

"I wonder whether he's in earnest," Jonas thought. "A man who can afford to throw away 10,000*l.*, and not care about it, must be a great man, indeed."

"Well, if no unfair advantage be taken, I think the claim will be successfully preferred in this instance," the Squire said. "I've every reliance on Nelly."

"I trust I shall do nothing to forfeit your honour's good opinion," the little hypocrite replied. "Jonas knows how devoted I am to him."

An affectionate embrace was the landlord's reply.

"How easily some folks are bamboozled!" the giant muttered.

"You've heard, I suppose, there is another claimant besides yourself, Jonas?" the Squire said.

"Frank Woodbine your honour means," the landlord replied. "But I don't think he's likely to get it. I know him to be an unfaithful husband; and I've evidence to prove it."

"You surprise me greatly," the Squire said.

"Put me in possession of that evidence, landlord," Sir Gilbert cried, quickly. "I'll make it worth your while. Rose ought not to be left in ignorance of the worthless character of the man she has chosen."

"Step forward, then, Paul Flitwick, and declare what you have seen," Jonas exclaimed. "This is my evidence against Frank, Sir Gilbert, and his honour knows whether it may be relied upon."

"Maun a do't, yar han'r?" Paul inquired, scratching his frosty poll, and looking at his master.

"Do it—no!" the latter cried, with a sudden explosion of wrath. "What the devil business have you to meddle with other people's affairs, sirrah! Do you set yourself for a saint, you hoary old sinner? Were you always true to your own wife, eh? And how would you have liked a d—d babbling old cur to bewray you? Keep a quiet tongue in your head in future, or I'll strip your red coat from your back, I will, you talkative hound. You want the whip, sirrah—and you shall have it, too; if you're in fault again." Then turning from the crestfallen huntsman, who looked the very picture of despair, he addressed the landlord. "I won't allow mischief to be made between man and wife. There may be truth in what you have asserted, or there may not. But whatever it be, the seeds of unhappiness must not be wantonly sown. I therefore lay my strict injunctions upon you, Jonas, that you say nothing more relative to this matter, whatever inducement may be held out to you to speak, until you have laid the full particulars before me. I will then decide what is best to be done."

Having thus delivered himself, the Squire became somewhat mollified by the old huntsman's penitent looks, and thinking, perhaps, he had been rather too angry with him, he offered him a glass of punch.

"Never mind what old Nimrod says, Sir G.," Juddock whispered the young baronet as he rose from his chair. "I'll worm out the secret for you. You can use it as you think fit. Frank Woodbine ought to be very much obliged to you, Squire," he added. "I'm sure I should, under the circumstances."

And walking past the old huntsman, who was still sipping his glass of punch, he whispered:

"A guinea for what you know about Frank Woodbine."

"Gie me twanty—ay, fafty—a wadn't," Old Paul replied, with a grin. "Nawt wad mey me disobeck mester. Na—na."

Juddock then moved towards Jonas, and plucking his sleeve, said in a low tone:

"Landlord, a guinea for your proofs against the gamekeeper. It's your interest to tell, you know."

"The guinea first?" Jonas replied, in a whisper.

Juddock slipped the money into his hand. "Now?" he said.

"Well, then," Jonas replied, "my proofs rest with Paul Flitwick. Take him to Mrs. Woodbine and force him to disclose all he has witnessed."

The giant perceived he was sold. He made no complaint, however, but resumed his seat. The movement had not passed unnoticed by the Squire, who guessed its import, but as he felt sure his caution would be attended to by both parties, he did not think it worth while to interfere.

"Egad! landlord," Juddock exclaimed; "you deserve to be ranked among the benefactors of your species, since you brew such punch as this. It has quite put my voice in tune, and if not disagreeable to the company, I'll sing them a song. Sorry, my dear Mrs. N.," he added, turning to Nelly, "that I don't happen to recollect anything of an amatory or sentimental nature. My ditties are chiefly Bacchanalian. I'll



give you a few words of caution which I'm in the habit of addressing to a landlord, when I suspect him of a design of putting me off with a bad bottle. They'll be quite out of place here—where all is so superlatively good. But no matter."

Whereupon, he broke into the following melody :

### *The Wine-Drinker's Declaration.*

TO ALL AND SUNDRY WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

#### I.

THE Toper who knows how to empty his can,  
Is not half so afraid of a highwayman,  
As he is of indifferent tippie :  
With the last a stout fellow may fight for his purse ;  
Of the other the consequence certain is worse,  
Down his throat if permitted to ripple.

#### II.

If acetose claret I happen to sip,  
'Tis my wish, as the beaker I dash from my lip,  
That my throat to a short span would dwindle ;  
But when I get hold of the vintage I prize,  
I care not, although it should shoot out in size,  
Until like a crane's neck it spindle.

#### III.

All wat'ry potations I let them alone,  
And never will use such, until I am grown  
A Hermit, and dwell in a cavern ;  
But then the good Anchorite brandy must get  
(An anker, right often,) his whistle to wet,  
Or else he will sigh for the tavern.

#### IV.

My maxim is ever to drink of the best,  
And in that I resemble sound soakers at rest ;  
Our Fathers we always should follow :  
Old customs, old manners we never should quit,  
Or the World will judge us, as some folks judge of it,  
And declare our professions are hollow.

The laughter occasioned by this song awakened Dr. Sidebottom, who overcome by the coldness of the weather, or the potency of the punch, had fallen comfortably asleep in his chair, and now, after indulging in a most portentous yawn, exclaimed :

"Was I dreaming, or did I hear some allusion made to Sir Walter Fitzwalter?"

"You were dreaming, Doctor," the Squire rejoined, with a slight cough to call his attention to Sir Gilbert de Montfichet, who again began to frown.

The hint was disregarded.

"Well, it's very strange," the Vicar pursued—"I thought I heard you speak of him, and directly after I fancied he was come back again to dwell in his old mansion."

"What here!" Jonas exclaimed—"I'm very glad it was nothing more than a dream, your reverence."

"Dreams sometimes foreshadow coming events," Dr. Sidebottom remarked gravely; "and I have known some remarkable instances of their verification. I thought Sir Walter had returned to the hall of his ancestors. I saw him as plainly as I see—" The rest of the sentence expired upon his lips.

"As you see what, Doctor?" the Squire asked.

"Look there!—look there! Do you see nothing, sir?"

"Gracious heavens! can it be possible?" the Squire ejaculated, following the direction of the Vicar's gaze, and becoming, like him, transfixed with astonishment, not wholly free from a superstitious dread, which presently diffused itself throughout the assemblage, though they scarcely knew why.

The screen had been removed, disclosing the figure of Dr. Plot, who having risen to his feet, continued for a few minutes to regard the group fixedly.

"Why, that's the impostor you were inquiring about," Montfichet said. "That's John Johnson, who now styles himself Dr. Plot."

"John Johnson or not, he's no impostor," the Squire rejoined, in a low earnest tone.

"But I'll have it out of him—I'll know who he is," Montfichet exclaimed. "He bullied me just now; but by heavens! he shall not do so again with impunity."

"Sit down, Sir Gilbert," the Squire said, with a certain look of authority not to be resisted. "Let him preserve his incognito, if he will."

"You know him, then?"

The Squire nodded.

"Why not address him?"

Monkbury shook his head.

"You, also, appear to recognise him, Doctor?" Sir Gilbert said, turning to the Vicar. "Speak to him."

"Not I—unless he addresses me first," Dr. Sidebottom replied, in a low, solemn tone.

"I believe it's the old gentleman in person, Sir G.," Captain Juddock whispered. "Don't you notice his club-foot? No doubt he has managed to conceal his tail."

"It certainly is very mysterious," Montfichet rejoined, staring at the singular personage on whom all eyes were fixed, and beginning to be infected with the general feeling of dread.

This feeling rather increased as Dr. Plot advanced towards them, slowly, and with as much stateliness as his deformed limb would permit. There was a melancholy kindness in the regards, which he addressed exclusively to the Squire and the Vicar—but chiefly to the former. As he drew near, Monkbury, who had looked hard at him all the while, stretched out his hand, but said nothing.

Dr. Plot shook his head mournfully, murmuring, rather than giving distinct utterance to the words—"Not yet!—not yet!" though what he meant to say seemed to reach the Squire's ear. He then raised his thin finger to his lips; bowed gravely to the Vicar, who respectfully returned his salutation; and imposing silence on him by a gesture similar to that addressed to the Squire; moved silently on like a ghost.

On—on towards the staircase.

So impressive, so singularly awe-inspiring was his manner, that no one ventured to address him. Though half disposed to disobey the Squire's injunctions, Montfichet felt his courage forsake him, and he sat still and speechless. Juddock held his breath, as the singular being passed him, and drew in his huge outstretched shanks to make way. Jonas and his wife looked on in mute wonder, and Paul Flitwick rubbed his eyes, as if doubting whether they served him truly.

Arrived at the foot of the staircase, Dr. Plot encountered Peggy, who had just descended with Carrot Dick, and taking a candle from her, slowly mounted them, and passed along the gallery:—all eyes following him, and the same hushing silence prevailing till he disappeared down the dark corridor.

Everybody then breathed more freely.

The first to break silence was Jonas.

"Why, I declare he knows his way about the house as if he were used to it," he said. "He has gone straight to his room, though no one has shown it to him."

The next to find utterance was Paul Flitwick, who rushing up to his master with his rough white locks standing on end, ejaculated:

"Yar han'r seed un? Ya knaw'd un?"

"Saw him, and knew him too, Paul," his master rejoined. "But as I intimated just now, a discreet man will see everything, and say nothing. You understand."

The old huntsman nodded his head, and retreated.

"I didn't perceive any caudal appendage; but nevertheless, I believe it to be his Satanic Majesty in person, or one of his principal envoys," Juddock said. "I shall be afraid to remain in the house."

"A man of your thewes and sinews confess himself afraid?" the Squire exclaimed, in contempt.—"You ought to fear nothing of mortal mould, and he you have just seen is fashioned like yourself—though of somewhat better clay," he thought. "Ah! Roper, I'm glad to see you," he added, as the Steward, who had remained near the fire, till Dr. Plot had disappeared, now advanced. "Sit down! sit down!" he said with a significant look at him. "We must raise our spirits again, which this unexpected incident has somewhat damped. Jonas, another bowl of punch!"

## FALCONRY.

THE Paen of the Falcons is being sung again. An amusement originally derived from the East, where the "Grand Seignior" once boasted of a retinue of 6000 falconers, and still almost universally practised in countries where people are too indolent for the more active sports of the field, is about to be brought back from the same country, and is again spoken of as a most noble and gentle pursuit—fit for "knight and ladye fair;" a source of healthy and innocent enjoyment, and, above all, "a pageant of past glory."

Knox, in his pretty little treatise on "Game Birds and Wild Fowl," has given a graphic account of this exhilarating sport; Mr. W. B. Barker, who has had much experience of the art as practised in the Levant, has devoted two interesting chapters to the subject in his work on "Cilicia;" and we have now before us a still more graphic and amusing sketch of Oriental falconry, in Mr. Burton's "Falconry in the Valley of the Indus."\*

It would be difficult, indeed, to imaginè scenes for sport of any description more prolific or more gorgeous than are presented by the long Valley of the Indus.

It was a heart-gladdening spectacle for a sportsman. The pure blue sheet of water lined with a fringe of vivid green, was literally covered with feathered life. The king-curlew with his ruby crown, and the common curlew so celebrated, despite his homely garb, for the soaring and racing chase he affords, were pacing the banks in busy troops. Gulls and graceful terns hovered over the marsh, here alone in the air, there mingled with flights of red and white Brahminee ducks, wheeling about in search of a spot to light on. The tall Saras stood in pairs, now plunging their bills into the shallow waters, now scattering pearly drops from their pink throats: the bittern's ruff peeped out of the green weeds, and the snowy white cloak of the paddy-bird glistened dazzlingly amongst the russet-coloured uniforms of duck and diver, snipe and snippet, plover and wild goose. Lank herons were there, and stout matronly pelicans gazing stolidly before them, with bustards large as turkeys, and a goodly array of plump little teal; the painted snipe with beautiful dark colours ornamenting his wings; the mallard with his gorgeous plume, and many varieties of quiet-looking cranes swam, and dived, and shook, and splashed, all screaming, each in his own tongue, their natural joy in a life to them at that moment full of charms.

The fates protected the denizens of that marsh. Hawks generally dislike flying at birds over water; and unfortunately for us the thick vegetation of the leeward bank prevented our taking the wind of the water-fowl.

This became apparent, when a couple of matchlock balls whizzing through the air, and the loud report ringing upon the surface of the Jheel, startled its occupants from their proper occupations. Those that caught sight of the hawks fled shrieking down the wind towards another pond, in a straight line, so that pursuit would have inevitably entailed the loss of a Bashah. Others, with instinctive cunning, wheeled round and round the crystal floor, never passing its limits, till fear allowed them to settle again. A few, but so few, exposed themselves to danger, that we lost nearly two hours in "bagging" half a dozen snipe and teal.

Presently we left the marsh. Our Bazdar had remarked, with many curses,

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\* Falconry in the Valley of the Indus. By Richard F. Burton, Lieut. Bombay Army, Author of "Goa and the Blue Mountains," &c. John Van Voorst.

a huge "tiger of the air," an Ukab towering in his "pride of place," high above the dense vapours and the reflected heat of the plains. He was apparently determined to dine on a Bashah, for, fast as we shifted our position, he followed us from Jheel to Jheel, and ended by triumphantly ejecting us from his hunting-grounds.

The Ukab, or Scinde vulture, alluded to in this extract is a mortal enemy to every species of hawk; witness the following example, related to Mr. Burton by the Ameer Ibrahim Khan Talpur :

"Well, Sahib," continued the Ameer, speaking by jerks, as his breathlessness allowed him; "one day I flew my beautiful Bahri after a little heron which we all expected to see killed in a moment. They took the air well together, when, of a sudden, 'See the Ukab! oh, the Ukab!' cried the Bazdar. True enough! High above us was the wretch, a black dot in the blue sky, looking out, like an Affghan, for what he could plunder. We shouted—we waved the lure: unfortunately my poor Bahri was so eager after her quarry, that nothing could tempt her out of the way of destruction. Then the Ukab disappeared from our eyes, and we thought that the Maloon had been frightened by our noise. The falcon and the little heron kept rising and rising, till we lost sight of them also. Presently, by the Prophet's beard I swear to you, Sahib, as we stood looking upwards with straining eyes, a speck appeared like a fly in the air, larger and larger it grew, the instant after, plump fell a body at our feet. It was poor Sohni, my falcon. The accursed vulture had shattered her skull with his foul beak. And since that day I have liberally dispensed Kisas to all his breed."

Mr. Burton and Mr. Barker both agree that the round-winged hawks have been much neglected in this country. Both in the Levant and on the Indus they are principally used, although by far the more expensive to purchase, reclaim, and keep. "I doubt," says Mr. Burton, "whether *Falco gentilis* in the West ever gave better sport than does one of Ibrahim Khan's favourite goshawks."

Our old authors appear to have been fond of commending the goshawk. Turberville, in the "Book of Falconrie," speaks highly of its qualities. Others designate it a "choice and dainty bird." "Most majestic," says Mr. Burton, "was her attitude as she sat upon the arms of royalty, clasping it with her singles (toes), and firmly resisting the wind—*chevauchant le vent*, as French falconers express it—with the stiffness of an eagle." Sir Thomas Sebright, however, one of the few living falconers, expresses his surprise that any one should use goshawks for sport; and others insult the bird by declaring that she is only a big sparrowhawk. The fact is, Mr. Burton says, that a good goshawk is an excellent bird, but, at the same time, as difficult to find good as she is common. Mr. W. B. Barker, who has trained a German goshawk from the Zoological Gardens, and introduced two trained birds into this country from the Taurus, says, that without wishing to detract from the merits of the peregrine or lanner, that, generally speaking, the goshawk will answer the purposes of most sportsmen; and if ever falconry, he says, is revived in England, this bird will be the one to which we must have recourse.

The goshawk of the Indus is so game a bird, that it will kill even the antelope; a fact of which Mr. Burton gives us a very graphic pen-and-pencil illustration. We can only extract the first :

"Stop!" said the Ameer, painfully excited. "You, Gul Mammad, ride softly round, and place yourself behind the brow of that hill. You, Fauju, to the opposite side."

My friend's acute *coup d'œil* had marked a pair of antelopes quietly grazing in the bit of green valley far beyond. A glance through the glass assured me that he had not erred: what to the naked eye appeared two formless, yellow marks upon a field of still undried grass, became, by means of the telescope, a pair of those beautiful little beings our poets call "gazelles."

Ibrahim Khan disposed his force skilfully. Reserving the falconer and a Kuttewala with two fierce, gaunt Kelat greyhounds, he stationed his men in a circle concealed from the sharp eyes of the antelopes, leaving a gap to windward of them to prevent the scent reaching their nostrils, and to serve as a trap for them to fall into.

Presently the horsemen, emerging from behind the rocks and hill tops, began to advance slowly towards the quarry, and in a moment the startled animals, sighting the forms of many enemies, sprang high up, and bounded towards the only way of escape.

As the doe passed us at headlong speed, the Ameer turned round so as to conceal her from the view of the goshawk. A few moments afterwards I gave the signal; he bent forward over his mare's neck, and directing the Shahbaz towards the buck as he flew by, threw up the bird from his wrist with a shout.

The two greyhounds, free from the leash, dashed forward at that moment. All was hurry and excitement. Horsemen and footmen crowded in pursuit, every man straining his eyes to keep the quarry in full view.

The rocky ground, unfavourable to the pursuers, was all the antelope could desire. His long thin legs, almost disproportioned to the size of the body, were scarcely visible, so rapid were their twinkling motions. Here he cleared a huge boulder of rock, there he plunged into the air over the topmost twigs of a euphorbium bush; here he threaded his way through the pebbly bed of a torrent, there perched for an instant upon a stony ledge, he fearlessly prepared to foot the slippery descent beyond. Such a country could not but be puzzling to dogs, though ours were wary old greyhounds that had hunted by sight for years; they fell far behind, and to all prospect the gazelle was lost.

"She has eaten too much—a blight upon her mother!" cried a furious voice by my side. The Ameer was right. Had his bird been sharper set, the chase would have lost half its difficulty.

The Shahbaz, who at first had flown gallantly at the quarry, soon began to check, and as we were riding far behind over the difficult ground, appeared inclined to abandon her game. But when, escaping from the punchbowl of rock, we reached a long level plain of silt, the aspect of affairs improved.

At a distance, which was palpably diminishing, we saw the goshawk attacking her game. Now she swooped upon its back, deeply scoring the delicate yellow coat as she passed by. Then she descended upon the animal's head, deafening it with her clashing pinions, and blinding it with her talons. This manœuvre, at first seldom practised out of respect for the dagger-like horns, whose sharp, black tips never failed to touch the pursuer's *balai*, or pendent feathers, was soon preferred to the other. As the victim, losing strength and breath by excess of fear, could no longer use its weapons with the same dexterity, the boldness of the Shahbaz increased. She seemed to perch upon its brow: once or twice it fell, and when it arose, its staggering, uncertain gait gave evidence of extreme distress.

Then the dogs, who had become ferocious as wolves, gained sensibly upon their victim. The sound of their approach but added to its terror what it took from its speed. Even before they had fastened their fangs upon its quarters, the unhappy gazelle was stretched panting and struggling, with the Shahbaz straining every nerve to pin its head to the ground.\*

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\* Mr. Barker thinks that Mr. Burton's Shahin must have been a lanner, or a peregrine. Goshawks cannot, he says, take gazelles, which never start at a lesser distance than 300 yards, and the goshawk cannot fly fast enough, or far enough, to overtake them. In the Levant, the Barbary peregrine is called Shahin, or Sheheen.

The death of the gazelle is now considered the highest triumph of Eastern falconry :

Meer Ibrahim Khan Talpur the remainder of that day was almost as lively a companion as a subaltern newly returned from "seeing service." He slew his antelope some twenty successive deaths, praised to the skies everything that was his especially ; more especially his Bashahs, his falconer, his dogs, his dogkeeper ; most especially as his due, his goshawk. As regards the latter, a little romancing was allowed to mingle its alloy with the pure vein of veritable history. Every bough we saw on our way home reminded him of some doubtful exploit performed by that same Shahbaz. At dinner, the gazelle steaks brought her mention prominently forward, and the music, wine, and joviality of the evening elevating him, also tended in no small degree to elevate her and her qualities. At last it was proposed to try her upon one of the wild goats that roam over the deserts separating Cutch from Scinde.

"Her success," said the Ameer, "is certain."

"Certain," repeated Kakoo Mall.

"Certain," nodded Hari Chand, whispering : "the gazelle of this year, next year will be a Gorkhar!"

Whether the sneer has, or has not been justified, I know not. Perhaps it may so happen that in some day to come the Ameer Ibrahim, seduced by the *gohemouche* auditory of a wonder-loving British traveller, may point to the bird in question with a—

"You see that Shahbaz? Well, Wallah! By the beard of the Prophet I swear to you, five years ago she felled a wild ass. You may believe me ; although a Beloch, I do not tell a lie. Billah! A 'man-with-a-hat' was with me when it happened. Ask Burton Sahib, if it did not."

Then will Kakoo Mall, if he be living, ejaculate "certainly," and Hari Chand, if he be present, exclaim "certainly ;" and, in a word, every man and boy that has ears to hear and eyes to see, will re-echo "certainly," and swear himself an eye-witness of the event, to the extreme confusion of Fact and Fiction.

We doubt much, however, if the reader will peruse this account of the death of the antelope without a pang. Mr. Burton says, "There is an eternal sameness in the operation of shooting, which must make it—one would suppose—very uninteresting to any but those endowed with an undue development of destructiveness." And Colonel Bonham, of the 10th Hussars, we are told by Mr. Knox, has laid aside the gun and the rifle for the enjoyment of the "noble craft ;" but the gun has at least the advantage of putting a bird, generally speaking, out of misery at once. Who can read the following conclusion of a combat between a Khairu, a hobby-hawk, and a crow, without feeling for the victims of the sport?

The battle is not finished. Corvus, in spite of his fall, his terror, a rent in the region of the back, and several desperate pecks, still fights gallantly. This is the time for the falconer to assist his bird. From the neighbouring mimosas, roused by the cries of their wounded comrade, pours forth a "rabble rout" of crows, with noise and turmoil, wheeling over the hawk's head, and occasionally pouncing upon her, *ungubus et rostris*, with all the ferocity of hungry peregrines. We tremble for Khairu. Knowing her danger, we hurry on, as fast as our legs can carry us, shouting, shooting pellets, and anathematising the crows. We arrive, but hardly in time. As we plunge through the last bushes which separate us from the hawk, twenty cawers rise flurriedly from the ground : the Bazdar hurries to his Laghar. The quarry lies stone dead, but poor Khairu, when taken up and inspected by thirty pair of eyes, is found to have lost her sight, and to be otherwise so grievously mauled, pecked, and clawed, that the most sanguine prepare themselves for her present decease.

Alas, poor Khairu!

It is undoubtedly very picturesque to read of knights riding out with hawk on fist, and knight's lady on fiery jennet, with merlin clasping her embroidered glove, the look of the thing, the pomp of its apparatus, and the antique costume impart a kind of black-letter interest to the good old sport; there was excitement, also, in witnessing the combined working of horses, hawks, and hounds, but we doubt if of the kind well suited to "ladye fair." The effect upon the temper of the Amēers of Scinde appears to have been anything but agreeable. A sparrow-hawk had been thrown at a pigeon.

Unfortunately, however, for the hawk and my friend's temper, she had not been "sharp set" that morning. This at once became apparent from her manœuvres. Instead of grappling with the quarry, she "checked" first at one bird, then at the other, amused herself with following them on the wing, and lastly, when tired of the unprofitable exercise, she "raked off," and retiring to one of the Peepul branches, took up a position there with such firmness of purpose that all the falconer's "Ao Bachehs" and violent swingings of the lure were unavailing to dislodge her.

The Ameer's brow clouded: certain angry flashes escaped his eyes, and low growlings threatened an approaching storm. For a Beloch to make such a goose of himself! Every one stole furtive glances at the blunderer, the lean nephew; and even he, despite his habitual surliness of demeanour, could not help showing in looks and manner that conscience was stirring up uncomfortable sensations within him.

"Give me the bow," shouted the Ameer in his fury, "and let me do for that brother-in-law of a bit of carrion at once."

The Bazar wishing, but not daring to deprecate such an atrocious act of sacrilege as the shooting of a hawk, slowly handed a polished horn *kaman* to his master, and a *tako* or blunt arrow shod with a bit of horn. The Scindians are particularly expert at the use of this weapon; they throw the missile transversely so as to strike with the side, and when a large covey is the mark aimed at, they sometimes bring down as many as three or four birds with a pair of shafts. So it happened that the Shikrah, who was quietly "mantling" upon a clear branch in a nice sunny place, had the life summarily knocked out of her by the Ameer's *tako*.

Falconry, as a partial sport, is, however, well worthy of preservation, more so than the situation of a grand falconer without falcons. The enclosed state of our country makes it objectionable for the peregrine, which cannot be easily followed; but the goshawk can be followed at a hand-canter, and Mr. Barker tells us that there is at the Zoological Gardens a precious and beautiful specimen of the Australian goshawk, which is perfectly white, with eyes the colour of bright rubies, and which he thinks would, from its large hands and small body, be swifter in flight, and, on the whole, a more efficient bird than our goshawk. "It forms," says Mr. Barker, "in my opinion, the beau-ideal of perfection in a hawk. I consider it worthy of a princely hand, and should be happy to see his Royal Highness Prince Albert patronise the training of this bird to afford amusement to our young Prince of Wales."



## A ROYAL WHIM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM MEINHOLD, AUTHOR OF "THE AMBER WITCH," &c.

WE are about to tell our readers a very strange event that occurred in the reign of Frederick William I. of Prussia, father of the great Frederick, and a man generally disliked on account of his rough and frequently tyrannical manner, but who was really one of the best regents of his fatherland, as he alone (and to this his son afterwards bore testimony) was the real founder of its future greatness.

This extraordinary man, who should be judged by the customs of the age in which he lived, in order to prove him extraordinary both in his errors and his virtues, had one passion which far outweighed all others—namely, love for the chase. We remember reading in his historian, Förster, that within one year he killed upwards of 3000 partridges with his own gun, without taking the other game into account, in which the queen was the greatest sufferer, as she had to find him, according to a marriage contract, in powder and shot gratis. When there was nothing for him to shoot in his own forests, he never declined the invitations of the landed gentry to pay them a visit.

Thus it happened that—it might be about the year 1720—the rich landed proprietor, Von W——, sent his majesty an invitation to a wolf hunt, with the humble request that he would bring his most illustrious consort with him, as the nobleman's wife had formerly belonged to her majesty's suite.

On a fine September day, then, the king and queen, with several officers and ladies of the bedchamber, as well as the court fool, Baron von Gündling, arrived at the nobleman's ancestral château. On the very next day the chase commenced, and Von Gündling, who found as little pleasure in the sports of the field as the king did in the arts and sciences, took a solitary walk in the meadows, and lay down to read in the long grass.

But before we hear what happened further, we must first give our readers a description of this strange man. He was, as we have already remarked, the king's fool, and had received all imaginable titles and honours, in order to afford his majesty and the court still greater sport. In fact, his Excellency, the Supreme Master of the Ceremonies, Privy Councillor, and President of the Academy of Arts, Baron von Gündling, acquired such arrogance through his titles, that nothing could be more comical than the contrast between these dignities and the indignities he had to suffer daily, even from the youngest lieutenants. His excellency on such occasions would grow very angry—the very thing his tormentors wished—and would lay a protest before the king against a man of his rank being so treated, which naturally increased the general laughter. Through such scenes, which were in that day considered remarkably comical, our fool had become a necessity for the king and court. Besides, we may add that he was a walking lexicon, and had to give all possible explanations in the daily meetings of the so-termed "tabaks collegien." His pedantry, in fact, was the best thing about him: as for

wit, he possessed as little as a mule ; but, to make up for it, he could be as vicious and obstinate as that amiable animal.

The Baron von Gündling, then, lay at full length in the grass, in his peculiar dress, the chief ornament of it being an immense full-bottomed wig, and in such a position that only the locks of his peruke could be seen as he moved from side to side. A gentleman who arrived rather late for the chase happened to notice it, and taking it for some strange animal, fired point blank at the wig, but very fortunately missed it. His excellency sprang up immediately in the highest indignation, and cried out,

“ You vagabond rascal, how dare you—— ? ”

The gentleman, however, when he perceived that the strange animal must necessarily belong to the royal suite, did not wait to reply, but ran off at full speed to the neighbouring forest. The baron, however, was not satisfied with this, but, as he saw a man ploughing at a short distance from him, he called out in his arrogant manner,

“ Come hither, man ! ”

The reply he received was,

“ I have no time or inclination to do so ; but if you'll speak civilly, I may.”

His excellency was not accustomed to such an answer ; he, therefore, walked toward the impudent ploughman with upraised stick, and was about to apply it to his back, when he noticed that it was the clergyman of the village, whom he had seen the preceding evening at the nobleman's château. The baron, therefore, lowered his stick, and contented himself by punishing the clergyman with his tongue.

“ How can he be such an impertinent ass. Does he not know who I am ? ”

“ Oh, yes! he's the king's fool.”

His excellency trembled with rage, and raised his stick again ; but on measuring the sturdy pastor from head to foot, and seeing no help near, he let it fall for the second time, and merely uttered the threat,

“ Just wait, my fine fellow. I'll tell the king you pretend to be a pastor, and yet go out ploughing.”

The clergyman replied, quite calmly,

“ My gracious master will probably remember that Cincinnatus ploughed too, and he was a dictator, while I am only a poor village pastor.”

“ Yes,” the baron said, after inspecting his coarse and peasant-like dress ; “ but when Cincinnatus ploughed, he did not look like a common peasant.”

“ I am certain he did not look like a fool,” the clergyman replied, as he drove his oxen on.

This was too much for the baron, and he rushed away towards a peasant he saw approaching, vowing vengeance on the impudent pastor, whom he determined to ruin on the first opportunity.

He was very glad, then, to find in the peasant a most determined enemy to the clergyman, who complained bitterly of his sternness, and of the fact of his compelling him to make up a quarrel he had carried on very successfully with his wife for several weeks.

Our fool was clever enough to see that this anecdote would not be of

any service to him in trying to injure the pastor with the king, he therefore answered, most pathetically, "But the pastor was perfectly in the right ; that could do you no harm ?"

"Well, that's very true," the peasant replied, "especially as he's getting old; and can't carry on as he used ; but I'm sure when his son soon takes his place—a fellow like a church steeple—he'll break all our bones for us. For that reason, if the matter was left to me, I wouldn't choose him for our clergyman ; for if the patron is to beat us on workdays, and the pastor play the same game on Sundays, when will our backs find time to get well ?"

Gündling now listened attentively, and his plan was soon formed, when he learned that the pastor's son would return from Halle in a few days to preach his trial sermon on the next Sunday, as the patron had promised him his father's living. He therefore quitted the peasant with a mocking smile, and made some pretext for visiting the sexton, to make further inquiries into the matter. The latter confirmed the story, and gave his opinion that the young master must be at least six feet two in height, and as straight as a poplar-tree.

"Wait !" Gündling murmured between his teeth, as soon as he again reached the street ; "we will put a blue coat on the young fellow, and that will annoy that vagabond preacher." He therefore returned to the château, where he looked up a captain of his acquaintance, whom he took on one side, with the hurried question, "How many fellows have you already got ?"

To understand this question, our readers must know that the king, at every review, requested each commander of a company to present his new recruits to him. If the poor gentleman had less than three he fell into partial disgrace ; and so each captain, about review time, which was close at hand, tried to procure a few young men by any method, legal or illegal, but especially those particularly tall, for the king had a peculiar delight in such soldiers.

"Woe is me ! I've but one," the officer replied, "and he's only a journeyman tailor."

"Well, then," Gündling replied, "you can get a journeyman clergyman of six feet two."

"Well, that's no tremendous height, but still it's better than nothing."

The captain then requested an explanation, and both discussed the measures by which to get hold of the clergyman's son. They soon agreed that the officer should feign illness when the king departed. Gündling would remain with him as company : a few soldiers would be secretly procured from a neighbouring town, and the young candidate taken *volens volens* by the ears, and transported to the next garrison.

In the meanwhile, the king and his suite followed the chase on the next day with their usual ardour. It so happened that two ladies in attendance on the queen, tortured by *ennui*, followed the windings of the stream, which led them from the nobleman's garden into the open fields. One of them, Wilhelmine von B——, was a young and charming creature, and was evidently attempting to cheer her companion, who was silent, and not nearly so charming. In consequence there was a deal of laughing, which might have been heard at some distance off, and might have led to the conclusion that the old, though still ever new, story

of marriage and love was being discussed by the ladies. They had gradually wandered some quarter of a mile from the village, when a wolf, probably disturbed by the beaters, and which they at first took for a dog, ran towards them, regarding them with a look which they interpreted: "This little darling I'll make my breakfast off, and the other little darling I'll leave on that bed of forget-me-nots till supper time."

The poor girls had not in the least expected such a bridegroom, and stood petrified with fear as soon as they recognised the animal, for they possibly did not know that a wolf, in the summer or autumn, would attack nobody, and that the Isegrim who fascinated their eyes was, probably, as much afraid of them as they were of him. The silent young lady sobbed out a masculine name—we presume that of her lover—while the charming one, after recovering from her first terror, looked round on all sides for assistance.

Suddenly a carriage made its appearance from a branch road, drawn by two horses, in which a young and handsome man was sitting. Both ladies cried out together in joyful surprise when they perceived this unexpected assistance, and the wolf immediately ran off, and took up his station some distance from them. "You have saved us from death," the charming Wilhelmine said, as she approached the young man, who immediately ordered the coachman to stop, and leaped from the carriage. After begging, in the style of French gallantry, to have his doubts cleared up as to whether he looked upon nymphs or hamadryads, or actual mortals, and all possible explanations had been furnished him, he presented himself to the ladies as the son of the old pastor, and just arrived from Halle, in order to act as curate to his father. The young man, whom we will call Carl, then invited the ladies to take seats in his vehicle, and thus return to the château.

The ladies quickly accepted this invitation, and Carl had the pleasure of lifting them into the lofty carriage, in which he also took his seat, exactly opposite the fair Wilhelmine, who, however, was cruel enough, for some time, to look every way but at him. At length, when he began to speak of Halle, where he had been several years "Famulus" at the house of Freylinghausen, she turned her eyes with pleasure towards him, for she was well acquainted with this poet, and became so eloquent that her companion blushed, nudged her repeatedly, and at length whispered in her ear, "Ah, mon Dieu! he's not a nobleman." Wilhelmine, however, paid no attention to her, and as the young man was very well read, and recited several of Freylinghausen's newest poems, the time passed so quickly, that they stopped before the rectory almost without perceiving it. Here all the family assembled round the carriage, and wished to embrace their dear relative; but this he declined, and first presented his fair companions, who were immediately invited into the rectory, which the silent one at first declined, but the other immediately accepted.

After the first stormy salutation the old clergyman clasped his hands, and commenced the hymn, "Praise God for all his gifts!" in which the whole family joined; among them our friend Carl, with such a splendid tenor voice, that the young lady could not refrain from saying, after the hymn was ended,

"If you would do me a real favour, you would sing me that song of Freylinghausen's which you recited to us on our road here."

This request was so flattering, that Carl could not refuse to comply with it. He therefore sang, as solo, the song, "My heart should feel contented," without the least idea that, in a very short time, not merely all his consolation, but all his good fortune, would originate from this song.

The charming Wilhelmine was highly delighted when he had finished the song; and the two ladies took their leave, on the earnest persuasion of the silent one of the two. Carl politely accompanied them to the neighbouring gate of the château, where they parted with mutual compliments.

The young man felt for the first day or two as if he had lost something necessary to his existence; but as the difference of rank between himself and a lady of the royal suite appeared to him an insurmountable obstacle, he soon forgot the strange adventure, in which he was materially assisted by the composition of his trial sermon, which he was to preach the next Sunday before his patron and the congregation. In the meanwhile, however, the king and his suite had returned to Berlin, while Gündling and the captain remained behind to carry out their treacherous scheme. The captain pretended to be suffering from a frightful attack of gout, and had secretly ordered a corporal and six men to come on the ensuing Sunday night from the neighbouring garrison of G——n, as he had learned that their kind host intended to pay a visit at a gentleman's house some thirty miles off, as soon as the candidate's sermon was ended, and would not return for a week. During that time they expected to have the young recruit so securely hidden away, that any reclamation would be unavailing; and besides, the king's adjutant, who attended to all military affairs, was the captain's cousin. Gündling, after his usual fashion, rubbed his stomach with both hands, as he thought of the pastor's terrible despair at the loss of his beloved son.

As soon as the anxiously-desired Sunday arrived, both gentlemen went to the overcrowded church: the captain, as he hypocritically told his host, to return thanks for his sudden and fortunate recovery, but in truth, to have a nearer look at his young recruit, whose height he was delighted with, and paid Gündling repeated compliments for his discrimination. The poor young man gained complete approbation from his patron and the whole parish, and even Gündling, after the service was over, approached the pastor, and treacherously praised his good fortune in having such a son. We must say, that the captain, to his credit, was not guilty of such hypocrisy in this case.

At a late hour in the evening, which was both stormy and cold, the sound of arms and a loud knocking was heard at the door of the parsonage. The door was at length opened by the unfortunate Carl, with the words,

"Who are you, and what do you want at this unseasonable hour of the night?"

"We want you!" the captain exclaimed, as he sprang forward, and seized the young man by the arm. "You must come with us, and change your black coat for a blue one."

We may easily imagine the terror of the wretched man, who, only partly dressed, was standing speechless before them, when his old father, who had heard this conversation, rushed out of bed, and interposed be-

tween them. He, too, was unable at first to speak through terror, when he perceived in the moonlight the soldiers, and among them Gündling, who burst into a loud laugh on seeing the father's agony. This insult restored the old man to consciousness, and crying, "You villainous Judas!" he rushed with clenched fists at the baron. Carl, however, interposed; but as the old man could not be calmed, and the confusion and cries had become general, for the mother and sisters had joined them, the young man repeatedly begged to be allowed to speak; and when he gained permission, he addressed the following question to his father:

"Do you believe that our Heavenly Father is aware of my fate, or not?"

At this all were silent; but when the question was repeated, the old man replied:

"Why do you ask such a question? How should He, who knows everything, not be aware of your fate?"

"Well, then," the son calmly replied, "if you believe that, you must not forget that 'all things work together for good to those who love God.' I love Him, and willingly yield to my fate; and will only dress myself, and then be ready to follow the captain."

"No!" the latter replied, "you must come directly. *Allons—march!*"

All ran after the unfortunate man, crying to him, and striving to retain him, but in vain. Father, mother, and sisters were driven back by the butt-ends of the muskets.

"He will not be frozen," the captain cried, "before getting out of the village, and then he'll put on his accoutrements."

We will not attempt to give any description of the condition of the sorrowing family, as a soldier's life in that day was not merely the most disgraceful, but also the most wretched on earth; and many a father, had the choice been left him, would sooner have seen his son in his coffin than in the coloured coat.

The unhappy father waited in vain for a letter from his son from one week—from one month to another. The captain had taken all necessary precautions to cut off every opportunity for communication. No one knew what had become of him, and although it was so very difficult, on this very account, to claim him, still both pastor and patron attempted it, though, as may be easily imagined, in vain. After repeated petitions to his royal majesty, they at length received a very harsh reply from the minister of war himself: that they made a most insane request in asking them to look for a recruit in the ranks of the whole Prussian army, when no one, not even themselves, knew where he was; and he must be getting on well, or else he would have written to them.

Two years thus elapsed, without the disconsolate father, who had long before received a young curate to assist him, hearing the least news about his son, and therefore supposed that he had died through the cold on that frightful evening, or at the halberts.

At length, when the second year had just ended, he received a message from the neighbouring town to say that his son was in good health, and intended to visit him that same evening in company with the lady of the Dean of P——. When their joy at this unexpected news, which appeared to the old man almost fabulous, was moderated, and a thousand questions

asked of the messenger, no one could certainly furnish any explanation as to his strange companion ; but this was their least anxiety. "The dean's lady," the old mother gave it as her opinion, "will soon be tired of us." And long before evening the whole family set out to welcome their Joseph, as the old man called him. They had just arrived at the cross-road we have already visited, when a carriage drove up, out of the window of which a charming little white hand was stretched, and a silvery voice uttered the words, "Yes, yes, dear Carl, here it was that you saved me from the wolf." At the moment he looked out he recognised his parents. A cry of joy burst from him, which was echoed by the whole family. The coachman was bidden to stop, the lady and gentleman sprang out, and it was some time before the old father could say, "Now then tell us all, you wicked boy ; you caused us much grief by not writing a single word."

"I could, I dare not," Carl replied. "The captain made me pledge my honour that I would not send you any news of my place of abode. If I kept my word, he promised to give me my liberty at the end of three years."

"And the worthy captain set you free at the expiration of two," his father remarked.

"Not he!" Carl replied. "Death alone could have saved me from his clutches. I owe my liberty to our glorious king."

"Tell us—tell us how," all cried ; "let the carriage drive home."

"Yes!" the patron cried, who had come to share in the general joy, "send the carriage away. I must know all about it. We will take our seats on this bank."

All—among them the dean's lady, to whom no one had yet paid any attention—seated themselves on the grassy couch, and kept their eyes fixed on the young man, who wiped away his tears, and then commenced thus:

How badly I fared, and how grieved I was at not being able to send any news to my dear parents and sisters, I need not tell you. My only trust was in God; for, had I not had Him to support me, I should have acted like a hundred others—either deserted, or put an end to my life. But my faith, which daily found nourishment in the beautiful text with which I quitted you on that night of terror, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God," supported me in all my necessities.

Thus it happened that, just fourteen days ago, I stood as sentinel in the grand corridor of the royal palace at Berlin. I was thinking, as usual, of home, and as I felt very low-spirited, and, besides, fancied the neighbouring apartments unoccupied, I commenced singing that sweet song of Freylinghausen, "My heart should feel contented;" when I was singing the third verse, a door opened to my great embarrassment, and I saw this lady's head.

"Ah! the dean's lady," the old pastor said, as he bowed to her. "Now I am beginning to see more clearly into matters." And he straightway poured forth a multitude of apologies for not having noticed her before, through his immoderate joy at his son's return.

"But, father," the son inquired, "do you not recognise the lady?"

The old man, however, and his wife, had long forgotten the features. One of Carl's sisters at length said:

"That must be the young lady, if I am not mistaken, whom you saved from the wolf?"

"Certainly," Carl replied; "and at this very spot where we are now sitting so happily together."

But as all began crying, "Proceed, proceed with your story," he continued it in the following fashion:

As soon as I saw the head I was in great fear, and ceased singing. The lady, however, came very kindly towards me, measured me from head to foot, and at length said:

"I could scarce believe my ears when I heard that voice, but my eyes cannot deceive me. Surely you are the son of the clergyman of H——, who saved me from the wolf two years ago?"

"I am that unhappy man," I said to her; and then proceeded to tell her what a frightful revenge Gündling had taken. Her eyes filled with tears, and she seemed to me like an angel sent from on High to comfort me.

"You saved me from a wolf," she exclaimed, "and I will now do as much for you;" and then hurried back into the room. I stood there with a beating heart, till a page approached me with the words:

"Sentinel, as soon as you are released from duty you must go through that door, and present yourself to her majesty the queen."

I need not say with what anxiety I waited for the hour.

At length I was relieved, and, trembling, I entered the queen's apartments. She asked my history very graciously, and when I had finished it, she added:

"I can do nothing for you, my son, but I will beg the general to see that you are on duty here to-morrow morning between eleven and twelve, the hour at which the king pays me a visit. Then sing, with your clear voice that pleased me so much, any verse you like of his majesty's favourite hymn—'Who puts his trust in God alone.' I will then see what more I can do for you."

With these words her majesty dismissed me, and without the door I met this lady, who whispered to me, "Courage, courage; I trust all will be well."

As I expected, I was placed on duty before the queen's apartments the next morning at eleven o'clock. As soon as I heard voices within I commenced singing a verse of the hymn that had been commanded. However, I expected in vain to be summoned again. The hour passed, and I fancied that no attention had been paid to me; and I despaired, for I did not dare sing another verse.

"And yet," the young lady here interrupted the narrator, "all proper attention had been paid to your hymn, and I may be permitted to give an account of it, as Carl has already become my dear husband."

Another cry of astonishment was here raised: "What! what! your husband?" all exclaimed. "I fancied you were a dean's wife," the old pastor remarked. "I never heard of such a thing," the patron murmured, for he knew the lady was of very old family, and both he and the pastor seemed scarce to know whether they were awake or dreaming.



"You must then hear my story," the young lady remarked, with a smile:

The voice delighted both their majesties greatly, and as soon as I perceived this I began saying everything I could in favour of the young man without, till the king laughed, and said:

"Why, she must be in love with the fellow."

I felt that I blushed at this remark, but still answered boldly:

"Yes, your majesty, for he saved me, two years ago, from a frightful wolf."

"Diable!" the king added. "You are of a very old family, and might get a lieutenant, as far as I know."

Here the queen interposed, and begged his majesty, who was in very good humour that day, not to torment me further. I had opened my whole heart to her, and was determined on having this grenadier, or no one else, for my husband. "I must beg your majesty to remember," the queen continued, "how carefully this good girl attended to our child in its last illness."

"Well!" the king remarked, "we'll see. The captain praised the fellow; but still she cannot by any possibility marry a simple curate. Well, as I said, we'll see. I'll examine the fellow myself; but *apropos*, suppose he will not have *you*?"

I did not know what answer to make to this inquiry, save by letting my eyes sink on the ground; but the queen came to my assistance, by saying, "Your majesty will be best fitted to arrange that matter."

"Well, that's very true," the king replied. "We'll see, then; the fellow will not be such a fool as to refuse." And with these words his majesty left the room, apparently in deep thought.

"That is the end of my story," the young lady said, "and my husband must proceed with his now."

Carl, therefore, continued:

I naturally believed that I had been quite unnoticed, especially as nothing of the slightest importance occurred during the remainder of the day that might nourish my hopes.

The next morning, however, at parade, the king cried out, after he had finished all other affairs,

"Where is the fellow who stood as sentry yesterday morning between eleven and twelve at the queen's door?—let him step out of the ranks."

With a beating heart I obeyed this order, on which his majesty, without moving a feature, first measured me from head to foot, and then said, "Two under-officers here—take the fellow's coat off!" I could fancy nothing else than that I was going to be tied up to the halberts for my unseasonable singing, and therefore began tremulously, "I implore your majesty, with all submission——" but the king interrupted me: "Don't argue—take his waistcoat off!" The under-officers did what they were commanded, and the king in the same tone, and without moving a feature, said—"Now his gaiters!"

I now fancied I was going to be impaled at the least, and entreated, in my fear, "I beg your majesty, on my knees, to be merciful to a poor fellow;" but the same answer was given me—"Don't argue."

As I stood there in my shirt sleeves, the king ordered—"Now, bring that black chest hither to the front."

I was now certain of death when I saw this chest brought up, in which I fancied an executioner's sword, at the very least, was contained. I clasped my hands, and commended my soul to God, when the king, before whom the chest had been deposited, cried out to me, "Now, look in, and see how that suits you."

As soon as I raised the lid, I saw, not a sword or any instrument of torture, but a black clerical dress, and the bands laid on the top of it. This change in my feelings almost took my senses away, but the king's voice again aroused me. "Now, dress yourself immediately, and listen to what I say. Bring four drums here, and lay a dozen side-arms across them, so that he cannot tumble through. The grenadier shall preach us a sermon, for I must first examine him, and see if he has learned anything. If he sits firm in the saddle, as the saying is, he can keep the black stuff, and all it contains; but if he's a stupid ass, I'll make him put the coat on again. Now, then, up on the drums; you need not give it us long, but it must be good."

Assuredly (the young man continued) I should have talked nothing but nonsense, through the agitated nature of my feelings, and the fact that such a terrible alternative was offered me, but to my great good fortune, during the whole duration of my wretched servitude, I had daily thought of my favourite text, and determined I would preach on it the very first Sunday after my release. In fact, from continually thinking on the subject, I had the whole discourse long before ready in my mind. I, therefore, boldly mounted the drums, and began immediately with the words—"St. Paul says, in Rom. viii. 28, 'And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God;'" after which I gave a detailed account of my own misfortunes, which had worked together for good by the confirmation of my faith, and then made an universal and particular application of it.

I had noticed that the king, who stood close before me, and never once took his eyes off me, could not keep the tears from pouring down his cheeks; and I had scarce uttered the word "Amen," when he said to me, "Now, come down from your pulpit; you can keep the black coat, and all it contains. You had better inspect the pockets, and see what you have got in them."

During my discourse, I had noticed that one of them seemed heavier than the other. I therefore put my hand into that one first, and who could picture my astonishment, when I drew out a gold *tabatière* filled with ducats. I was silently regarding it, when the king said, "That is a present from my wife; but now look, and see whether there is anything in the other pocket;" and not yet able to utter a word through surprise, I drew out my appointment as dean, signed by the king's own hand.

"How is that possible? such a thing was never heard of," the old pastor exclaimed, as he raised his hands to heaven. "My son a dean? A candidate and private in the Grenadiers a dean? Yes! now I understand why you sent to tell us you would visit us in company with the dean's lady. But not to ask your poor old father to the wedding—as if you were ashamed of him—that is unpardonable."

"Did I know anything about my marriage?" the son continued; "but listen further."

I naturally tried, after all these fabulous events, to murmur out my thanks, but was interrupted by the king, who said, "Now come up to the palace; you can eat your soup with us, and the regimental chaplain must accompany you."

Giddy with the thought of all that had happened, I followed with the chaplain, who was hardly less astonished than I was, the king and his suite to the palace, and as soon as we had entered the audience-room, where all the court was assembled together with her majesty and this young lady, the king advanced, and asked me,

"Who does he think he has to thank for all this?"

I answered with a low bow,

"Besides God, my most gracious king and his most illustrious consort."

To which his majesty remarked,

"There he's right; but look ye here, this young and charming woman did the most for him. Has he nothing to say to her? She is not proud, and I know not married. What does he think of it? he's now a dean, and has his pocket full of ducats. Will he try his luck, and fancy he is all alone with her?"

Half mad with joy and hope, I raised my eyes, and looked at the poor girl, who was blushing and trembling before me, and who could not raise her eyes from the ground.

All were silent, though at intervals a slight sound of laughter could be heard in the room. In spite of all my good fortune, I was even more embarrassed than I had been an hour before when forced to mount the drums; but I collected myself, and in a few moments said,

"His majesty the king, to whom I owe all my good fortune, has inspired me with the courage to ask you before this great assembly, whether you will accompany me in my wanderings on the troubled path of life, like the angel Raphael formerly guided the youthful Tobias?"

She immediately gave me her hand, silent and trembling, which I pressed with ardour to my lips, and her majesty had scarcely bidden God to bless us, when the king added,

"Regimental chaplain, come hither and marry them. Afterwards we'll have our dinner; but I must get them off my hands to-day."

The chaplain, with a deep bow, remarked,

"It is impossible; your majesty; the young couple have not been asked in church."

"Nonsense!" the king objected; "I asked them myself long ago. Come, and marry them as quickly as you can, for I am hungry. Next Sunday you can ask them in church as many times as you like."

Although the chaplain urged various reasons, all was of no avail. The marriage took place that very hour, and my parents can now see why it was impossible for me to invite them.

"I really must be dreaming," the old pastor now said; "why, it's stranger than any story in the 'Arabian Nights.' A grenadier made a dean! But what did the members of the consistory say to it? I cannot imagine."

"*They* kept me so long," the young man replied, "or I should have come to share my joy with you eight days ago. I had scarcely announced myself, and handed in my diploma with a request to be ordained, when the gentlemen, as may be easily conceived, declared the whole affair impossible, and sought to demonstrate this, to his majesty in a long petition. The king returned it with these words, written with his own hand, on the margin :

"I have examined him myself. If he does not understand Latin he can afford to keep some one who does. I do not understand Latin myself."  
"FREDERICK WILLIAM."

"As they did not dare to trouble the king again in the matter, they proceeded to ordain me, after an examination, to which I voluntarily submitted."

The young man thus ended his story, and our kind readers can easily imagine the rest. We need only remark that our hero made an excellent dean, and for many years held the living of P——.

In conclusion, we are bound to state that the above anecdote is historically true, and that we have merely repeated the family tradition. Still we thought it better to refrain from giving the real names, as the descendants of our illustrious grenadier might not desire the story to be publicly known in connexion with themselves.

*Monthly Review*

## " A L L S E R E N E ."

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

ALL serene, and calm, and tender,  
On the wave the moonlight sleeps ;  
Countless stars come out in splendour,  
The rose, the glittering dewdrop, steeps ;  
The silent silv'ry clouds are sailing  
Mid-way earth and heav'n between,  
The distant song-bird's note is failing—  
All is tranquil—all serene !

All serene, and calm, and lonely,  
Not a breath steals o'er the sea ;  
'Tis the hour for lovers only—  
Come then, dearest, come to me ;  
I will linger by thy bower,  
'Neath the branches still unseen,  
Come love, 'tis the witching hour—  
All is tranquil—all serene !

## NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

THE results of two expeditions to the Arctic regions—one of them of especial interest and importance—have been recently printed by order of the House of Commons. The first refers to the voyage of the *Prince Albert* discovery vessel (Lady Franklin's private Arctic expedition), commanded by Mr. W. Kennedy, and accompanied by Lieutenant Bellot, of the French navy; the second to that of the screw steam-vessel *Isabel*, also a private expedition, under the command of Captain G. A. Inglefield, R.N.

The *Prince Albert's* intended course was to Griffith's Island and Wellington Straits, but driven first upon Leopold Island, its commander was obliged to take refuge in Prince Regent Inlet. On a subsequent attempt being made to reach Leopold Island, Mr. Kennedy became separated in a boat with four men from his ship; and was thus left, after reaching the island, from the 9th of September to the 17th of October, when he was rescued by M. Bellot, with a party of seven men from the ship, which had found a safe anchorage in Batty Bay. Luckily that Mr. Kennedy found on Leopold Island the stores left by Sir James Ross for Sir John Franklin, or the party must have perished miserably.

Excursions were after this made along the base of the all but continuous chain of lofty, abrupt headlands, which extend from Batty Bay to Eury Beach, and on the 29th of March a more complete party started by Cresswell Bay to Brentford Bay. Here, on the 6th of April, they discovered a passage leading from Prince Regent Inlet to the western sea. This channel was only about two miles wide, but appeared to be deep, and had open water in parts. Its length was about twelve miles. This channel is supposed to be only one of several that separate North Somerset from Boothia. The neighbourhood was much frequented by reindeer. Crossing the western sea—a prolongation of Rae's Victoria Strait—the party reached Prince of Wales's Land. This they crossed, after some delay caused by storm and haze, first in a due west direction, over very low lying land, and then north, over an extensive table-land, till a succession of lofty hills forced them to the eastward, bringing them back again to Victoria Strait, along the shores of which they dragged their lengthy way to Lyon's Point, and thence to the well-known Cape Walker, and they returned to their ship by the coast of North Somerset and Whaler Point. There is some trifling discrepancy in the map that accompanies this narrative, and the narrative itself. For example, at the point where Messrs. Kennedy and Bellot reached Prince of Wales's Land, and now called Kennedy Bay, described as very low-lying land, we have on the map Mount Washington. Then, again, the interior of Prince of Wales's Land is described as "remarkable only for its tame and uniform level, not having so much as a lake, or the slightest rivulet, to relieve its monotony." On the map we have Fisher Lake, Colquhoun Range, and Mount Cowie, in the heart of the country. Again, by the map, the party reached, on the 25th of April, the shores of Ommaney Bay. There is no notice of this fact in Mr. Kennedy's report. Probably these additions, as also that of Bellot Strait, came from M. Bellot, the French officer, of whom Mr. Kennedy says, "I cannot find words to

express my admiration of the conduct of M. Bellot, who accompanied me throughout this trying journey, directing at all times the course by his superior scientific attainments, and at the same time taking an equal share with the men in dragging the sledge, and ever encouraging them in their arduous labours by his native cheerful disposition."

The *Isabel* screw schooner, having, through the failure of Captain Beatson's intended expedition, been thrown on the hands of Lady Franklin, Commander Inglefield undertook to proceed in her to the west coast of Baffin's Bay, from which, if the story of the *Renovation* is to be credited, those icebergs probably drifted on which the vessels were seen. The *Isabel* accordingly sailed on the 5th of July, 1852, reaching Godhaven, on the coast of Greenland, on the 12th of August. On the 22nd, the little steamer was becalmed off the great glacier of Petowak; and on the 23rd, the Eskimo settlement, at Wolstenholme Sound—the site, according to Adam Beck, of the murder of Franklin and his crew—was thoroughly examined, without traces, it is almost needless to say, being found of any such an event having occurred there.

Sailing hence into Whale Sound, Commander Inglefield discovered two extensive inlets opening away to the northward and eastward, with an unbroken horizon, and no sign of ice or obstruction. This passage—named after Sir Roderick Murchison, the excellent President of the Royal Geographical Society—is supposed by Sir Francis Beaufort to be the northern limits of the continent of Greenland; and nothing but the sense of his duty to Lady Franklin prevented Commander Inglefield searching the course of these fair straits.

On the 26th, Cape Alexander was rounded, under sail and steam, and Smith's Sound, at the head of Baffin's Bay, entered. This strait, marked so narrow on our charts, was found to be about thirty-six miles across; and Commander Inglefield says, that as his eye strained forwards into the clear expanse of apparently open water, he could not but admit to his mind that a great sea was beyond, and that the so-called Sound in reality led into the great Polynia of the Russians. As if in support of this view of the case, the natural snow-clad aspect of the bleak cliffs that surround the head of the bay seemed changed by the presence of a more genial clime, the side of Cape Alexander itself being streaked with bright green grasses and moss, and the neighbouring hills to the northward were black instead of snow-capped.

After determining the configuration of the shores of this great inlet into the open Arctic Ocean, for a distance of 140 miles further north than had been effected by any former navigator, Commander Inglefield was compelled, partly by circumstances over which he had no control, and partly by stress of weather, to quit this unknown sea; and following down the west coast as close as he could, he succeeded in sailing through Glacier Strait into Jones's Sound on the 31st of August. This sound was explored as far as long. 84 deg., at which point the coast suddenly turned away in a north-west direction, the south shore trending rather northerly; but as far as the eye could scan in the west horizon no land could be discovered, though great masses of ice were driving rapidly down. Sir Francis Beaufort deduces from this, that Jones's Sound is another channel to the northward through the great cluster of Parry Islands—another opening, indeed, to the mysterious Polynia of the Arctic Regions.

Gales from the westward, accompanied by snowdrift and thick fogs, and the impossibility of finding shelter for a winter season, obliged the gallant commander to forego further examination of this third open sea he had discovered; but undaunted by the approach of winter, though unfurnished with the means of passing in an Arctic climate, he had the generous boldness to run up Barrow's Strait before quitting Baffin's Bay, in order to offer his surplus of provisions to Sir Edward Belcher's ships, and to bring home intelligence of their then state to government and to their numerous friends.

Considering the size of his vessel, the constant demands upon his time, as he seldom quitted the deck day or night, and the amount of coast explored, and discoveries effected, we do not feel surprised at Sir Edward Parry ranking Commander Inglefield among the most distinguished of our Arctic navigators, and Sir Francis Beaufort qualifying the voyage as one of the most extraordinary on record.

It appears from despatches received from Sir Edward Belcher's expedition, that Sir Edward had re-examined Beechey Island and the adjacent coast with great care, without finding any records of the missing expedition. Sir Edward does not think that Sir John Franklin removed in haste from these winter quarters, nor does he think that Cape Riley was a magnetic station. He attributes the difficulty in finding records of the missing expedition to the fact that the cairns are overlooked, or destroyed by animals. This was even the case with those left the year before by Captain Austin's expedition, and, adds Sir Edward, "We have not been able, even with this very open season, to trace the large supplies left at Navy Board Inlet by the *North Star*, and no beacon marks their whereabouts. How, then, are the distressed to avail themselves of this dépôt?"

The instructions given last year to Sir Edward Belcher comprised the two great objects of endeavouring to pass up Wellington Channel with one sailing vessel and one steamer, and of advancing with a similar force towards Melville Island. We find from the latest despatches brought home by the *Isabel*, and dated Beechey Island, 7th of September, 1852, that Sir Edward had proceeded, in consonance with these instructions, with the *Assistance* and *Pioneer* tender up Wellington Channel, which, even to the time of the last despatches, was open as far as the eye could see. Captain Kellett had proceeded at the same time with the *Resolute* and *Intrepid* tender in the direction of Melville Island. A prominent feature of the sledge parties this spring, was to meet on the meridian of 108 deg. west, and in the parallel of 77 deg. north. Sir Edward Belcher had also pointed out, that should Melville Island be reached by either of the two vessels, it was not improbable that an opening might be found by Graham Moore Bay into the Queen's Channel.

In the mean time, the *North Star* was to winter at Beechey Island, to construct a compact house capable of giving shelter to sixty persons, and to send out this spring sledge parties, chiefly under Dr. M'Cormick, to form dépôts, and to explore North Devon, Jones's Sound, and the land northerly. By the latest despatches, the asylum called "Northumberland House," already in progress, was nine feet high, thirty feet long, and twenty-five feet broad.

In order that the searching expeditions, or, perchance, any recovered expedition, may not be distressed for stores towards the fall of the present

year, as well as to meet all eventualities, the *Lady Franklin* is to be despatched to Beechey Island this spring in charge of Commander Inglefield, accompanied by the *Phoenix* steam-sloop. The employment of this successful navigator of the Polar Seas argues well for the prospects of research and relief; but, truth to say, all the officers and men now employed on these adventurous expeditions are alike distinguished by their zeal, their resolution, and their experience.

Such is the state of things in the Eastern Arctic Archipelago, whither another American expedition of succour is also generously bound this year. A sailing vessel and steam tender in Melville Strait—the north-west passage *par excellence*; a sailing vessel and steamer up Queen's Channel; a sailing vessel at the entrance of Wellington Channel; a house on Beechey Island; a sailing vessel, bound to the same with stores; a steamer for succour; and an American expedition in the van or the reserve.\* Truly the Arctic plot may be said to thicken. And when we consider that in that dim and mysterious Polynia to which three different great openings have been found within a year or two, and yet into which, as into that bourne from which no traveller returns, none have yet ventured and come back; possibly not only the *Erebus* and *Terror*, with their gallant crews, lie *perdu*, ever struggling in vain to release themselves from a land and ice girt, and possibly a land and ice encumbered ocean; but that the *Investigator*, with Commander McClure and his brave crew, are also exposed to the same difficulties, and engaged in the same perils, the mind is filled with wonder and awe at the efforts made, the dangers encountered, and the dangers waded by our gallant sailors in these dark, inhospitable icy regions, soon, as with the enchanter's wand, to be almost filled with life, brave ships and their gallant crews, dogs and sledges, and their cheerful indefatigable guides, and even a wooden home springing up—"Northumberland House" transplanted to the regions of perpetual ice!

We have just perused an interesting and curious little work, called "Franklin's Footsteps,"† written by Mr. C. R. Markham, one of the officers of the *Assistance*, who was engaged in those remarkable sledging expeditions which we have previously described, and which is exceedingly amusing from its graphic descriptions of Arctic life, but which contains deductions with which we cannot coincide. One of these is, that it is perfectly decided that Sir John Franklin's party did not proceed by any part of the unexplored sea between Cape Walker and Banks's Land; we do not think it likely; but the mere shallowness of the sea off Prince of Wales's Land, or the absence of records on Cape Walker, are not satisfactory to conviction. A second is, that it is highly improbable that Sir John Franklin's party passed up Wellington Channel, which is blocked up by islands! If so, where the use of Sir E. Belcher's expedition? A third is, that Sir John Franklin's party were destroyed in Baffin's Bay, in attempting to return home, or while enclosed by the ice, and having drifted helplessly along, as Sir James Ross did in 1849, and the American expedition in 1850-51. Such a sad event is not impossible, but it is

\* It is also stated that Lady Franklin contemplates offering the *Prince Albert* to the Admiralty as an additional store-ship.

† *Franklin's Footsteps*; a Sketch of Greenland, along the Shores of which his Expedition passed, and of the Parry Isles, where the last traces of it were found. By Clement Robert Markham, late of H.M.S. *Assistance*. Chapman and Hall.



rendered improbable by the fact of there being two stout ships, which would hardly both have suffered the same fate, and if they had so, it is likely that some portions of wreck would have been met with. If carried away upon an iceberg, what became of the crews; and would not some of the exploring vessels, more especially the *Isabel*, have encountered their relics? A fourth is, that Mr. Markham not only does not believe in a Polynia, or open Arctic Ocean, but he says that the further north Captain Penny went in Wellington Channel, the colder was the climate. Now this is against all experience, as further and still more remarkably illustrated by Commander Inglefield's exploration of Smith's Sound, or Inlet, which is far away to the north of Wellington, or even Queen's Channel. Lastly, Mr. Markham believes that, from want of observations, the distances given by Captain Penny are greatly overrated, and that the land on both sides of Wellington, or rather Queen's Channel, closes in, and forms a large bay. Supposing the surveys of Captain Penny and his companions not to be so accurate as those of Commander Inglefield, still as to the results obtained by the gallant Scot, as well might doubts be thrown upon the similar evidences obtained by the exploration of Smith's and Jones's Sounds.

To turn to the eastern portion of the same inhospitable regions, the *Plover* wintered at Port Clarence, in Behring's Straits, in 1851-52, and was joined in the spring of 1852 by Commander Maguire, who succeeded in command to Captain Moore, promoted, and by the *Amphitrite*, Captain Frederick, with provisions, &c. It having been reported by Captain Frederick that the whole of the preserved meats on board the *Plover*, amounting to upwards of 10,000lbs. (with the exception of 650lbs. supplied from Deptford, the 10th December. 1847, the contractor's name unknown), were of Mr. Goldner's contract, he directed a survey to be held on them, when the whole was found to be "*in a pulpy, decayed, and putrid state, and totally unfit for men's food,*" and was thrown overboard as worse than useless. This meat, be it remarked, was meant to sustain the brave fellows on board the *Plover* at an advanced station in the Arctic Regions, on the look out for their missing countrymen, during the present winter!

The *Plover* having had her defects made good by artificers from the *Amphitrite*, and having been re victualled from the same source, Commander Maguire resolved upon proceeding in her to the edge of the main pack, or, if possible, as far east as Icy Cape, and thence to proceed in boats to Point Barrow, to determine upon an appropriate winter station. This duty accomplished, the *Plover* was to return from Icy Cape to Cape Lisburne, to speak with the *Amphitrite*, previous to taking up her winter quarters.

The boats having left the *Plover*, as arranged, off Icy Cape, Lieutenant Vernon, in command of her, returned to Cape Lisburne to speak the *Amphitrite*, and then back again to Icy Cape by the 3rd of August (the sea in this neighbourhood is only navigable for six weeks in the year), where, not seeing Commander Maguire's party, he at once returned, without even attempting a landing, to Cape Lisburne, to request a boat of sufficient size to search the coast for them.

Commander Maguire and his party had in the mean time, after a very trying journey, reached Point Barrow on the 22nd of July, and having

found a suitable place, had returned to Icy Cape by the 28th of July, and remained there till the 5th of August, when, no succour coming from the *Plover*, the party made the best of their way in the boats to Cape Lisburne, where they were providentially received on board the *Amphitrite*. It is but fair to say that Lieutenant Vernon asserts that he had no boat which he could send with safety on shore; and Commander Maguire says, that up to the 3rd of August it blew so hard from the north-east, with a heavy surf, that his boats, which had been hauled up, could not be launched.

Captain Frederick considered—it would appear to us very properly—however, that the leaving the rendezvous had been premature, and that the *Plover* should certainly have remained until a boat could have been sent on shore for information; and having supplied her with a boat, he despatched her at once to the succour of Commander Maguire and his party at Icy Cape, while he himself examined the coast between that cape and Cape Lisburne, where the *Plover* was to rejoin. Lieutenant Vernon, however, on his return, made sail at once for Behring's Straits; and Captain Frederick called upon him for an explanation, in which Lieutenant Vernon states that he had never received any direction as to the "exact position" of the rendezvous; and which he seems, therefore, to have thought must have been in Behring's Straits! This is one of the first cases of apparent indifference to the fate of others, or of exceeding wilfulness, that has been presented to our notice during the whole of these trying Arctic expeditions.

The *Plover* started once more for Point Barrow on the 21st of August, and as remarkably fine weather prevailed for a fortnight after his departure, Captain Frederick has very little doubt but that it reached its destination in safety.

The account of the untoward boat journey of Commander Maguire is rendered peculiarly interesting, not only by the trying circumstances in which the party were placed, but also from the number of natives seen, and their thievish propensities. The sea is also described as abounding in animal life. On entering the ice, it was literally covered with birds, most of them excellent eating, and the crews were nearly supplied with them from two guns in each boat. Further to the southward walrus were numerous, and to the northward seals were found in great abundance.

The *Enterprize*, Captain Collinson, does not appear (luckily, probably, for its gallant commander and crew) to have succeeded in penetrating the great barrier that encloses the Polynia to the west even more firmly than in the east; for that vessel is reported to have been seen by some American whalers who arrived at the Sandwich Islands from Behring's Straits.

It is further, after this brief account of the state of things in the eastern Arctic Sea—the *Investigator*, in all likelihood, engaged in the ice, or struggling either to the westward or to get out of the ice-bound Polynia, and the *Plover* at or near Point Barrow—agreeable to know that the *Rattlesnake*, Commander Trollope, is to be despatched to the same regions this spring, and that in company with a steam-tender.

It was so obvious that the *Rattlesnake*, without the aid of such a steamer, might not be able to carry relief to the *Plover*, that Lady

Franklin, "whose devotion," the French Minister of Marine has truly said, "is the admiration of the whole world," resolved to devote a sum of money subscribed by the inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land—where Sir John Franklin was governor for five years—to that noble purpose. This seasonable reinforcement to her funds, already nearly exhausted by so many private Searching Expeditions, at once determined this amiable lady to send out a steamer to assist—or as may be more truly said—to enable the Arctic Relief Expedition to Behring's Straits to be successfully carried out; and to this effect the *Isabel*, the same vessel that penetrated Smith's and Jones's Sounds, is now having her rigging renovated, previous to her departure in the first week in March, when she will follow in the wake of the *Rattlesnake*.\*

Thus, with the American Expedition, it is not impossible, unless the *Enterprize* is on her way home, that there will be sixteen vessels with their crews in the Arctic Regions this summer; and if the *Prince Albert* is employed, seventeen! Or in a tabular view:

<i>Erebus</i> .....	Captain Sir John Franklin	1845	Position unknown.
<i>Terror</i> .....	Captain F. R. M. Crozier	1845	Ditto.
<i>Plover</i> .....	Commander Maguire	1848	Barrow Point.
<i>Enterprize</i> .....	Captain R. Collinson, C.B.	1850	{ Probably on her way home.
<i>Investigator</i> .....	Commander R. J. McClure	1850	Position unknown.
<i>North Star</i> .....	Mr. W. J. S. Pullen	1852	Beechey Island.
<i>Assistance</i> .....	Captain Sir E. Belcher, C.B.	1852	Queen's Channel.
<i>Intrepid</i> .....	Commander M'Clintock	1852	Ditto.
<i>Resolute</i> .....	Captain Henry Kellett, C.B.	1852	Melville Strait.
<i>Pioneer</i> .....	Lieut. Sherrard Osborn	1852	Ditto.
<i>Rattlesnake</i> .....	Commander Trollope	1853	{ Bound to Behring's Strait.
<i>Isabel</i> .....	—	1853	Ditto.
<i>Lady Franklin</i> .....	Commander Inglefield	1853	{ Bound to Beechey Island.
<i>Phoenix</i> .....	Ditto.	1853	Ditto.
United States' Expedition, say two vessels... }	—	1853	Unknown.
Overland Searching Expedition, under Dr. Rae }	—	1853	Isthmus of Boothia.

Heaven protect them in their labour of love, and grant them success! Science gains by such manly devotion, and a gallant, zealous set of fellows are perfected in professional hardships and experience, in a manner far more agreeable to contemplate and to record, than if engaged in warlike exploits. This is a contest of humanity, in which we can look with pleasure upon English, Americans, and French united in one common cause. Would it were always so with civilised nations!

\* Add to this that Captain Penny has succeeded in forming a company for the purpose of carrying on whale and other fisheries, and founding a permanent settlement in the Arctic Regions. The site of this settlement is to be the inlet known as Northumberland Inlet, or Hogarth Sound. The company propose sending two new screw steam whalers, of 500 tons each, in the spring months, to the seas between Greenland and Nova Zembla—seas into which that Sir John Franklin may be finding his way, or by which the relics of the expedition might be reached, we pointed out as far back as in October, 1851 (see *New Monthly Magazine*, vol. xciii., p. 202), and long before Mr. Petermann called attention to the same line of approach to the Arctic Regions.

THE NEW NORMAN CONQUEST; OR, HOW PAUL BRIOCHE  
MEANT TO HAVE PITCHED INTO US.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

I.

THE MAN WHO KNEW ALL ABOUT FRANCE.

IT was on a dull, drizzly evening, within a few days of the close of the last wet November, that one of the omnibuses which ply between the town of Abbeville and the railway station, received as its sole freight the person and carpet-bag of a middle-aged English gentleman.

He was a spare, plain-looking man, whose features wore an ingrained smirk of self-satisfaction, that showed their owner was on the best possible terms with himself, and they would have been forgotten almost as soon as seen but for an habitual expression of inquisitiveness, which seemed to say that he was always making some grand discovery, and that, after no end of mares'-nests, he had hit the mark at last. And this, of course, was the case, for it would have been hard measure if one who was perpetually asking questions had not obtained some kind of information in return. Whether his information was invariably of the right sort may, perhaps, admit of a doubt, seeing that the traveller had learnt the language he spoke in a popular way, "without a master," had constructed his own idiom, and retained his native accent. But he was not of a nature to be daunted by difficulties of this description, nor had he any notion that they existed, since he made a point of setting down as matters of fact whatever answers he received to his numerous questions. It was all the same to him whether his hearers understood him or not; he had made up his mind to certain consequences, and never failed to arrive at the conclusion that his own opinion—no matter upon what subject—must be the right one.

To impress the world with the belief that he actually knew what he talked about, he had taken advantage of the interval between the general election and the meeting of the new Parliament, of which he was a prominent member, to take a trip with his family to France. He landed at Dieppe, where he left his wife and daughter to benefit by the sea-bathing, while he pursued his journey by a circuitous route to Paris; and, after an absence of nearly two months, his head and his carpet-bag being both cram-full, was now following his family home, to dispense the knowledge he had so studiously hived. His reason for pausing at Abbeville was to obtain the latest and most authentic information on the feeling towards England of the agricultural population of France; and as Abbeville is a manufacturing town, the chance of his getting what he wanted seemed highly probable.

That no time might be lost, nor any opportunity neglected, our intelligent traveller entered freely into conversation with the *conducteur* of the omnibus, and when he was deposited at the Hôtel de l'Europe, he was almost as well up in his subject as an equally-acute Frenchman might be who should endeavour to learn the state of parties from the cad on the door-step of an "Atlas" between Baker-street and Charing-cross.

The Hôtel de l'Europe at Abbeville used to be a great house of call for English families *en route* to Paris, or returning from it ; and even at the present day, when the railroad whirls the great multitude onward, is not entirely neglected. A few stray families, under the influence of old recollections, or perhaps desirous of visiting scenes whose interest is associated with a time long past, still pay a periodical visit to Abbeville, and during their stay put up at the Hôtel de l'Europe, with its antiquated hostess, its withered and venerable head-waiter, its *rococo* furniture, and its sunny, well-kept garden.

Into the court-yard of this hotel the omnibus was driven, and great was the *charivari* made by the *conducteur* as he rang the deep-toned bell announcing an arrival : great also was the *empressement* with which the staff of the establishment, represented by the old waiter and an equally aged chambermaid, turned out to welcome the English traveller.

"Je cooshey and diney here ce swar," said the stranger ; and, as the two attendants made an attempt to relieve him of his carpet-bag, he added, "lacey ce ar sool, j'ay beswong de loocey." With these words he clutched his chattels in a firm grasp, and strode into an open *salon* on the ground floor, leaving the waiter to shrug his shoulders, and wonder, for the hundred-thousandth time, at "la brusquerie Anglaise," in which accomplishment the new comer appeared to be a proficient.

Having performed this function, the antique servitor—his name, by-the-by, was Louis—followed the traveller, and addressed himself to what more immediately concerned his own department.

"What would monsieur desire for dinner ?" he asked.

"Avoy vooz oon tabble-dote ?" returned the Englishman.

"Mais, monsieur," answered Louis, with another shrug—very different in expression from the last, for French grimace accommodates itself with great nicety to varying circumstances—"mais, monsieur, je vais vous faire une observation ; c'est qu'il n'y a pas beaucoup de monde—c'est à dire il y a très peu d'étrangers—dans ce moment à Abbeville. Effectivement, monsieur, vous êtes seul dans la maison ; à cette saison les voyageurs deviennent un peu rares."

This fact had for some weeks past impressed itself rather painfully upon the mind of Louis ; but he made his apology for the absence of a table-d'hôte as well as he could, eking out by prolonged accentuation the meagreness of his confession. The graces of his style were lost upon the Englishman, who only answered by a grunt ; but after a short pause he resumed :

"Cavvy voo long poor dinny ?"

"Ah, quant à ça," exclaimed Louis, brightening up ; "monsieur, aura tout ce-qu'il voudra. Nous avons d'excellent poisson à Abbeville, des truites délicieuses—les Messieurs Anglais aiment beaucoup le poisson, n'est-ce pas ?—du gibier, des pigeons, de la volaille, enfin il y a de quoi vous faire une diner superbe !"

The last words operated more favourably upon the traveller than the previous enumeration. "Tray bang," said he, "toot sweet ;" and this being rightly interpreted by Louis into an order for whatever the house afforded, he whisked out of the room with an alacrity which, for a person of his years, was surprising. It must, however, be taken into consideration that he had so long been without an opportunity of exercising this

part of his *métier*, that the novelty of the thing was enough to infuse new life into him.

His return was as speedy as his exit. He brought back with him the inevitable "*carte des vins*" and a handful of red-hot *braise* to light the fire,—thus making sure of, at least, two items of expense; for, whether the wine were drinkable, or the logs on the hearth capable of burning, both were equally chargeable in the bill. With a smile on his face, like a gleam of sunshine on a brown winter pear, Louis placed the *carte* before the Englishman, and then knelt down to "*arranger le feu*," an attempt in which he was not particularly successful, French wood having for the most part a disinclination, for the first half hour, to do anything but smoke. In spite of a few energetic expressions not at all complimentary to the logs, Louis felt assured that a blazing fire would spring up "*tout ailleurs*," and jumping briskly to his feet immediately busied himself in laying the cloth, and making other preparations for dinner.

In the mean time the stranger sat down, and opening the well-guarded carpet-bag, took out a small portfolio and a book, which latter exhibited signs of frequent use, as if it were often referred to, which, indeed, was very likely, the work in question being a pocket-dictionary of the English and French languages. He laid these objects on the dining-table, and extracting some writing-materials from the bag, began diligently to occupy himself by penning down the fruits of his most recent experience "*On the internal Condition of France*."

He was roused from his occupation by the entrance of that which more immediately concerned his own internal condition, and laying aside his literary implements, showed no unwillingness to do justice to the *cuisine* of the *Hôtel de l'Europe*. It matters little of what that consisted, nor should we go over the bill of fare, but for one peculiarity which it exhibited; viz., that in every respect, save in the article of fish, it very accurately corresponded with the *spécialités* which Louis had so loudly vaunted. The *gibier* was there in the shape of a snipe and a wild-duck; two pigeons *à la crapaudine* spoke for themselves; and the *volaille* was represented by a bird whose well set-up head, ornamented with comb and wattles, proclaimed him a lord and master in the *basse-cour*, where he had apparently flourished for a considerable length of time. But a French dinner without *soupe* and *bouilli*! Was that possible? Alas, yes,—at the *Hôtel de l'Europe*. *Soupe* and *bouilli* necessarily imply beef; and in the absence of travellers, beef was banished from the *ménage*; a vegetable diet, with some stray addition from the fields of which Madame was the *propriétaire*, being the substitute. This explanation may serve to account for the "one-sidedness" of the traveller's dinner, and the fact itself for the grumbling way in which the repast was eaten. To the same cause may also be ascribed the entry which the stranger made in the Diary that stood open beside him, and which ran as follows:—"In this part of France the inhabitants avoid the heavier diet of the English, preferring game and poultry. The French monarch's wish is thus realised: every peasant 'has a fowl in his pot,' and uses a silver fork and spoon. How absurd, then, to suppose that so wealthy a people could covet the goods of their insular neighbours! *Mem.* To say this the next speech I make."

He might have added to this eulogium upon the luxuries which over-

whelm the French peasantry, but for a strong puff of smoke from the smouldering green wood on the hearth, which made his eyes stream with water, and called forth renewed evidence of the activity of Louis, who, seizing a small pair of bellows—of the period of the Renaissance, when they were first introduced into France—which had no nozzle, and were too broken-winded to blow, worked away with so much zeal, that in the course of ten minutes he succeeded perfectly in putting the fire quite out!

More maledictions were now uttered by Louis against the unfortunate logs than we have any intention to record, but eventually he gained the day, the fire burnt up, and the traveller went on with his dinner, reserving further entries in his Diary till he should be left alone over his wine.

But the Englishman was of far too inquiring a turn of mind to omit any occasion of adding to his store of knowledge on the questions he had already prejudged, and the withered old waiter underwent the fate that had befallen the *conducteur* of the omnibus—that is to say, he was victimised by incessant questions. Not that a Frenchman objects to being talked to even about things that he don't understand. On the contrary, though he would much rather lead the conversation than be led by it, he thinks anything preferable to silence. Louis tried hard to direct the guest's thoughts to the wondrous beauties of the town, the glories of Saint Wulfran, the splendour of the *Salle de Concert*, the magnificence of the "belle caserne"—regretting all the while that, notwithstanding these attractions, Abbeville was "un peu triste à présent,"—as if it had ever been otherwise; but he was quickly disappointed in such an expectation. for the Englishman cut him short with the remark:

"Garson, je detest all that. Je hay toot about churches and concerts and barracks. I know everything that's worth knowing, and what I don't ask I don't want to know. Tell me——," but perceiving by the blank face of Louis that what he now said was quite unintelligible,—he made two or three dips into his pocket-dictionary, and changed the manner of his speech.

"Aimey voo batter?" he inquired.

"Comment, monsieur!" exclaimed the astonished waiter; and the question was repeated with so much stolidity and earnestness that at last he comprehended it.

"Moi, monsieur! mais pas du tout."

"Bong," said the Englishman. "Vo compatriots nong batter nong ploo?"

Louis shook his head, and the Englishman construed his inability to understand him in a negative reply.

"Avveck lays Angley?" pursued the questioner. "Batter avveck les Angley?"

"J'aimerais mieux les écorcher," muttered Louis to himself. "Ah, monsieur, les Anglais sont si doux, si polis; est-il possible de faire du mal à de tels braves gens?"

"Allaws," said the pre-determined traveller, "voo nates par poor gare."

"Mais certainement non, monsieur: je n'y gagnerais rien. La guerre nous ferait presqu' autant de mal que les chemins de fer. Je me rappelle bien——"

But whatever Louis was going to remember was interrupted by his interlocutor, who having learnt all he required, desired him with more brevity than politeness to take away.

An angry gleam for an instant lit up the old man's puckered face as if to give the lie to the words he had lately spoken, but he was used to be snubbed by English travellers, and it faded almost as quickly as it came. He had his revenge, moreover, in another way, for he was ordered to bring in a bottle of "Shatto Margo," and when a French waiter has taken the measure of an English customer, the probability is that the latter will not obtain the identical wine he has asked for. Be this as it may, it was soon produced, together with the dessert, which, according to the custom at that season of the year, consisted of four dishes, in one of them a pear, in another five dried-up walnuts, in a third a small bunch of shrivelled grapes, and in the fourth two or three nondescript cakes, which came in and went out with every dessert the whole year round. In addition to these doubtful appliances to good cheer, the waiter carried a large book under his arm, which he placed on the table. It was the "*Livre des Voyageurs*," and while he drew the cork of the "Shatto Margo," he requested that monsieur would do the proprietress of the hotel the honour of writing his name in it, suggesting that he would, without doubt, see that a great many of his friends were already inscribed there.

They were almost all English, he said, families of great distinction ! He did not remember all their names, but two or three he recollected perfectly:

"Voilà," he continued, pointing to the book, where some intense British wag had been playing off a mystification ; "voilà 'Lord Dog'—'Sir Shorts'—'Mistriss Lucy'—'Miss Sparkler, her Husband and ten small children.' Monsieur connaît Lord Dog n'est-ce-pas?"

The traveller growled as if he thought the waiter was making game of him, but when he looked up he saw that Louis was quite in earnest, and thoroughly believed that there were such ornaments to society as those he had mentioned. Intimating, then, that he would comply with madame's request, he was once more left alone.

But, before he affixed his own signature, he turned over a few pages, thinking that he might, perhaps, discover the name of somebody he knew. In doing so he found that the entries were not in all cases limited to the style and title of the different travellers, but were accompanied by remarks, some on the merits of the hotel, some descriptive of what the writer had seen elsewhere, and some expressive of political and general opinion. The last-named class appeared to furnish our traveller with a new idea, for he took up his pen, and after meditating for a short time began to write, no longer in his Diary, but in the "*Livre des Voyageurs*."

As the result of his meditations, or something very like them, has been printed elsewhere, we may be permitted to transcribe a few passages without incurring the charge of indiscretion.

"I have now had six weeks' experience of this country, and flatter myself I know more about it than any one. The French were right to cut off their king's head, and we were wrong to kick up a row about it. The French have a right to do as they please, and we have no right to interfere with them. I have conversed with all classes—the third class in particular, when I am on the rail—and they all tell me they are very



happy and contented, and don't want to go to war with anybody. Why should they? Haven't they got more money than they know what to do with? Isn't a Frenchman always dancing, and singing, and playing at dominoes, and going to the theatre? Take the French peasantry. I've seen plenty of 'em on the line between Strasburg and Paris. Why, they're all landed proprietors. There are ten times as many landed proprietors in France as in England. Every man has his own furrow and lives on it. Talk of their coming over to the Bank of England! Why the French have more silver in their *cafés* in Paris than all our gold and silver put together. If they're hard up for money at any time, they've only to say so, and out comes a Decree in the *Moniteur*, setting up a new bank of some kind, somewhere or other; and all they've to do—the landed proprietors—is to go and help themselves. What makes people happy? Plenty to eat and drink, and plenty of money to spend. Why should they want to change, then? The French are not fond of change. What good would it be to them to go to war—especially with England? Why, the very waiter at this hotel—a man old enough to remember the first French revolution—he says—he told me so not half an hour since—that he doesn't want to go to war. And he's a comparatively idle man, much more likely to be fond of fighting than men who are always growing corn and making wine. [*Mem.* The wine at this house rather sour and chilly, no flavour.] These are my impressions, and when the Commissary of Police comes round to inspect the stranger's book, I hope he'll give an order for what I say here to be printed and circulated through France to satisfy everybody. I'll take care it shall be known in England. The only use of the English press that I know or care for, is to make my opinions known. If our Government don't wan't to go to war, let 'em—instead of building screw steamers and what not—let 'em get me to write a letter to the Emperor of the French. I'd undertake, in five minutes, to write such a letter as would put an end to all this d—d non-sense in no time. If any English travellers, who may happen to see this, are not satisfied of the truth of what I tell 'em, they had better leave off travelling and come down to Cottontown and hear me speak on the subject. I don't think they'll be in a hurry to listen to anybody else afterwards. Before I finish these remarks, I've just one word to say, and, as it's meant for the people of this country, I'll put it in French :

“Peuple de France! Je vous informe que je suis aussi malade de guerre que vous êtes; et quand je vais dos à Cottontown il est mon intention de dire à mes campagnards que je veux donner dix mille livres sterling sur le jour que vous envahissez Angleterre.

“Témoin mon nom,

“RICHARD SNOBDEN.”

This specimen of “unadorned eloquence,” as creditable to the writer as most of the effusions which one meets with in Continental albums, was penned in a clear, round, mercantile hand, and the latter part of it—as the reader will have observed—only wanted an English translation to make it perfectly intelligible to the people to whom it was addressed. When it was finished, Mr. Snobden took another glass of the wine called “Château Margaux”—in the *carte*—but as it did not seem to have

improved by standing, he rang the bell and ordered some brandy. Louis supplied his wants in this respect, and by dint of appealing occasionally to the corrective, the traveller got on rather more comfortably. A mania for writing, when there was nobody to talk to, no one present who would rouse him with "a kick," or a little personal abuse, appeared, however, to absorb him, and he once more had recourse to pen and ink. Following up the idea he had recently struck out, he set to work to concoct the famous letter with which he had menaced the Emperor of the French and the *savans* of Europe; but he did not altogether keep his word, for, instead of knocking it off in "five minutes," as he had promised, it took him exactly an hour and three-quarters by the *pendule* on the chimney-piece, which actually went. His labours ended, Mr. Snobden began to feel—and it was no wonder—some symptoms of weariness, so he summoned the chambermaid and desired to be shown to his bedroom. To reach it, it was necessary that he should cross the court-yard; but just as he had got to the foot of the staircase, a small, cross-country *diligence*, of the *coucou* class, drove in at the *porte-cochère*, and curiosity induced him to turn round to see who had arrived at this hour of the night. The venerable head-waiter was quickly at the door-step of the *diligence*, out of which issued two young men, who had scarcely put their feet to the ground before they began to clamour for supper.

It should be ready in five minutes was the reply of the ever-ready Louis; there was an excellent fire in the *salon*, which an English *milor*, who had dined there, had only just quitted. The gentlemen might see that he spoke truth, for there was the *milor* at that moment, in the doorway, just going up to bed.

The two Frenchmen turned their heads in the direction in which Louis pointed, and could see Mr. Snobden plainly enough, with his carpet-bag in one hand and a lighted candle in the other. Whatever they might have thought of the prospect of fire and supper, it was clear that the appearance of the English *milor* caused them no great satisfaction, for they both scowled at him fiercely as they passed where he stood, the taller of the two muttering—and by no means inaudibly—the words "*Sacré Anglais*," and the other giving voice to what he supposed to be its equivalent, "God-dam."

Having receiving this *impromptu*, but expressive demonstration of personal respect, Mr. Snobden retired to his couch to dream of the erection of a statue in his honour at the joint expense of the French and English nations. It was to be an image of Janus,—with Mr. Snobden's features,—one face looking towards France and the other towards England—and the site on which it was to be erected,—dreams, after all, have their moral—was THE GOODWIN SANDS.

## II.

### THE PAMPHLET AND PROJECT OF PAUL BRIOCHÉ.

HAVING fired the amicable salute which we have just described, the two young Frenchmen entered the *salon* vacated by Mr. Snobden and proceeded to make themselves "comfortable," though they would have disdained to acknowledge from whom they derived the word. Divested

of their large cloaks, a more accurate estimate might now be formed of their personal appearance than when they stood in the court-yard of the hotel.

The taller of the two—and he was not only relatively but positively tall—might have been considered decidedly handsome if his face and figure had not been so excessively meagre. But there was nothing ungainly or awkward in his proportions: on the contrary, there was a sort of grace in the way in which he carried himself; his feet and hands were very small; and his pale countenance had an air of something more than ordinary gentility. His best claim, however, to manly beauty, consisted in a high forehead, a well-formed nose, a pair of piercing dark eyes, a luxuriant head of hair, and a magnificent black beard. But though his aspect savoured of aristocracy, there was nothing aristocratic in his name, which was simply Paul Brioché; and if noble blood coursed through his veins, its presence there was an accident for which his mother was to blame.

His companion, whom he addressed as Aristide Pigeon, laid no claim whatever to anything distinguished, either in person or manners. He was as much below the middle height as Paul Brioché was above it. The only thing of any size about him was his head, which was vastly disproportioned to his little body; he was small-eyed, sandy haired, blunt featured, and whiskerless; his voice was loud, and his language not particularly refined, and he presented, altogether, as great a contrast to his fellow-traveller as could well be imagined.

We shall not again follow our friend Louis through the operations of the table; it will be sufficient for our purpose to say that when the two young men had made an end of the supper for which they had so loudly clamoured—it was of course a *réchauffé* of Mr. Snobden's dinner—they drew their chairs nearer to the fire, Paul Brioché took out his cigar-case, and they both began to smoke.

A complete silence now reigned for a few minutes, each smoker apparently absorbed in his pleasing occupation, when, all of a sudden, Monsieur Paul Brioché started from his seat, and, dashing his cigar violently on the hearth, stamped on it with the heel of his boot till he had ground it to powder.

"Yes," he exclaimed, setting his teeth and clenching his fists with a fierce gesticulation—"yes, this is the way I would pulverise that whole nation—those arrogant! Thus would I exterminate them into dust and ashes!" And, with these words, he once more pounded the fragments of the cigar.

"And you are right, *mon cher*," observed Pigeon, whose equanimity had not been disturbed by the frantic explosion of his excitable companion; "they deserve to be exterminated; there is no doubt of it."

"Listen to me, Aristide," said Brioché, walking rapidly up and down, like a tiger in his den; "I tell you that this atrocious people shall presently cease to exist. A struggle more terrible and bloody than ever was yet known is about to commence. The day of expiation is at hand; no longer will we wait for it. Ah, you have witnessed the rage that boils in my veins when I think of that brutal nation, those feudal corsairs, those perverse oligarchs! But not even you, Aristide, can know the deadly hate that fills my soul when one of that viperous brood crosses my

path. To-night, was it not? Ah, yes, but an hour since, my eyes beheld another of these cold-blooded brigands, these corrupt and insolent leeches. At this moment he sleeps beneath this roof! Sleeps! No! Sleep is not possible to him! It is a terrible nightmare that crushes him down beneath the weight of my malediction!"

"Will this man, then, be your first victim?" demanded Pigeon, still quietly smoking.

"Bah!" exclaimed Brioché, stopping in mid-career. "To take the life of that worm would be a too pitiful miscarriage of my hoarded vengeance! It is upon his own soil that the English leopard must be torn down and crushed in his egg! Ah! there is only one thing I ask! But once to set my foot on that shore of barbarism, and trample on the faces of those insulters! To wipe out the humiliation of treaties—to scatter the pages of a history black with the mud of crime—to wash away the immense stain that defiles our beautiful France—for this alone is it worthy that I should live!"

A Frenchman in a fury is like a kettle of boiling water, which breathes a noisy, hissing, scalding vapour as long as it is on the fire, but subsides into perfect tranquillity the moment it is taken off. Having got rid of the steam of his passion, Monsieur Paul Brioché became as suddenly calm as he had been suddenly excited, and resumed his seat as if nothing had happened. He was not a madman, though his language was little less than insanity, but merely an individual afflicted with a trifling complaint called "Anglo-phobia." When the fit was on him he became perfectly rabid, but at other times he was quiet enough. It must be observed, however, that his lucid intervals had latterly been less frequent, and of shorter duration, than heretofore; for in addition to the mania of talking against the English, he had now taken to writing against them. The result of his literary efforts had been a pamphlet, addressed to the highest personage in France, in which he set forth, with volcanic vehemence, the urgent necessity which existed of doing to England precisely what we have heard him describe.

"Should we not," was his amiable phrase—"should we not declare against this impious people a war, not of reprisal, but of extermination? Should not the tocsin sound in every place where a Frenchman could hear it, and should not the cry 'To arms' be repeated until millions of men, torch and steel in hand, had buried under its ruins this nation, execrated by the whole universe?"

But Monsieur Paul Brioché was a man of action as well as thought, and being by nature a little hasty, could not stay to witness the effect of his eloquence upon his countryman, having, moreover, a private reason which impelled him; and his presence at Abbeville on the evening of his introduction to the reader, was a feature of his general scheme.

Monsieur Aristide Pigeon, neither warlike nor impetuous, had yet a sufficient motive for countenancing the extravagant notions of his companion. Besides that he believed, in common with most Frenchmen, that the disaster of Waterloo could only be effaced on Cornhill, he was of an excessively covetous disposition, and ready at all times to do anything for money. Paul Brioché—for a Frenchman—was rich; his putative sire, a wealthy négociant of Rouen, having left him a very good income; and it was to profit by the contents of his purse that Aristide encouraged

his vagaries. They were now on their way to the coast to carry out the project which the impatience of Brioché would not suffer him any longer to defer.

"You think, then," said Pigeon, as soon as his friend's excitement had abated—"you think that it is now the favourable moment to make a descent upon that England, and after the slaughter of numerous islanders return in triumph with your prize?"

"But, certainly, yes," returned Brioché, "this suspense cannot longer be endured. If my heart would allow me to wait, that fair daughter of a land of pirates should be proclaimed my bride at the head of an army of forty millions of Frenchmen, wading to victory through lakes of blood and mire. Oh yes, Mees Betsy, you are the most adorable girl belonging to a detested nation. Mine you must be, and when I have dragged you from the arms of your proud island-father, and shown you to my friends in Paris, once more I return with my sword to conquer your country."

"She is rich, is it not?" asked Aristide.

"Let that poison-gold of England sink again into the earth!" exclaimed Brioché; "for me it is enough that I secure her person. Ah, Mees Betsy, Mees Betsy, I love you!"

"Where does she live?" pursued Pigeon.

"Ah, but directly opposite to our own Normandy. Her *femme de chambre*, for only five paltry louis, gave me her address. Those barbarous island-names, I cannot read them, they will not enter into me: you understand the language, Aristide—see, here, it is written down—repeat those words that I may have them by heart."

Monsieur Paul Brioché took out a pocket-book as he spoke, and drew a paper from it, which he placed in the hands of Pigeon.

The latter unfolded it, and, as well as he was able, his knowledge of English being limited, and the handwriting not very distinct, read as follows :

"Mees Betsy Snobden, Hovouse, near Brighton, Sossex."

"Yes, yes," cried Paul, "Brighton, Brighton, it was to that city the *Vapour* sailed that carried her away from Dieppe, now quite a month ago."

But the details of the meditated abduction we shall not at present enter into, an incident occurring at this moment which must be described.

The "*Livre des Voyageurs*" was still lying where Mr. Snobden had left it, open to the inspection of all, on a table near the fire, close to which Monsieur Pigeon had drawn.

"Ah! voilà qui est drôle," he called out, interrupting some explanations which his friend was giving, "c'est justement le même nom!"

"Quel nom?" demanded Paul—"Brighton?"

"Au contraire," returned Aristide, "c'est 'Snobden.' S—n—o—b—d—e—n, Snobden. C'est ça!"

"Qu'est-ce que cela veut dire?" asked the other, impetuously.

"Je parie que c'est le nom de ce monsieur là, en haut; celui que nous vu, tout-ailleurs."

"Impossible! Lui! Et tu crois?"

"Ce que je crois? Je crois qu'il est un parent de Mees Betsy. Son père, peut-être!"

"Ah! qu'a-t-il écrit donc, cet homme? Lis, lis, Aristide."

We have said that the handwriting of Mr. Snobden was very legible, but we have also said that Pigeon was but an indifferent English scholar. He could just make out a word here and there, but not enough to convey to him the full meaning of what he read.

"Il y en a beaucoup," he said, "il parle des Français, c'est très probable qu'il s'en moque."

"L'insolent!" muttered Brioché.

"Ah, voilà quelque chose! 'La guerre'—oui—c'est un défi! Tiens, tiens, du Français! Mais quel baragouinage! Le malheureux—comme il estropie notre langue! Est-il malade, donc, cet animal? Diable m'emporte si j'y comprends un seul mot! Enfin, il va donner dix mille livres sterling à celui qui ose attaquer son pays. Je suis des vôtres, mon cher Paul, je gagnerai cet argent."

"Et moi, je lui volerai sa fille!"

For half the night the two friends sat up, discussing the new aspect under which affairs now presented themselves.

Aristide Pigeon was very much inclined to make Mr. Snobden a prisoner, then and there, while he was lying in bed, and exact the ten thousand pounds as a ransom, instead of fighting for the money; but Paul Brioché had far too magnificent ideas to entertain the notion; besides, it was the daughter he wanted, not the father—if, after all, the English traveller really stood in that degree of relationship to the lady of his affections. He therefore put a veto upon the designs of Aristide, and at length the friends separated for the night.

Brioché slept soundly, but Pigeon got scarcely a wink, being tormented till daylight with schemes for securing the Englishman's money. He came at last to the determination just before he dropped off, that, unknown to Paul, he would lay an information against the stranger the first thing in the morning. A trifling circumstance, however, prevented him from carrying this plan into execution. Aristide Pigeon overslept himself, and, in answer to his first inquiry, when he descended to the *salon*, he learnt that Mr. Snobden had started by the first train for Boulogne. As the electric telegraph was not then laid down, there was no chance of arresting him before he reached the steamer. Monsieur Pigeon wafted him a wish for a most unpleasant voyage, and moodily returned to the consideration of the profit and loss involved in the proposed expedition of Paul Brioché.

### III.

#### THE INVASION—AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

ABOUT a fortnight has elapsed since the occurrences of which we have made mention. The scene has shifted, and we are now at the *Café de la Cigogne*, in the oddly-shaped market-place of the antiquated little town of Eu, in Normandy. Beneath the shade of the lofty beeches in the park of the château adjacent, the family of Guise were once wont to hold their councils: in the *Café de la Cigogne* a council is now being held, as fearful in its import as any of those over which Henri de Lorraine ever presided.

The principal personages—indeed the only ones—who assist at this council, are Paul Brioché and Aristide Pigeon. An event has taken

place within the last fortnight which has given an additional stimulus to the deadly purposes of our implacable Norman foe : the Empire has been proclaimed in France, and Paul Brioché is resolved to follow up the blow by the *coup de tête* which has long been seething in his brain. He is resolute to attempt—no, not attempt, but accomplish—another Norman invasion.

His *exaltation* has returned, and he once more harangues his friend, who, as the moment of danger draws near, seems much less willing than before to be his follower. But there is brandy on the table, and Pigeon, who is a Picard, a race less sober than the Normans, is kept to the sticking-point far more by its influence than by the eloquence of Brioché, who himself drinks very sparingly.

"Yes," exclaims the latter, "eternal honour will have crowned our heads with its *auréole* within but a few hours ! Already that country of ferocious hypocrites trembles instinctively at our approach. She trembles because she knows she has committed the greatest crimes against France ; she trembles because she feels that the avenger is at hand. The faithless Harold broke the oath which he swore between the hands of Duke William before the altar of Rouen. Perfidious Albion has again and again broken the oath that bound her to the cause of nations. Duke William sailed from St. Vallery—here, close by—with but a scanty train, to conquer that detested land ; to wither it with my contempt, to ravage and defile its coast, I sail to-night from the harbour of Tréport. Honour to the Somme ! Honour to the Bresle ! Those heroic rivers, the witnesses of these exploits ! I see your enthusiasm mount to your eyes, mon clér Aristide (it was not enthusiasm, but brandy, of which he had swallowed a great many *petits verres*), there must be no more hesitation. Perdition, then, to that accursed Albion : it is at full gallop that we must march upon her. Portons un toast : 'Ecraserons l'Angleterre et enleverons Mees Betsy !'"

"'Ec-ra-se-ra-rons l'-l'-l' Ang-gle-te-terre et en-l-l-lev-lev-er-er-on-les di-dix m-m-mille liv' st-st-er-ling—de r-r-r-ente !'" responded Pigeon, who began to think as well as see double.

Paul Brioché was, however, too much excited himself to scan the condition of his friend very closely, and he now made preparation for instant departure. The bill was paid, a cabriolet appeared at the door, the two adventurers stepped in, and were driven off on the road to Tréport.

Half an hour brought them to their destination : it seemed an age to the fiery impatience of Paul Brioché, a moment only to the evaporating courage of Aristide Pigeon—of whom even brandy could not make a hero ; but it was now too late to retract : in the first place he was considerably afraid of his tall, explosive leader ; and, in the next, the cupidity of his soul still whispered, "Ten thousand pounds sterling," to which, in spite of himself, he could not help adding, "per annum."

It was not to take the command of a fleet secretly collected from the harbours of Cherbourg, Brest, and L'Orient, that Paul Brioché now set his foot upon the quay of Tréport. A solitary vessel was destined to carry him and his fortunes—like another Cæsar—on his daring enterprise. It was a fishing-boat of the size usually employed on the French coast, and mustered a crew of fourteen hands, including a couple of boys. The captain of the boat was an old sea-wolf named Vacheresse, who, as the

season was a bad one, the take of herrings having been very small, was willing, with his partners, to lend his vessel for a trip to the English coast, which he knew very well, in consideration of the sum of five hundred francs deposited beforehand by Paul Brioche in the safe-keeping of Monsieur Rateau, the notary of Eu, and man of business of most of the fishermen of Tréport. Vacheresse neither knew nor cared what was the object of his customer, so long as he paid him; and, with more prudence than one might have been inclined to give him credit for, having before him, perhaps, the fear of the police who might have interfered with his project, Brioche had kept the matter perfectly dark, so far as the actual fact of "Invasion" was concerned, merely intimating to the captain that the more weapons he could collect, the better for his purpose.

"Le grand gamin," said Vacheresse, to his comrade and confidant Bigrel, as they were waiting in the small boat at the quay which was to take Brioche and Pigeon on board the *Jeune Adèle*, now lying at anchor about half a mile from the shore,—*"le grand gamin a quelq' chose qui lui roule dans le tête: peut-être qu'il va crever un de ces sacrés Anglais;—en duel, tu conçois, vu qu'il a envoyé à bord une paire de pistolets, et deux épées, et qu'il parle toujours de se battre avec je ne sais qui."*

"C'est possible," replied Bigrel, *"j'ai entendu dire que le duel est prohibé en France."*

At this point of the conference between the two sailors Brioche and Pigeon arrived, stealthily and on foot, having discharged the cabriolet at the entrance of the town for fear of being observed. With equal caution they now embarked, Pigeon being rather shoved into the boat than voluntarily stepping in, and were quietly rowed from the shore. The *Jeune Adèle* quickly raised her anchor as soon as the party were on board, and immediately put out to sea.

It was then that Paul Brioche took Vacheresse aside, and proceeded to impart to him a more defined outline of his intentions. Not to trouble the reader with the superfluities of his eloquence (which may be read word for word in the "Letters Franques" of Monsieur Frédéric Billot, addressed to the Emperor of the French), we may say that he told the old seaman how he meant to "pitch it into" every Englishman he met on the opposite coast, how there was a beautiful "Mees" whom he meant to run away with, and how there was a man, living at "Hovouse" near "Brighton," one "Sir Snobden," who was ready to give ten thousand pounds to the first Frenchman who came to ask him for it.

The old "salt" had not been knocking about the world for the last sixty years, and half that time in the British Channel, without at once seeing the absurdity of the whole affair; but the lion's share of five hundred francs was too great a temptation to make him at once reject the proposition of "invasion." He had once attempted to invade England, about forty years before, and in his mind there still dwelt a lively recollection of three years passed in Porchester Castle, where he cultivated the art of making men-of-war out of marrowbones; and as he felt by no means inclined to renew that occupation in an English prison, he temporised with his conscience, and made a promise of which he only intended to keep as much as answered his purpose. He continued to make out, by dint of much questioning and certain local experience, having often run into Brighton and Shoreham, that "Hovouse" must



mean some house at Hove, so he gave the word to steer a north-westerly course, which would enable him to fetch the point desired.

As it is the custom of great conquerors to shut themselves up in the recesses of their own impenetrable thoughts when they meditate the subversion of empires, Paul Brioche, enveloped in his ample cloak, sat down in a sheltered part of the deck, silently revolving his plans. Aristide Pigeon, who was silent too, though from a different cause, sat shivering on a coil of rope at the foot of the mainmast, vainly endeavouring to reconcile his mind to the position in which, through his avarice, he had allowed himself to be placed. He had brought a small bottle of brandy on board with him, and was just beginning to derive some comfort and a renewal of courage from the contents, when a sudden gust of wind swept over the *Jeune Adèle*, and nearly threw her on her beam-ends. The fact was that, having got from under the lee of the land, the vessel caught the breeze which was crisping the waves off shore, and a little nautical experience seemed likely to be one of the preliminaries attendaut upon an invasion of England. It not only *seemed*, but *was*, and after one or two efforts to resist the most uncommon, and more than uncomfortable, sensations which resulted from the newly-awakened motion of the *Jeune Adèle*, Aristide Pigeon yielded himself up a victim to that fell malady which has floored so many thousands of his countrymen, and is destined, if they come to invade us, to floor so many more. Nor was he alone in his misfortune ; his sombre chief very speedily followed his example ;—the only difference between the two being that, in the intervals of his agony, Brioche did nothing but execrate the country he was going to conquer, while Pigeon execrated everybody and everything that came within the sweep of his recollection.

The duet might have been pleasant to listen to, certain concomitants apart, but we have not time now to describe it. We must make for the English coast as fast as we can, leaving the two heroes to howl out their rage as well as they can find voices for that purpose.

The breeze which had done them so much damage was favourable at first to the progress of the *Jeune Adèle* ; but after a few hours the wind shifted, and she had to tack, so that when the day broke she was not much more than half-way over. Long before that time Brioche and Pigeon had been conveyed below, reduced to a state of gasping despair, which, as the newspapers say, may be “more easily imagined than described ;” and when the former faintly asked if “cette terre perfide” was not close at hand—the ruling passion strong even in sickness—he was informed by Vacheresse that it would probably be dark before they could reach the land.

The captain’s prediction was verified, for the sun went down when they were about three miles from the coast. The wind went down with it, which was so far favourable to the suffering pair, that it allowed them once more to lift up their heads and crawl upon the deck, though their seedy helplessness would not have carried conviction to the mind of any third person that such invaders were likely to prove dangerous foes. But the diminished breeze furnished the captain of the *Jeune Adèle* with the excuse he wanted, and he represented to Brioche that, under the circumstances, it would be better for the vessel to keep out to sea, hovering off the coast till the morning, when he could make sure of a safe landing-

place. Meanwhile, he added, if Monsieur wished it, the boat could take him and his friend ashore, where they could reconnoitre the spot they desired to attack.

As the prospect of landing is the only thing that imparts any consolation to the sea-sick, the offer was accepted with *empressement*, even by the unwarlike Pigeon. Not that he had any stomach for fighting—or for any other use just then to which it could be put—but he trusted to his friend's valour and his own cunning to make it out. At all events, it was everything at that moment to get away from the dreadful sea,—and in a few minutes after the proposal had been made, Brioche and Pigeon, with each a pistol and a sword beneath their cloaks, were being rowed ashore by two stout fellows—Bigrel, who had received his instructions from Vacheresse, taking the helm.

About a couple of miles to the westward of Brighton there is a narrow ravine running down from Portslade to the beach, called Copperas-Gap. It has served the purpose of many a smuggler in days gone by, and was not unknown to Bigrel. Thither he accordingly steered, the darkness of the evening favouring his approach. By one of those chances which will happen, let the look-out be ever so sharp, the boat reached Copperas-Gap without interruption from the preventive service, and then the question arose, what was to be done next?

You may invade a country in the dark, but if you don't happen to know your way when there, it is just possible that, instead of taking possession, you may only put your foot in it. Paul Brioche himself seemed alive to this possibility, and it was agreed that on this occasion a *reconnaissance* only should be attempted, the *grand coup* being deferred till the following day.

Whereabouts stood Hove was the next consideration. Bigrel, who said that he must remain where he was, to secure the retreat in case of necessity, led the invaders into the high road, and indicating some lights a few hundred yards distant, the twain proceeded in that direction. It devolved, of course, upon Aristide Pigeon to ask any questions that might be necessary; and at the entrance of the village, where a shop-door stood open, he stopped to inquire, in as good English as he could muster, the way to "*Hovouse*."

By a miracle he was understood. The woman to whom he spoke, said "he couldn't miss it;" but seeing some bewilderment in his countenance, and supposing, from his accent and appearance, that he was a foreigner, came outside, and pointing up a road directly opposite, told him it was "there, about five minutes' walk." The woman then returned to her shop, and, inferring more from her pantomime than her words, Brioche and Pigeon scrambled along as she had directed.

They presently came to a low garden-wall, enclosing a rather neat-looking cockneyfied sort of villa, and this they cautiously escalated. They had not taken many steps before Brioche whispered to Pigeon to stop and listen. He did so, and then they both distinctly heard the sound of a piano, and the melody of a female voice in gentle accompaniment.

"Je reconnais cette voix," said Paul, "il n'y a que cet ange qui pourrait chanter comme ça. Suivez-moi, Pigeon."

With extreme care the invaders advanced on tiptoe, till they arrived at the window of a room on the ground-floor, from whence the sounds

proceeded. We all remember the mildness of last December ; no wonder, then, that the window, which opened down to the ground, should be open, though the curtains were partly drawn. These curtains served as a screen, behind which the invaders concealed themselves while they examined the apartment.

The instinct of true-love, or some other accident, had made Paul guess rightly, and he beheld, not only "Mees Betsy," who was doing her best at the piano, with a handsome young man at her elbow, but an elderly lady and gentleman, both fast asleep in easy-chairs beside the fire, enjoying their daughter's music ; and in the sleeping gentleman the invaders recognised "Sir Snobden."

The sight of the fair songstress added fresh fuel to the flaming passion of Paul Brioche, while at the same time his excitable nature was roused to frantic jealousy in beholding how she was attended. As for Aristide Pigeon, he only saw that the man was asleep who was to give him ten thousand pounds ; there never would be, he thought, such another opportunity. At a single glance the invaders understood each other : a Bride for the Norman, a Fortune for the Picard.

With each a pistol in his right hand they dashed through the open window.

"Gracious goodness, William," screamed the young lady, "here's that horrid Frenchman!"

"Mees Betsy, Mees Betsy," shouted Paul, "I love you, I love you ;—I vill you my life!"

"D—n you, take that," cried William, driving at Brioche with a heavy facer, which nearly broke the bridge of his nose, and knocked the pistol out of his hand.

"Geev me ten thousand pound, you old rascal!" roared Pigeon, as he seized Mr. Snobden by the throat.

"God bless me ! what's this?" ejaculated the suddenly-awakened man — "what do you want, you little scoundrel?"

"Ten thousand pound,—ten thousand pound," again shrieked Aristide.

Mr. Snobden felled him to the floor with the poker.

The struggle between William and Paul was a fierce one. The Norman at last managed to disengage himself, and stood aloof, with his sword drawn, denouncing the "misérable," as he termed his adversary ; but a posse of servants, whom the noise had attracted, now rushing into the room, the gallant Paul, brave as he was, began to perceive that the better part of valour was discretion, and turning tail, leapt through the window, and was off to the shore as fast as his legs could carry him.

By good luck he took the right turning, and arriving at Copperas-Gap, jumped into the boat, desiring Bigrel to put off without a moment's delay. The fisherman did as he was ordered, the rowers pulled with a will, and in half an hour afterwards the *Jeune Adèle* was on her way back to Tréport, and so ended the Second Invasion by the Normans.

No,—not exactly ; it did not quite end here. Aristide Pigeon, who had only been stunned by Mr. Snobden's poker, was supposed to be a housebreaker—indeed, he was no better,—and is at this moment, we believe, lying in Lewes Gaol awaiting his trial at the next Assizes.

## THE SEQUEL TO "A WORD TO ENGLAND."

THE immorality prevailing in the continental Catholic countries, and which is the fruit of their religion, how often has this been descanted upon? and yet in England it is only partially believed now. But a little reflection would, or ought, to convince you of its existence, without reiterated facts. To people brought up as are the French (taking France as being the country we are most familiar with; but the remarks will apply equally to others), immorality and the vices that grow from it are not crimes; and even were they, the convenient absolution of their priest would entirely wipe them out. No matter what may have been their lives, no matter what sin they may be in the daily habit of committing, no matter what commandment of God they deliberately break, they have only to go to the nearest confessional, tell the hidden priest in it, and obtain absolution. So long as it is concealed from the eyes of the civil law, it may be pardoned over and over again by the priest. By this process they are cleared from sin, and go forth to the world free, ripe and ready to commit it again. Do the priests themselves really believe in the efficacy of this infallible remedy?—that they do is scarcely to be credited. It may be observed by the reader, acquainted with French manners, that the men rarely, if ever, approach the confessional. Not they: their consciences are by far too pliant to require it. They never enter a religious edifice. They go through their whole long lives, and probably never see the inside of a church, and never say a prayer: in short, they hate the priests, and ridicule all the observances of religion. Are they right in cherishing this hatred? Perhaps not; but they have some cause. A short illustration will show what I mean.

In a certain French town, the name of which I will not mention, a priest, holding a high place in its principal church, and a man of some fifty years, has long been looked up to by the inhabitants generally, as a perfect saint. But unfortunately for his saintly character, an *exposé* has just come to light, touching upon sundry gallantries of his. It seems he has been carrying on for years a game that would be enough to make even a layman blush, if discovered. The ladies implicated, and there are several, were fair penitents of his, all in the habit of kneeling at his confessional. They hold a good position in society, and are married. It is whispered also, that if the secrets of past years were divulged, their numbers could be increased many-fold. But now, what redress have the husbands? None. They cannot challenge, or insult, or beat the priest, because he *is* a priest; so they have no resource but to pocket their exasperation, and admonish their wives to behave better in future. Fortunately, on the Continent, these things are looked upon less gravely than they are with us, both by society in general and by husbands in particular. The delinquent has been suspended for a time from some of his clerical duties, not all, and there the matter ends. Had not the *exposé* been so thoroughly public as it was, he might have gone on till doomsday unmolested, for unless by compulsion, you never find the priests reprimanding their brethren for these matters. It would be an exemplification of our English saying—though it may not be polite to quote it here—of the pot calling the kettle black.

There are two classes of women in France, the faithful and the profane. Do not imagine the designations are mine : they call themselves so. And a woman has little else than a choice of one of the two evils. The former class are entirely under the dominion of the priests; their time, nearly from morning till night, and every day in the week, is passed in the church; they are ever in the confessional; their lives are entirely occupied with the subject of religion, and their priestly director is to them all wise, all omnipotent, all God.

The other class have no religion, and do not pretend to any. They amuse themselves as they please; they rarely, if ever, go to church; numbers never. They dress, gossip, visit, whisper bits of scandal of the priests, abjure the confessional, sicken at the thought of their daughters being brought into contact with its iniquities, and, in fine, pass their time, from girlhood to old age, without giving a thought to religion. You will say there must be a medium course: I do not see it: since to pursue or profess religion, a woman must frequent the confessional, and from that moment, if she attend it often, she is a slave to the priests.

And now I would ask, looking dispassionately at the subject, is it a matter of surprise that immorality should prevail in these Roman Catholic countries? What moral safeguard have the people—what inducement not to pursue vice? *The perusal of the Bible is denied to them*, therefore from that source no strength of conscience can be obtained. We have seen that the priests, rather than checking, set an example of immorality, and they are ever ready to absolve those confessing it. We are prone to rail at the Roman Catholics, at their doings in these continental countries, but we should first put the question to ourselves—Should we be a whit better had we been brought up in the religion they have been? The system should be blamed, and the higher priesthood, but not the people, who but live as they have been taught. Oh! that all England could see the working of this creed in its own countries! they would rise with one voice, one mind, to keep its encroachments far away from them. Of domestic happiness abroad there is none; they are unacquainted with its name; and cannot be made to understand how an Englishman and his wife can find enjoyment in each other's society at their own fireside.

There are many anomalies in the Romish religion that excite our astonishment, and, I fear, indignation. Their form of adoration we cannot understand, and never, until we shall be numbered amidst its devotees, can we deem it a fitting one. The last time I was in Paris, I went one Sunday morning into the church of St. Eustâche, at the bottom of the Rue Montmartre, to hear, or see, as you will, the celebration of mass. The epithet mummery is often applied to the religious services of the Papists, leaving a harsh grating on the ear, for we ask ourselves involuntarily how we should like the contemptuous term applied to ours. Much as I have lived in Catholic countries, I have rarely entered their places of worship, but I was astonished at what I then witnessed, and I do solemnly assert that there is no word in our language fitted to describe it but "mummery."

Six or eight priests were engaged in the services, but the business of the two chief ones, as we judged by their glittering attire, consisted in promenading and bowing, like a master of ceremonies would do in a ball-

room, or a couple of schoolboys under the hand of their dancing-master. Backwards and forwards, from the foot of the altar-steps to the railings that enclose the space before it, in length some thirty or forty feet, did these priests march with stateliness, one on either side, to and fro, to and fro ; and at each turning round there was a ceremony of bowing four times repeated—so many bows altogether I never saw. They bowed to each other, they turned about and bowed to the right, they turned and bowed to the left, and they turned and bowed behind them. Not a slight inclination of the head, but a bending-down of the whole body, so that the ornament they wear on their backs, over the surplice, about the size and shape of a door-mat, but all gold and flowers and beautiful embroidery, flew up in the air at every bend. Occasionally after the bowing, instead of immediately continuing their walk, they turned each to an open book that stood on a board, temporarily erected near the railings, and after looking on these books for the space of half a minute, they turned simultaneously away, the usual stately bows were again enacted, and their marching was resumed. It really did look as though they were showing to the people how gracefully they could bow, and it continued for something like half an hour. There was no praying, no devotion, no anything but this promenading and bowing ; the other priests meanwhile were chanting the mass.

A board, a common deal plank, stuck all over with lighted tallow candles (dips, as our housemaids call them), was paraded about the church amongst the congregation, by means of a pole, borne upon two men's shoulders, who were dressed in working dresses, blue blouses. A priest walked before it, and the great Suisse, in his red coat and feathered hat, clanking his baton of office upon the flagstones, preceded the priest. As they passed one of the numerous images propped against the pillars, the bearers of the board did not take sufficient space to clear it, and down went five or six of the candles to the ground. The men saw the mishap, and stopped for assistance ; the priest and beadle did not ; and it was only when they reached the choir, and were about to enter, that they discovered their board of candles had come to a stand-still. Back they rushed, picked them up, and carrying the extinguished candles in their hands, the priest some, and the Suisse the others, the procession scuffled on with much less dignity than it had started. As to the many times that solitary lighted candles were carried about, I could not have enumerated them. Then came another scene. A lady who knelt with, and made one of, the congregation, was called inside, to the presence of the priest. A lighted candle was placed in each of her hands, and she was thus paraded about, a priest, or one of the surpliced lads, preceding her. They dodged her in and out amidst the priests and the lay members of the choir for some minutes ; she then re-approached the railings, the lights were taken from her, unceremoniously blown out, and she came back to her seat. Several other farces, or what looked such, were enacted, but I do not remember them clearly now. A lad of thirteen who was with me, lighthearted and handsome as English lads are apt to be, was swelling with laughter, in spite of all frowns and reprimands. He kept smothering his face in his pocket-handkerchief, and finally rushed out of the church convulsed, whispering he would wait outside. It may be that these scenes are ludi-

crous to us because we do not understand them, but they seem wonderfully inconsistent with the calm, desirable in the worship of God.

We called after the service upon some friends, asking if they could tell the reason of the lady in the church being marched about with two candles; but not saying that it put me in mind of Jane Shore, her white sheet, and the lighted tapers.

Madame de St. J—— replied, that it had fallen to this lady's turn to supply the bread for the communion, and the carrying the candles was accorded her in honour of her charity, and that the congregation might be aware of it.

"You have not been to mass?" I continued to Madame de St. J——.

"*Bah, non!* and never have since I came to years of discretion."

"Now may I ask why?"

"I don't like the priests," she replied: "we know what they are."

"But," I argued, half seriously, half laughingly, "how do you expect to get to heaven?"

"It is not going to mass will take me thither. I have a pretty large circle of acquaintance, as you know, and I don't think one out of them all frequents the services."

"What a bad road you must be on," I laughed.

"We are all on the same: what is the matter with it? You English think you must lead good lives, and spend dull Sundays, but when our time comes to die, we send for the priest, confess, he gives us absolution, and—*voilà tout*."

Do you think this is the exception to the rule? Nonsense! If you do, you are unacquainted with French Roman Catholics. Madame de St. J—— spoke to a well-known fact: and she but does as others do. The religion of at least half her countrywomen, and most of her countrymen, consists in having the priest to them on their death-bed—*voilà tout!* as she observes.

This is not a sermon, or how many commands of our Saviour's could be brought forward that we should search the Scriptures! WHY are the Roman Catholics not allowed to do this?—why is the book forbidden to them under pains and penalties?

In a quiet French town where I have been recently staying, was visiting a French lady from Douai, with her children. We became intimate with her, and she frequently called on us. One day, she was roving about the sitting-rooms, an amusement she much patronised, inhaling the scent of the flowers, looking at the English trifles scattered about, and turning over the leaves of the books, though she did not understand a word of their language. She came to a table where lay a volume alone, took it up and opened it.

"And what is this one?" she said, continuing her questions.

"The Bible."

"The *what!*" dropping the book again with a little scream, as if she feared it would bite her.

"That is the Bible."

"Do you keep a BIBLE in your house?" she asked, with an accent of excessive astonishment.

"Do not you?" was the reply.

"We dare not," she returned, shaking her head.

"Who prevents you?"

"The priests, of course. They do not allow it."

I doubted if I heard aright, for although much has been said about the prohibition of the Bible to Catholics, one can scarcely comprehend this, in earnest, every-day reality. "Is it really true," I said to Madame de L——, "that you Roman Catholics may not keep a Bible in your homes?"

"Perfectly true," she answered, with a gesture of surprise at my question.

"Do none of you do it?"

"I do not know that it is ever done," was her reply, "and I am quite sure that if it ever is, it is concealed from the priests. A pretty penance we should have if they knew of such a thing. And what good would it do us to keep a Bible in our houses? Dear! what a deal of reading there seems to be in it! we should never wade through it."

I regarded her for a few moments lost in thought, thinking, perhaps, what a mercy it was that these priests were not our priests. And this avowal was from no uneducated peasant, but a lady of character and station.

"Do your directors (meaning the clergy) know that you possess a copy of the Bible?" resumed Madame de L——.

"Certainly."

"But they don't allow it to the poor?"

"On the contrary, they take care to assure themselves that the poor possess a copy."

"Are you saying this to deceive me—to make me laugh?" (*me faire rire.*)

"Indeed no; I am speaking the truth. Do you know what we call it? The Book of Life."

She took it in her hands again, with an embarrassed air though, and turned its leaves over.

"We have a society in England, whose sole object is the propagation of these Bibles; to provide them for the poor and friendless; and to send them out among the heathens."

"Eh mon Dieu!" she exclaimed, "how different! And you attend your church too, in England, on the Sabbath!"

"Always."

"Do your nobles go? and your peasants? That great statesman and warrior who has just passed from among you, did he go?" (The Duke of Wellington.)

"Yes, yes, he was a good man. And all who care to be good, go, in England."

"It may be your religion," she mused, "that keeps your country so tranquil."

"So much cannot be said for yours," laughed a lady who was sitting by. "And by the way, Madame de L——, do you never go to mass?"

"I never go," was the emphatic reply.

"May we ask," I interrupted, "if you are satisfied with your inculcated religion?"

"Not with one part of it, the confessional."

"Ah!"



"It is horrible," added Madame de L——, lowering her voice and clasping her hands. "That child," she continued, glancing into the next room, where sat her daughter, within sight, but out of hearing, "is old enough to be initiated into its mysteries—nay, according to her age, she ought to have been ere this, for she will soon be sixteen—and I *dare* not send her."

"Keep her away then," was the surprised rejoinder.

"Ay, but I cannot, much longer. The priests will insist upon her going, and it is etiquette with us for young unmarried women to keep up a show of religion."

"But why do you so dread it?"

"The questions they will put to her are wicked, disgraceful! I cannot explain, but do not disbelieve me: these things are well understood amongst us. And I remember my own case when I, a trembling child, went before them. Amélie is innocent," continued Madame de L——, pressing her hands upon her brow as if in pain, "but in that confessional they will breathe words into her ear that she ought not to understand for years—nay, never understand at all. It is the curse of the Catholics!"

"Why have you brought up your children in the Catholic faith?"

"Que voulez vous!" she retorted. "It is the religion of our country, and there is no other for us." (*Il n'y-a point d'autre pour nous.*)

I have transcribed these conversations word for word. I neither invented nor sought them: they occurred in the passing intercourse of life, and, as I tell you, but a short time since.

One of the evenings that Madame de L—— spent with us, she had her younger children with her, about nine and eleven years old. Two little English children, who had been playing in the room, prepared to leave it at bed-time, at the summons of their nurse. They ran to their mother's knee, and knelt down, one after the other, to say their short prayers, forgetting that when there were visitors it was usual to say them in the nursery. The French children could not understand what they were doing; they stood transfixed with astonishment, and one of them broke into a smothered laugh. Their mother had to explain to them that the little children were saying prayers—"Au bon Dieu," she repeated, "vous comprenez, mes enfans—au bon Dieu." These children had evidently never been taught a prayer in their lives. All they knew of worship was the kneeling on a chair in the church, listening to the Latin mass of the priests.

After the return of this lady to Douai, we went to spend a few days at her house. On Sunday, the day following our arrival, her eldest daughter was absent the whole morning, but about two o'clock she made her appearance in the drawing-room.

"Where have you been?" inquired Monsieur de L——.

"At school, papa," was Amélie's answer. "We had such a deal to do."

"At school to-day!" I exclaimed.

"The prizes are to be given to-morrow," explained madame, "and they are very busy."

"The *devoirs* are finished," added Amélie, "but the fancy work had got into arrears. I was up and away at six o'clock; no one knew it but mamma, and the servant who took me. We have all been working like seamstresses!"

"Good girls!" aspirated Madame de L——.

"I had two whole flowers of my embroidery to do, and you know how large they are, mamma. But I have got it finished."

Good girls—yes! But not a remonstrance about the sin of toiling on the Sabbath. And had one been ventured, they would not have understood it. To them it is no sin, and they cannot comprehend how it can be one.

"What are we to do on the Sunday?" urged Madame de L—— one day that we were deep in argument; "must we sit with our hands before us and do nothing? I should go to bed from *ennui* before the day was half over." And Madame de L——'s question was unanswerable: what *can* they do on the day of rest? They will not go to mass: they dare not read the Bible. A Protestant Englishwoman might solace herself with what are called "good books;" at any rate, books suitable for Sundays; but a Frenchwoman knows not what such things are. So they have no alternative but to embroider, and scan light novels, and gossip, and visit, just as they do all the week, winding up the day with a visit to the theatre, or, in the season, to a masked ball.

On this same Sunday afternoon that I passed at Douai, one of those street processions took place that the Catholics are so fond of. It was nothing new to me: I have seen plenty of them. What said Dr. Newman in that famous Birmingham sermon of his? "Catholic bishops may now go forth in England with their croziers in their hands, and children clad in white testify to the revivification of the true Church." It is probably with this view—with the hope that these shows will eventually prevail, that so many thousand crucifixes, virgins, saints, and relics, have been imported into England since the establishment of the "hierarchy."

I wish Dr. Newman had witnessed this one. I do think, considering he was born and bred an Englishman, he would not have found it so pleasing to his taste, as to care to make it a subject for the pulpit. There were plenty of children clad in white, girls from seventeen downwards: giddy, vain things! you could see by the sly glances shot from the corners of their eyes, that they thought more of how their white veils sat, than of the Virgin Mary; yet, alas! these children have knelt, or will kneel, at the confessional. There were shoals of boys with their attendant frères; some "sisters," their countenances ghastly as their calico chin-bands; and no end of priests. There was a deal of chanting, a deal of kneeling down in the streets, and praying and bowing before every temporarily-elected altar or chapelle; plenty of relics were borne along under canopies, teeth, nails, and the like; and, altogether, a deal of what the Catholics would call devotion, and we humbug. But the portion of the entertainment that I fear would have given offence to Dr. Newman's taste, as it did to mine, were the images. Images of this saint, images of that; St. John, St. Peter, St. Paul—I know not how many; the Virgin Mary, several times repeated, carrying the child; St. John the Baptist, wrapped round with a lambskin; and the Pope himself, or something that they said was meant for him.

Now if these saints and virgins were represented by lovely statues and paintings, really beautiful works of art, there would be nothing in them to offend the eye and the *worldly* taste: but you never—I fearlessly and truthfully assert it—you never witnessed in all the penny puppet-shows

extant, such a wretched collection of figures. Imagination, unaided, would never picture such. You have observed the wooden heads in a milliner's shop, or, if not, just take a walk out and contemplate one; well, they are handsome, *tasteful*, compared with what some of these were. *A vulgar painted face of wood*, black staring eyes, and broad red cheeks, the figure finished off with a crimson skirt—this was the Virgin; and the child in her arms was in the like bad taste. Another image, a head only, was carried with great solemnity on a bare deal board—a fac-simile of the plank from which the candles toppled over in the church of St. Eustache; the same vulgar expression characterised this face, great crimson cheeks, and round, wide-open black eyes, and coarse black hair. It was intended to represent that of John the Baptist after his decapitation. But the whole of the faces seemed to have been fashioned after the same bad model, calling up ideas of Bet Bouacer and country bumpkins at a fair. Such thoughts have no business to intrude themselves at any religious pageant, but I should like to see the Englishman that could keep them back: and I don't think that Dr. Newman, with all his enthusiasm, would have looked twice. Yet he blessed God that these shows could now be revived in England.

I could continue the paper for ever, but to what end? Surely enough has been said and written to make an impression, if you, men of England, are not wholly unimpressible. The public journals teem with this subject: not one can be taken up, but it has some corner devoted to it. Keep this mistaken creed to the countries where it has hitherto flourished; let it not acquire sway in ours. What says *Punch*, who amidst much of nonsense pops out some home truths:

"Freedom of action," Fool,  
Wouldst thou grant Romish bigots? Freedom, but  
Freedom of prate and antics: NONE OF RULE.

And there lies the gist of the matter. Let the Catholic priesthood be free to talk and declaim as they will—in the countries where they have long ruled, let them pursue their antics as much as they like—let them collect relics, discover bleeding statues, hold interviews with miraculous virgins—let them persuade their followers that *they* can absolve their sins, and that the door of heaven can only be opened through his Holiness the Pope, but beware how you, in your supineness, suffer encroachments that may bring back these ignorant sophistries amongst you. There is a solemn warning of our Saviour's to be found in the Scriptures: "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." For what will your earthly kingdom be fit, and what fate will she deserve, if, after having once resolutely thrown off this debasing and delusive creed, she suffer herself to be reimprisoned in its toils? Men of England, bestow upon this subject the consideration it demands. Examine deliberately the storms and threatenings that are scowling around; boldly face them; ponder what precautions can be exercised to repel them; and oh, may the steps you take be so wise, so good, so effectual, that the Reformed Faith shall again reign undisturbed in the land, and your children bask in the sunshine of its peace when you shall be no more.

## NEW DISCOVERIES IN ANCIENT ART.\*

EXCEPT that Tarsus was the birthplace of St. Paul, and was, in the words of the Apostle, "no mean city," the country of which it constituted the capital is little known to English readers. Yet it is a very remarkable territory. Extremely fertile, being chiefly a vast alluvial deposit washed by several goodly rivers; the Sarus, the Pyramus, the Cydnus, the Pinarus, and others; girt on one side by the sea, on the other by a range of mountains so lofty as even in the warm climate of Southern Asia Minor to be clad with snow during a great part of the year, and so rugged as to present great difficulty of ingress or egress: Cilicia is thus isolated as it were between the eastern and western worlds. Hence three several times has the fate of the world been decided on the plain of Issus. First, when the Greeks and Persians met there under Alexander and Darius; secondly, when Severus and Pescennius Niger engaged there in a life-struggle for dominion; and thirdly, when Heraclius and Chosroes contested there for the superiority of the West over the East. There, also, in the time of Bayazid II., the Osmanlis contested with the Mamluk dynasty of Syria the empire of the East. Three times the Christians of the West, as they were rising into power upon the past civilisation of Greece and Rome, advanced to battle for the empire of the Cross through Cilicia; till fatal experience taught them to take other roads. Cilicia has, in fact, ever been the highway and the battle-field between the nations of the East and West. Tarsus was, also, alike renowned in former times for its commerce and its schools. Many of the great philosophers, poets, and physicians of ancient times were begot or educated in Cilicia.

A more curious and a not easily explicable feature belongs to Cilicia—it is its fatality to crowned heads.

It is doubtful if Sardanapalus, notwithstanding certain not very authentic statements to the contrary, did not die in this province; the river Cydnus, which had nearly proved fatal to Alexander, was certainly so, nearly a thousand years afterwards, to the Emperor Frederic, surnamed Barbarossa. Seleucus VI. was burned to death in a palace at Mopsuestia; Labienus and Vonones were slain in the same province; Pescennius Niger was killed on the ever-memorable battle-field of Issus; Trajan died at Selinus; Florianus was killed by his troops at Tarsus; Maximianus died in agonies in the same city; Constantius perished at Mopsuestia; and Julian, the Apostate, was buried at Tarsus; the best and wisest of the Khalifs, Almaamun, died in Cilicia; and the pride of the Comneni, Kalo Joannes, lost his life in a boar-hunt at Anazarba.

The discovery by Mr. W. B. Barker of a very large number of works of art, more especially figures of the household gods of the Cilicians of old, and which were very probably broken up by them on their conversion to Christianity, will not, however, fail to attach quite a new inte-

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\* Lares and Penates: or Cilicia and its Governors; being a Short Historical Account of that Province from the Earliest Times to the Present Day: together with a Description of some Household Gods of the Ancient Cilicians, broken up by them on their Conversion to Christianity, first discovered and brought to this Country by the Author, W. B. Barker, M.R.A.S. Edited by W. F. Ainsworth, F.R.G.S., &c. London: Ingram, Cooke, and Co.

rest to this territory. The success of Sir Charles Fellows in Lycia, and of Botta and Layard in Assyria, in restoring to us works of ancient art, have opened quite a new field of research; and we have now every reason to hope that the mounds, tells, or teppes of the East, will, one after another, be ransacked by travellers and archæologists, and made to yield up their buried treasures. The number of these earth-covered museums is very great. They existed in Babylonia and Assyria 400 years B.C.; for Xenophon describes the Persians, at the battle of Cunaxa, as retreating to a tell or mound of earth (*gelophos*), and Nimrud, which has since been so prodigal to Layard, was a ruin at the time of the Katabasis; mounds of a more or less similar description are met with throughout Western Asia. These remarkable discoveries of Mr. Barker show that the mythology of Tarsus was, as indeed might have been anticipated, from what is known of its history—its supposed Assyrian origin—its mercantile renown—its connexion with Greece and Rome, and its celebrity as a school of philosophy, science, and religion, of such a mingled character—Assyrian, Egyptian, Indian, Syrian, Greek, and Roman, as to possess quite a peculiar interest, and to throw a new light on the progress of mythological art—an art which Mr. Payne Knight has justly observed was idealised by a religion which neither itself nor the art that it engendered, may ever occur again.

The positive domestic and public deities (says the editor, in the preliminary chapter on the "*Lares and Penates*") selected by a country or province and its inhabitants were, perhaps, never before so fully illustrated as in the instance of the remarkable collection now brought to light, discovered also in a country of great antiquity, and which, perhaps, more than any other in the East, forms the connecting link between Assyrian and Greek mythology, and with Lycia between Assyrian and Greek art. The light they may yet be made to throw upon these relations will, in all probability, be found to be very considerable, and to present a field of investigation as yet almost untouched.

The Assyrians of old recognised in the stars of heaven golden chariots and heavenly hosts. Zeus or Baal, as the most perfect leader of the most perfect chariot, was drawn by the finest and largest horses of Asia; while the god of the sun had only one single Nisæan horse, or was represented upon a winged horse, whose image Layard found embroidered upon the garment of the king.

Like the tradition of Bellerophon and Perseus, whom, according to Herodotus the Persians declared to be an Assyrian, the designation of this horse by the name of Pegasus seems to be of Assyrian origin, especially since Tarsus, whose inhabitants, according to Dio Chrysostomus, worshipped Perseus, together with Hercules or Sandon and the trident Apollo, is said to have been built by an Assyrian king.

But although the Assyrian Hercules-Nimrod—Dayyad "the Hunter," or Sandon, is not found in Cilician art as in Assyrian, combating lions and bulls; still we have Nisroch or Asarac, the same as Horus and Harpocrates, viewed as the incarnation of a deity through a female divinity—Ashtaroth, Isis, or Mylitta, one of the oldest traditions of the East, and one which in another form has been destined more than any other to sway mankind. We have the lion of Hera, Rhea or Cybele; Abreirig riding the Polar Bear, the Indian Bacchus carrying his Thyrsus, the cone of the pine borne by the great eagle-headed, and other Assyrian divinities afterwards succeeded by the Lotus, representing the same order of ideas; we have also the Ras Majusi, or head Magus of the Persians, transmitting an original Babylonian and Assyrian form, just as Mithra affects the transi-

tion of Nergal to Apollo; we have also the Fish God, and other emblems of rites, which Layard has shown to have been not unknown to the Assyrians.

In connexion with Syria, we have the Apollo of Tarsus winged—a cluster of grapes hanging on the wing, as they hung round the neck of the images of Baal at the great temple of Baalbec—showing the Syrian cast of the mythology of Tarsus, and identifying its Apollo with Baal, as another figure representing Apollo crowned with the symbol of fecundity—the Nelumbium—connects him with the Osiris of Egypt.

In connexion also with the mythology of the inhabitants of the long banks of the Nile, we have beautiful figures of Horus, or Harpocrates, son of Isis, as well as of Isis herself, bearing the Lotus on her head; heads of bulls, representing either Mnevis or Apis; Anubis represented by the dog, and Typhon by the hippopotamus; as also the Axio-Kersian mysteries by the crocodile.\* We have, also, Phree the hawk, or Egyptian sun. Upon the connexion of Assarac, Horus, and Harpocrates, as the incarnation of Deity through a female divinity, Isis; and, from the abundance of youthful heads with the same Egyptian symbol on them, he must have been one of the most popular divinities at Tarsus, Mr. Abington suggests.

It may be asked, when the Roman Empire began to resound with the testimony of the Apostles, that the long-expected Messiah of the Jews was incarnate, did the priests of the old mythology bring out more fully to popular notice, and in opposition to the Christians, their ancient mystery of the incarnation of the son of Isis? If this policy was resorted to—and it would seem, under the circumstances, very natural—it would explain the fact of the representation of Horus being so multiplied at that period.

It would be their policy to persuade the people, that the wonderful tales respecting the birth of the Messiah were but stolen from the system of religion maintained by them and their fathers, and therefore an innovation to be rejected.

After the figures and busts which record the prevalence of the Isiac worship, which divided with that of the Ephesian Diana, the Samian Juno, and the Phrygian Cybele, the Pantheism of Asia Minor, and two other very interesting and remarkable deities—the Phrygian Atys and Cybele—the latter turreted to represent the city of Tarsus; we have numerous examples of the usual Hellenic divinities of Olympus, such as Chronos, or Saturn, Jupiter, Juno, Hero, Venus, and Mercury, under various forms. Of the Delian deities, Apollo and Diana, figures are more rare, but very instructive. Among the demi-gods, we have Bacchus, Pan, the Sileni and Bacchantes, Hercules, Æsculapius, Victory, Somnus, Perseus, Adonis, and a host of other subjects, favourites in plastic art. Among these may be particularly noticed some remarkable illustrations of the story of Marsyas actually being flayed alive; of that of Leander, represented in the act of swimming; of the stories of Arion, of Laocoon, and of Europa, besides a whole host of Sybils, dolphins and their riders, and of deified boys.

Of *Divi*, or deified human beings, as distinguished from *Dei*, we have fine heads of Commodus, as Hercules; of Otho, or Titus, of Domitian, and of Caius Caligula; also a head of Messalina; and heads of other ladies, with the head-attire seen on the coins of Julia, the sister of

Titus and Domitia; the head of a lady with the attributes of Juno, of a priest with the attributes of Apollo, and the apotheoses of innumerable dead children. Mr. Birch, an excellent authority, says, that in style of art many of these figures are of exquisite taste and feeling, some the most charming fragments of terra-cotta which he has ever seen.

Among what may be termed curiosities of art, are the miniature figures of Magi bearded, and dressed in close round cloaks, with hoods like monks. Some of these have Tartar features, and exactly resemble Bhuddist bonzes and fakirs from India! Also heads of monsters and idiots, who appear to have been consecrated by the Cilicians, as we see such unfortunate beings still looked upon in the East as under the especial care of Providence.

Among these strange and fantastic heads, are some which Mr. Barker has been at considerable trouble to associate with the Khita of Egypt, the Hittites of Scripture, and the Huns of history, as also with the figures sculptured upon the monuments and edifices of an extinct people in Central America. The subject is too theoretical to be entered upon here, but certainly the features are very extraordinary—without existing analogies; the resemblance also struck Mr. Abington, a practical observer of great experience; and it must be remembered that Layard also discovered in the mound of Nabbi-Yunus, a head with singularly grotesque features, which, he says, had it not been for a cuneiform inscription on the crown and back, might have been mistaken for a Mexican relic. Mr. Birch seemed to think, however, with greater probability, that these uncouth figures represent some monstrous deities—more especially the Semitic Baal, or Typhon.

The editor has justly remarked that the discovery, by Layard, of an Assyrian triangular lyre with nine or ten strings, may be considered as disposing of the mythological story of the addition of a fifth, sixth, seventh, and other strings to Hermes' or Mercury's tortoise-shell, by Chorcæbus, Hyagnis, Terpander, Pythagoras, and others. We have in this collection many lyres, also a youth playing the Syrinx, or Pandean organ, and another musical instrument, with a box blown into by bellows—the only known link, Mr. Abington remarks, connecting the organ with the Pandean Syrinx.

We have, lastly, images of the lower human jaw, the ground within which is modelled to represent flames, just as Tartarus is represented by the early painters of Church legends, as the wide yawning jaws of a monster belching out fire and flames. We have, also, among minor curiosities, a vast collection of horses' legs, evidently used as votive offerings, never having been attached to a perfect figure, and which have been supposed to have been presented to Apollo, as patron of horses; but which from their abundance may with greater probability be associated with the story of the foundation of Tarsus by Bellerophon, when landed there by Pegasus, stung, Pindar tells us, by a gad-fly, and who left the mark of his hoof, or foot, in the ground, whence the name of the city. The story is especially told by Dionysius in his "Periegesis, or Survey of the World:"

Tortuous Cydnus, through Tarsus' centre flowing,  
Well-built Tarsus; where once most truly Pegasus  
Placed its foot; leaving it thus a name. There 'twas  
That Jupiter caused the fall of Bellerophon.

integrity depends the long tottering empire of the Osmanlis in Europe. The Porte is placed in a most perplexing category. If it allows Austria to rule Montenegro, it permits a first step to be taken in the dismemberment of the whole empire; if it endeavours to establish its supremacy in the mountain, it is threatened with a disastrous onslaught. For if Austria moves, Russia will be certain to follow up that movement on its own side, and it would attack Turkey in a weaker flank than Montenegro. Other European nations may interfere in supporting the long bolstered integrity of the Turkish Empire, but this would only add to the gravity of the circumstances. It is impossible, indeed, to overrate the importance of the "little war" that is now going on. There is no telling when a spark falls in a territory so long in a condition ready for combustion what may be the results. The uprising of the whole Slavonian people would only be a local phenomenon—the interests of the world are implicated and concerned in the fact that the present state of things should not be disturbed. A step taken in an adverse sense may not be retrieved till Turkey has fallen a sacrifice, or Europe is involved in a disastrous war.

The importance of Tchernagora, Mr. Spencer remarks, is entirely referable to its mountain character, and the ill-judged suicidal policy of the Ottoman Porte, in oppressing and persecuting its Christian subjects for so many centuries (to whom the impregnable fastnesses of this mountain fortress have proved a secure asylum), has been the means of adding to the enemies of Mussulman rule. At present, says the same authority elsewhere, Montenegro serves as a bulwark to arrest the intrigues of Austria, and is a point of union in the event of any future insurrection of the Rayahs (Christian subjects of the Porte), since the whole of the intermediate country, with the exception of a few Arnaut districts, is inhabited by tribes of the same race, and professing the same creed.

When Mr. Paton wrote in conclusion to his chapter on Montenegrin politics, that with the elements of a rude independence, but not of prosperity or rapidly progressive civilisation; with a population of little more than 110,000 souls, her part must ever remain a subordinate one in the history of the Adriatic, he was not in a position to contemplate all the eventualities of the case. Possibly Mr. Spencer was far more prophetic when he said: "Let then but a single tactico of Omer Pasha invade the territory of the free mountaineers of Tchernagora, and we shall find the Haiduc and the Ouskok population of the defile and the mountain again in arms, marshalling the industrious Rayah of the valley and the plain to the encounter of the hereditary enemy of their race and creed."

To understand this particular bearing of the question, which is more or less independent of either Turkish, Russian, or Austrian influences, requires some knowledge of the elements of what has been termed in modern times Panslavism—a subject to the consideration of which we have already devoted many pages of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

But the fault of Panslavism, or the re-establishment of a Slavonian nationality, is, that it omits the most important elements of the Turco-European question, the integrity of the Turkish Empire, the policy of Russia and Austria, and the interests of other European powers, and even of the United States, which are all more or less concerned in any great change in Europe and the Levant. However much the civilisation and prosperity of the Christian races living under Mussulman



thalldom may be at heart ; however much we may wish to see the barrier removed that has so long kept the richest provinces of Europe apart from the remainder, and its populations alien to the rest of the European family ; however much we may wish for the exclusion of Muhammedan bigotry and misrule from Europe, for the welfare and happiness of the whole human race ; still the solution of the great question as to how that is to be brought about is beset with the gravest difficulties. No man who has even superficially weighed these difficulties will contemplate a first step taken towards such a solution without the deepest anxiety ; and although he will feel that he could occupy pages in discussing contingencies, he will still arrive at only one conclusion, which is, that the very extent of the danger, even of a partial conflagration amid such combustible materials, will induce all parties to lend a hand in putting out the fire where it is first lighted up. As to the Montenegrins, who have defeated armies of 120,000 Turks in their best days, being able successfully to defend their country against the renegade Omer Pasha and his degenerate followers, we entertain no doubt whatsoever—the danger lies in the impulse that will be given, even by the success of the Mountaineers, to the long agitated question of Pan Slavism, and to which the present Vladika is an enthusiastic convert, and in the jealousy with which Austria, who rules over so large a Slavonic population, will view the ascendancy of any such a party in Turkey in Europe. Hence Austria's apprehensions of a war. Should the Porte succeed, its power on the coast of Montenegro is threatened ; it cannot, therefore, permit success. But if the Montenegrins triumph, as they ever have done, they fear the ascendancy of Pan Slavism ; and on that question the interests which for the time being allied Austria and Russia, are diametrically antagonistic. As to the employment of the Slavonians to meet the difficulties of the case, they have always composed the military frontier, and they are the most available force for that purpose. But it is impossible to deny that two other categories may have presented themselves to the Austrians ; one is, that by the employment of the loyal portion of the Slavonians, under the Ban Jellalich, they might anticipate any Pan Slavonic movement and turn it to their own account ; another is, that in case of hostilities with the Porte, the Austrians and Russians have come to an understanding that the one takes the Slavonian, the other the Greek and Turkish provinces. Montenegro would still remain a sore in the side of Austria, even in this last possible category. The interest of all other countries, excepting Russia and Austria, should Islamism be obliged by the progress of civilisation to withdraw from Europe, is to preserve the nationality of the Slavonian races—Austria and Russia absorbing already too many nationalities—and to protect the rights and independence of the long prostrate Christians of the East generally.

The successful advance of the Turks from Niksich, in the Herzegovine, down the valley of the river Zetta, and of the Turks under Omer Pasha, by Podgoritsa and Spuss, up the valley of the same river, is a very untoward incident in the campaign, as the valley of the Zetta separates the four districts of Bielopavalich, Moratscha, Piperi, and Kutaka, from Montenegro Proper ; but it has not, as has been supposed, any decisive effect, for the mountains themselves have not yet been penetrated ; and to judge by the result of past campaigns, the capture of Tzetinie itself, and the devastation of the mountain, has never yet sufficed to extinguish totally Montenegrin independence.

## WHAT THEY SAY IN PARIS.

BY THE CHEVALIER ALCIBIADE DE LA BLAQUE.

## I.

## THE ORDRE DU JOUR.

SOME fourteen months ago, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, then President of the French Republic, began to think, more seriously than ever, of making himself Emperor of France.

Under the terribly critical circumstances in which he was placed towards the end of 1851, this predominating idea necessarily received a rapid development. He well knew, and the whole nation knew it too, that if he did not at once contrive to make himself an Emperor, his wretched Assembly, which was pulling and tearing away *à l'envie* with frantic voracity and *acharnement* at the unfortunate carcase of the Republic, would manage, before very long, to make him a prisoner, and probably a victim.

He saw ahead, on one side, the dungeons of Vincennes, the charms of which are not over-bewitching (particularly to gentlemen who have had experience of French prisons); and on the other, an imperial throne. He saw this, he calculated the merits of the rival alternatives, and—he chose the throne: he did, indeed!

It seems to me that if I were placed in the same predicament, I should not require a very protracted meditation to induce me to adopt the same course.

Then, however, came a small difficulty. He had determined to have the throne, and, with an iron character like his, desire is almost synonymous with possession; still, there was a difficulty. He had determined to have the crown; but how was he to get it?

Whenever I want anything (which I do remarkably often), I ask myself the same question: "How am I to get it?" I wish I could always answer it as simply and as brilliantly as Louis Napoleon did his question on the 2nd of December, 1851.

All the world knows that, on the evening before that memorable day, a large *soirée* was given at the Elysée.

I will not attempt to describe the charming and incredible ease which the President displayed that night. Never before had he been so gracious, and so perfectly devoted to the pleasure of his guests.

During the evening he met M. de Lesseps, and asked him carelessly:

"Well, De Lesseps, what's the news?"

"Why, monseigneur, there are sad rumours going abroad!"

"About me?"

"Yes."

"And, pray, what do they say?"

"Oh! many things; but indeed they have all but one and the same meaning—they accuse you of preparing a *coup d'état*."

He coolly put his arm under M. de Lesseps', and drawing him gently

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towards a lustre in full blaze, he wheeled quickly round, with the light pouring over his face, and said :

"De Lesseps, do I look like an honest man?"

"Indeed, I believe you do."

"Do you also suspect me of preparing a *coup d'état*?"

"Indeed I do not."

"Thank you, De Lesseps, I will be sure to remember that ; it is kind of you."

And the honourable man who had just conversed with the President, whatever he might have thought before, retired thoroughly convinced that Louis Napoleon would be imprisoned, shot, or quartered, before he would consent to break his solemn engagements to the country.

Yet, it so happened that on that very morning the President had settled with General de St. Arnaud, the Minister of War, the details of all the arrangements which he was to carry into execution the next day.

St. Arnaud had listened with deep attention to the orders he received, and when the whole project was fairly before him, he asked,

"Well, monseigneur, and how are these plans to be worked out?"

"By the army, to be sure, commanded by you."

"Very good ; I understand all that ; every regiment, every battalion, every troop will be in the right place ; all that is perfectly foreseen ; haven't we all Changarnier's plans about it? But in case of a *levée de boucliers* in favour of the Assembly, which indeed must be expected——"

"Why, fire on them, of course—shoot them—bayonet them."

"But should a whole *quartier* rise up, and——"

"Shoot them, too—run them through—blow the whole *quartier* up——"

"And supposing the whole of Paris to rise and join in the dance?"

"In that case you march out your troops, lodge them in the forts, and bombard Paris till not a stone is left standing ; I won't be resisted ; and these Parisians will at last receive the lesson they so richly deserve. I'll teach it them !"

St. Arnaud bowed his assent, but before he answered, indulged in a moment's thought. The orders he had received were distinct enough, but he was far too sharp to be content with them, and he felt that it was necessary to *mettre les points sur les i*, so he observed :

"But, monseigneur, your imperial highness must understand that I cannot accept of such orders as these *vivâ voce*. They must be written, and they must be signed."

"Nonsense ! you comprehend fully as well as I do, St. Arnaud, that these orders are precisely of the kind that can never be written."

"And yet, monseigneur, without a written order not a step can I take."

"Nonsense !—you forsake me in spite of all your engagements, and you decline to obey my orders at the very moment of need!"

"Pardon me, monseigneur, but only write them for me, and I swear that they shall be implicitly executed ; but I just as solemnly protest that without your written orders I do nothing."

"Well, come, since you are so obstinate, I will give you a written *ordre du jour*. I will entrust it to your honour."

The order was written, and given to St. Arnaud. We all know how he obeyed it.

Soon there came a time when the Emperor, as he had then become, began to wish to get back this *lettre malencontreuse*. It was an awkward document to leave in other hands, and the imperial mind decided that St. Arnaud should not any longer keep it.

Even imperial wishes are, however, sometimes ineffective; and so it happened now. Whenever St. Arnaud was requested to return the "ordre du jour du deux Décembre," he protested, with deep regret, that it was no longer in his keeping, that it was far too important a paper to be risked in Paris, and that he had consequently placed it some time before "en lieu sûr," somewhere in England, America, or China.

Time went on, but the Emperor could not get the letter. He didn't like to grow violent about it, so he was forced to bide his time. It came at last.

A few months ago St. Arnaud lost some 30,000*l.* in unlucky speculations on the Bourse. It was not quite convenient to him to pay so large a sum, and an outcry was at once made by the agents through whom he had lost.

The report soon reached the Emperor, who stroked his imperial beard, and smiled internally at having pinned the crafty general at last.

The next day there was a "conseil des ministres," and the Emperor took the opportunity to say to St. Arnaud, before all his colleagues:

"Monsieur, I hear that you have lost a large sum in gambling at the Bourse, and cannot pay it. Is it so?"

St. Arnaud was taken by surprise. He assured the Emperor that he was deeply distressed—that he fully felt the disgrace of such a position—but he really could not pay, as he had not the means to meet so heavy a loss.

"Well," said the Emperor, "I do not wish to add to your annoyance; I appreciate your feelings, which of course are very painful; I shall be very glad to help you. Just step into this window with me."

St. Arnaud followed his master to the end of the room, and there was told:

"Send me back the *ordre du jour*, and I pay your losses."

The *ordre* was returned to the Emperor that night, proving thereby that it was not in China.

## II.

### THE MARRIAGE AND THE MINISTERS.

NEARLY all Europe is by this time aware that the present Emperor of France has been gifted by nature with very powerful and diversified faculties; and that his admiration for the bewitching attractions of an imperial crown is well-nigh surpassed by his *culte* for charms of a totally different order.

It was, therefore, not strange that when his eyes had once rested on the surpassing beauty of the lady who is now his wife, the fire of love should be instantaneously kindled in his heart. But the Emperor had to deal with a haughty Spanish maiden, till then utterly insensible to all

manly charms, and systematically and determinedly averse to the sweet mysteries of love.

A crown, however, is a bribe too gorgeous to be refused; and when the imperial diadem was laid at the feet of the beautiful countess, the barriers of her superb heart were pulled down, and she at last consented to become what she had so long contemptuously refused—a wife.

The Emperor's difficulties were not yet all got over. He had won his bride, and that (in this case) was a prodigious triumph; but he had now to lay this *coup de tête, coup de cœur, coup de—*whatever you like to call it—before his ministers and the nation.

A council was summoned. The hour arrived, and with it the ministers, who, as ministers (as well as other people) always do under such circumstances, gossiped round the green table till their master came.

After a short delay, the doors were thrown open, and the “huissier” announced—

“L'Empereur.”

Louis Napoleon walked straight to his arm-chair; his step was firm and steady, his countenance, as usual, calm, placid, and impassible.

“Gentlemen, be seated!”

This first movement once executed to the general satisfaction, and every ear being bent on most religious attention, his majesty opened his imperial lips, and said:

“Gentlemen!—We have over and over again been entreated, indeed most urgently pressed, by numerous and attached friends, at the head of whom we very confidently place you, to give to our government a new and powerful source of security and stability by choosing a spouse, by whom, under the blessing of Providence, we may hope for posterity.

“We are happy this day to have to inform you that we have, at last, met with the person we had vainly sought for so long a time. She is of almost royal blood; of the purest and most elevated character; of unrivalled beauty; and she possesses personal accomplishments and talents of the highest order. We speak of the Countess Theba de Montijo.

“We simply add, gentlemen, that our resolution on this subject is irrevocably fixed, and we desire that you will, at once, take the necessary measures to make the country acquainted with it, in the most desirable manner, and with the shortest possible delay.”

Then his majesty quietly rose, walked coolly and unconcernedly to a window, drew his cigar-case from his pocket, carefully selected a large regalia, very deliberately lighted it, and proceeded to smoke with the most obvious contentment; taking at the same time a pleasant survey of the landscape, as if he beheld it for the very first time in his life.

The unfortunate ministers sat bewildered round the table, staring at each other with expanded eyes and nostrils, and elevated eyebrows; but with spirits of a very opposite shape.

After a few moments of silence, they spontaneously, but noiselessly, got up, and, one by one, proceeded on tip-toe to another window, at the remotest possible corner of the room.

A fresh but equally useless contemplation of each other's features then took place.

“Pretty mess, this!” whispered Foreign Affairs.

"It won't do—it can't be done," muttered Finances.

"Ah!" said War Office, "and pray how will you help it?"

"Hum!!!" gasped Foreign Affairs and Finances together.

This explanation not appearing sufficiently illustrative in so distressing an emergency, they all again collapsed into the silence of mute despair, nodding and rubbing their heads rather unmercifully.

"Come, come," ejaculated War Office at last, "this looks rather too foolish; I propose to send M. de Persigny, who is all powerful with the Emperor, to say that, as we are taken by surprise, we beg a delay of twenty-four hours to enable us to consult together, and to prepare and offer such observations to his majesty as the great importance of the case may require."

"Quite right!" was the unanimous reply.

A timid concert of suppressed dry coughs awoke the attention of M. de Persigny, who alone had remained at the green table, fully aware of the total uselessness of any attempt to alter the imperial decision; and he was beckoned to the group.

M. de Persigny very reluctantly obeyed the signal, as he had firmly resolved in no way to meddle with so delicate a question.

When he learnt, however, the very harmless and inoffensive nature of the communication which his colleagues desired him to make, he complied with their general request, and glided away with discreet steps towards the imperial position.

At his approach the Emperor turned round, and, directly he saw who it was, pulled out his case again, and presented it to M. de Persigny.

"Cigar, Persigny?"

M. de Persigny could not but accept so hospitable an offer, and he then proceeded to explain how the council of ministers, taken by surprise, and rather confounded by the suddenness, not to say the extraordinary nature, of a communication so totally in contradiction to the customs and antique traditions of the court of France, begged to be allowed twenty-four hours' reflection on the most important subject so suddenly brought before them, to enable them to prepare an *ensemble de représentations*, which, they hoped, might mitigate the resolve of his majesty.

"Persigny, you don't smoke!" said Louis Napoleon, coolly offering him a light.

So, Persigny did smoke, imitating in the most awkward silence his master-friend's incredibly persevering admiration of the landscape.

When the two cigars were finished, his majesty once more proceeded to the green table, took his seat, and desired his councillors to do the same, saying gently,

"Messieurs, la séance est ouverte!"

The ministers began to display their papers, fumbling at them with particular embarrassment, not knowing what was to come next, but encouraging in their hearts a faint hope that the Emperor might have altered his decision, or that he was going, at least, to say something on the subject, which in their present *embarras* might afford them a sort of consolation.

But, oh vanity of human hopes! After a few minutes of these

pleasant anticipations, Napoleon III. deliberately rose, and leaning over the table, with his hands placed in the middle of it, and taking a firm, but gentle survey of the bewildered countenances of his advisers, said:

"Messieurs, la séance est levée!" and walked out of the room.

### III.

#### LES DEUX PORTEFEUILLES.

THE following facts occurred, of course, in times previous to the meeting of the Emperor with the beauty who now so deservedly absorbs the whole of his devotion.

His majesty had been constantly hearing, in the intimate circle of his aides-de-camp, marvellous accounts about the 'grace, elegance, and wit of a young actress, whose charms were making the rapid fortune of the theatre where she was engaged.

So that, de "guerre lasse," one fine evening, away went the Emperor *incog.* to the said theatre, accompanied only by a single aide-de-camp, an old and trusty friend.

As the play (which, by-the-by, was the young actress's real "cheval de bataille") got on, his majesty gave unequivocal signs of his admiration, and rendered ample justice to the accounts he had received of the multiplied charms of the fair enchanter.

Indeed, she was (and is) very delicious; there was a beaming sunshine of wit and malice spreading in the most bewitching fashion over her.

At last the faithful aide-de-camp left the box, bent his steps to the *coulisses*, begged a minute's conversation with the lady, and informed her that the Emperor, who was then present *incog.* at the theatre, charmed with her beauty and accomplished performance, would feel particularly gratified by her society that evening at a *tête-à-tête* supper.

The young lady said nothing; her emotion was too great. What could she say? She smiled her consent. I was going to say she *blushed* it; but no, she did not. I dare say she tried it, but she had lost the habit. She was out of practice.

Next morning the Emperor repeated the expression of his admiration, and gave his farewell to the syren, with the assurance that "l'Empereur serait reconnaissant!"

In the course of the day our friend the aide-de-camp was sent for, and the Emperor gave him two *portefeuilles*, telling him,

"Go and call on our friend of last night, and offer this *portefeuille* as a mark of my satisfaction. Then you will proceed to M. —, and present him this other *portefeuille*, as a token of my appreciation of, and gratitude for, his important political services; and you will cleverly give him to understand that I will not stop there. You understand the message?"

"Perfectly, sire."

"Then, go."

The aide-de-camp bowed himself out, went straight to the young actress, presented her with the *portefeuille* on the behalf of his master, and then, after bestowing upon her sundry agreeable *fadaises* on his own

account, drove on to the house of the gentleman to whom the second *portefeuille* was destined.

This individual being of a more business-like nature, on the presentation of the *portefeuille* at once opened it, and after examining its contents, turned indignantly towards the messenger, and said :

"Monsieur le Colonel, I confess that I am utterly unable to comprehend the meaning of his majesty's message. Pray be good enough to lay at his feet the expression of my profound respect, and assure him that, thanks to Heaven ! I am not yet quite a beggar."

So saying, he returned the *portefeuille* to the astonished colonel, who retired not over-satisfied with the issue of this second message, and betook himself forthwith to his master's cabinet.

"Well, colonel," said the Emperor, "you have done the thing ? Is it all right ?"

"Why, sire, my first message was got over to the perfect satisfaction of all parties. The young lady received the *portefeuille* with due gratitude, and her delicacy was quite touching, for she actually refrained from opening it in my presence, however great her curiosity may have been. She is a nice girl, indeed—very much so."

"And M. —, what does he say ? Did he display the same discretion, and the same total absence of curiosity ?"

"By no means, sire ; on the contrary, he opened the *portefeuille* the moment I gave it to him, looked particularly displeased, and at once returned it to me, requesting me to offer to your majesty every possible expression of his respect, but at the same time to give you the pleasant assurance that, fortunately for him, he was not as yet reduced to beggary."

"Now, what ? what do you mean ? There is some confounded mistake here," said the Emperor, in a hurried tone, as he snatched the rejected *portefeuille* from the hands of the bewildered aide-de-camp.

"Yes ! and a pretty considerable mess you have made of it, colonel," added he, opening it. "You have *sauté le coup* with a vengeance. You have presented the girl with the trifling sum of 35,000 francs, and my useful political agent with a 500 franc note. I am truly obliged to your skill in delivering messages ; you are just the fellow for a difficult embassy."

The unfortunate aide-de-camp wished himself fifty feet under the carpet. However, being of a temperament not easily *désarçonné*, he at once assumed an air of tranquillity and assurance.

"Much as I may regret my mistake, sire," said he, "allow me to assure your majesty that it is by no means so important as it would at first appear to be. I will instantly return to the young lady, and explain my error. I know her. No difficulty will occur. The exchange will be most easily made, and then I will go to —, and make my apologies to him."

"Well, then, go at once," said the Emperor, rather quieted by the ease of the colonel ; "but return here direct from the girl's ; I shall want to hear the result."

Away bolted the colonel ; he jumped once more into the imperial carriage, drove back to the lady's door, rang with a beating heart, and entered. His rapid glance flew in one second round the room. May



Jupiter, Venus, and Mars, but especially Venus, be blessed. There was the *portefeuille* apparently untouched, in exactly the position where he had seen the actress deposit it half an hour before, amidst a careless heap of lace, jewels, and gloves. No doubt all was right. The girl, with true artistic contempt for money, and carried off by the much more important contemplation of a new evening costume, had not even looked at it. "She is a real treasure," thought the colonel; "I positively must make love to her myself."

"Mademoiselle," said he, "pardon me this second intrusion; but, charged with several important messages by his majesty the Emperor, I have unfortunately committed a little mistake. This is the *portefeuille* which I was desired to leave with you. That other (pointing to the thirty-five thousander) is destined for another person! Would you allow me to make the exchange, and to assure you of my regret for the error I have made."

"Most undoubtedly," answered the lady, with the most charming and innocent *empressment*. "Believe, colonel, that I congratulate myself particularly on the favour this second visit bestows upon me."

So the desired exchange was made, and the colonel, in a state of rapture at his success, retired amidst a shower of bows, lavishing at the same time on the fair actress a volley of such incandescent looks, that she would undoubtedly have been converted into one grey heap of ashes, had her nature been in the very least degree inflammable.

"Now! isn't that girl a darling, and won't I come back one of these days, and tell her so, with my love?" said the good colonel to himself, as he jumped into his carriage, and ordered the coachman to tear away back to the Tuileries.

He made one gigantic leap up the stairs, and entered the imperial cabinet in a perfect ecstasy of triumph.

"Well," said the monarch, turning sharply round, with half-knitted eyebrows, "what news?"

(Colonel respectfully presenting the recovered *portefeuille*, and chuckling with self-interior contentment.)

"I told your majesty I was sure of the girl. She is a rare creature; quite a heroine! There was the *portefeuille* where she had laid it down half an hour before; she had never even touched it."

"Then," said the Emperor, very coolly putting down the *portefeuille*, which he had quietly opened—"then she is a natural daughter of Robert Houdin's, for without touching it she has emptied it. Smart girl that, but rather dear!"

#### IV.

##### THE JEWEL-BAGS.

THE Emperor Napoleon III. was certainly born to be an absolute monarch, a real autocrat. What he did the other day with the jewel-bags would prove it, even if nothing else did.

The jewels of the crown of France are kept at the Hôtel of the Finances, with many other precious articles, in an apartment prepared and arranged for their especial protection. They are contained in four large leather-bags, of the size of flour-sacks, and are committed to the care of

a most trusty guardian of the name of Thomas, who is, of course, personally answerable for them. A very few days before the marriage, M. Thomas was sent for by his majesty, and was duly ushered into the imperial presence.

"M. Thomas, I believe you have the charge of the crown jewels?"

"Please your majesty, I have."

"I understand that they are contained in four leather-bags of large dimensions?"

"They are, sire."

"Well, then, I desire that this evening, at nine o'clock, you will convey here two of these bags—yes—I think *two* will do—yes—you may go, M. Thomas; I will expect you this evening at nine precisely."

The poor man, whose bewildered amazement was too big for utterance, bowed and scraped himself out, and returned home in blank despair.

What should he—what could he do? Such a thing had never been heard or dreamt of by any one before. The crown jewels, the precious jewels of the crown of France, to be thus unceremoniously danced and dangled about, like patterns from a tailor's shop!—Shocking!—Awful! Dear old Thomas could not have felt more deeply, "if the Emperor had proposed to tear out his precious and most useful bowels. Yet, the master had spoken; alas! there was no help for it, it must be done.

At half-past eight that evening, M. Thomas, after many a mournful glance at his precious charge, for the safety of which he had strange and most painful misgivings, lodged them safely beside him in a court-carriage, surrounded by a piquet of cavalry, and found himself in due time deposited at the foot of the imperial staircase.

The bags were, under his watchful care, carried up with all possible tenderness, and he was ushered with them into the presence of his majesty.

"Very good, M. Thomas," says Napoleon; "I like your punctuality—cela suffit—you may retire."

"But, sire," exclaims the unfortunate Thomas (now really at bay, and carried out of all his *retranchements* by the intensity of his despair), "allow me to represent to your majesty that the present mode of proceeding is totally without any precedent, and permit me to entreat your majesty to give me, at least, a receipt for——"

"Pooh! nonsense, man! no necessity at all for it—am I not the master? and does not the constitution give me the free and entire administration of all that belongs to the crown? Good night!"

"But, sire, allow me to entreat your majesty not to act thus. Pray, let me assure you, that these bags are never moved without an inventory of their contents being made, and signed by the prince who issues the order for their removal."

"Much too long; I can't wait; I must have them now."

"Please your majesty, the inventory is ready made. I have it with me. Here it is."

"Bless the man! why don't you speak then? Come, out with it—that is business-like."

And approaching a table, and taking up a pen, without even looking at the contents of the paper, he added his signature at the place pointed out by M. Thomas.

"There ! I hope you are pleased?"

The poor old gentleman, not exactly pleased, but considerably relieved, retired ; but not quickly enough to escape a sight which made his financial brain whirl round with horror.

He saw the padlocks thrown off, and the bags opened, and at the same moment two fair ladies came laughing through the doorway of an inner room : they were the Princess Mathilde and the Countess Theba de Montijo.

As soon as they appeared, the Emperor made a sign to two stout *valets-de-pied* ; the bags were overturned, and their dazzling contents spread in an instant on the carpet. The Emperor, turning round and pointing to the floor, exclaimed—

"Choisissez, mesdames !"

That was how the jewels of the bride and her fair cousin were so lustrous on the marriage-day, although the gorgeous present of the *Town of Paris* had been refused.

## ATALA AND CHACTAS.

BY W. BRAILSFORD.

*Atala appuyoit une de ses mains sur mon épaule, et comme deux cygnes voyageurs nous traversons ces ondes solitaires.*—CHATEAUBRIAND.

Thus ever o'er life's misty sea  
 Clings the sweet loving to the loved ;  
 Thus ever in sweet constancy  
 Love's changeless nature best is proved.  
 Thus ever let the storms assail,  
 Strong adverse winds with fury rage,  
 Love most is proof amidst the gale,  
 In every clime, in every age.  
 Along the unknown waves they glide,  
 The loved one and his trusting bride.

On, on they float, by love's art blest,  
 Sustained by truth, and true for ever ;  
 Two fond hearts by no cares deprest,  
 And loving most where death may sever.  
 And where the swan's soft nest is made,  
 Where roving birds are freely singing,  
 Where faithful troth was ne'er betrayed,  
 And golden blossoms aye are springing ;  
 On, on they wend their dream-like path,  
 From ills, from woes, and worldly scath.

The drooping willows as they pass  
Are musical with leafy sighs,  
And gentle echoes from the grass  
Spring like Hope's cheering harmonies.  
Ah! what were fate or grief to them,  
Or clouds that o'er their union hover?  
Love's armour and his diadem  
Their faithfulness and trust will cover.  
Love will not fail, or fall away  
As the frail flowerets of a day.

They cannot sing, Life seems to be  
Too potent in its sense for song;  
Their past a keen reality  
To which no words of theirs belong. \*  
Yet oft they smile to think how light  
And small their need of earthly place;  
How Faith, with golden visions bright,  
Their human sorrows can efface.  
Ah! what to them were fame, or state,  
Or wealth, if each were desolate?

Still on they float by glen and dale,  
As monarchs of the flowing stream;  
And not a voice on lea or vale  
Distracts the magic of their dream.  
The sunbeams through the branches steal,  
Low murmurs from the forest come,  
And mossy clefts alone reveal  
Some likeness of a happy home—  
A home where falsehood ne'er hath been,  
Or malice with its crafty mien.

Oh! heedless Time! why dost thou move  
With steps so eager and forlorn?  
Why art not thou akin to Love,  
Whose presence charms hearts overworn?  
We bid thee stay, be bid thee take  
Sweet portion of Life's cheerful grace;  
Why let our music fail to wake  
Some smiles upon thy furrowed face?  
What spell can fold thy dusky wings,  
What art disarm thy subtle stings?

## SOMETHING OF BALTIMORE, WASHINGTON, THE CHESAPEAKE, AND POTOMAC.

BY J. W. HENGISTON, ESQ.

PREPARATORY to starting, at a coach stand in Ninth-street, very near the Philadelphia College, I had hard work to strike a bargain with an Irish cabman to take me to the steam-boat, as a favour, for half a dollar, though his legal fare was only a quarter-dollar to or from any part of the centre of the city; but then I had a portmanteau, and, like our own clever cab regulations, luggage, and distance, and fare is left to the discretionary disputation of both parties. All over America hackney-coaches and cabs are as great a nuisance as in England—impose on one quite as much; but at any rate they are better-looking things than ours, and their horses are better used, and better fed; but here in the States, where there is a real difficulty in bringing the sovereign public to any sort of regulation, there is some excuse, if the wise municipality had not added the extra charge of twenty-five cents for every individual carried. Thus, if you can coax a fellow on the stand, or at any of the stations—where they all rush as ours do to meet the steam-boats and trains—to take you a mile for half a dollar, and your family of three get into the hackney-coach with you, the jarvey claps on an additional quarter for each, and your imposing fare turns out a dollar and a quarter, or five shillings. Now, as the steamers and railways on both routes take one to Baltimore or New York for three dollars—nearly a hundred miles—it does seem quite absurd; but we English are perfectly used to the most monstrous impositions and nuisances of every possible description, entirely owing to our clever contrivance of the law, in such matters carefully provided; both ourselves and the Americans disdaining to take a leaf out of the French common-sense arrangements in such things—the chief part of both our wonderful constitutional freedoms consisting of the most vexatious confusion and contradiction of every single thing meant for the public good! On this hydra's head a very thick volume might be written for the edification both of the mother country and her young saucy giant offspring. But I am in a hurry, and must say a word, before I get into the cab, on the general appearance of the American girls—not much altered since Mrs. Trollope's days, nor Lady Emeline Wortley's, the other day. In dress, at least, there is a great deal of the *colour de rose*. They delight in two things especially, the brightest, most heavenly colours—dazzling white, ultra-marine, crimson, and ultra-green; violet and purple are too quiet, but mammas may wear them. Thus, all the misses in their “teens” (and after that the deluge!) are quite butterflies. They dress well, but too flaringly; brocades, satins, china silk crapes, and embroidered shawls—in short, neither Paris nor London can find them anything too fine. The next passion is church, chapel, and sermons; next to dancing and balls, their favourite preacher (as with ourselves in town now and then) is the one thing most talked about and ran after. There is, among other favourites just now, a Rev. Mr. Wordsworth, who draws all the finest bonnets to the Arch-street chapel. Such sermons as we hear in England by our High or Low Church divines would never do here, tamely read from MSS. Here must be nothing less than the poetry of words and

action, with telling points—novel and stunning—declaimed in high tragedy vein; high pressure; but the valve only gently loaded, to send them to dinner screaming with excitement and curiosity for next Sunday's sensation. As to the good looks of the women, in youth (since youth alone is beauty), except that they are paler and thinner than our girls, I do not see any striking peculiarity; perhaps in any given number there are as many pretty and fine women as in England. But, poor dears, their days are short! from their last teen they may only reckon on ten fleeting years, or perhaps fifteen, very grudgingly allowed, before they are reckoned as old women! and for the most part, I must say, I think they look it; but then, both men and women astonish one by the number of years they remain old, looking little the worse for wear! Instances of longevity are quite as common as with ourselves.

But the steam is blowing off at Walnut-street wharf, and I resolve to take the Delaware line to Baltimore by the upper waters of the Chesapeake. By this route passengers have very little railway to cross over the tiny state of Delaware (wedged in between the Jerseys and Maryland) to the Elk river, where another steamer takes them on the rest of the way, skirting the shores of Maryland and the mouth of the Susquehanna, which is crossed by the other line higher up.

The American river steamers, without exception (on the sea-board), are built and arranged on one plan; that is, on the main deck a grand saloon, with large windows at the sides; well, often elegantly carpeted and furnished; frequently with most profuse gilding, mirrors, ottomans, &c.; beneath the main deck is the dining saloon. Both these great cabins run half the length of the boat, from the stern to the engines, whose fires and boilers are mostly one on each side, just behind the paddle-boxes, the funnels before them. When the distance to run requires it, the grand saloon is subdivided at the sides into a series of small sleeping cabins, the after ones, like the hinder part of the saloon itself, is exclusively for the ladies or married couples. In many of the boats bachelors are tabooed at this end, and may not encroach beyond where a curtain at the sides may be drawn across, or a folding door's partition; though it is open at all times, except, perhaps, late at night.

Before the engines, on the main deck, they put the deck cargo, boxes, barrels, parcels, and the heavy baggage; sometimes the baggage trucks, as I have said, are ready to run out at the very terminus of some rail—which they cleverly contrive to prolong out on jetties at the exact level required (all these boats are very flat-floored, and very fast—the speed at least fifteen miles an hour).

In this way our luggage was managed at Newcastle, thirty or forty miles down the Delaware, where we were transferred to the short railway, across some fourteen miles, to the head waters of the Chesapeake, or Elk river.

We all know the excessive care taken of the American ladies while travelling, but to-day I had a little spice of their sometimes taking advantage of the awe-inspired outer barbarians. As this boat allowed of a free circulation to the penetralia or tabooed end, several of the fair creatures had erected barricades by surrounding themselves with two and three extra chairs, their feet on one, shawl on another, bonnet on another, and some favoured beau in loud chatter on another; in this way it was

quite evident many of the men could not sit down if they wished it, but of this they did not deign to take the slightest notice. With this hint I was not at all surprised, when we landed, to find myself warned off one of the cars I was preparing to ascend, as exclusively for the ladies and their families; which means anybody who can scrape acquaintance on the most slender footing; nor is it difficult to enter into conversation at the ladies' end, or seventh heaven of steamers; besides, it is extremely politic and agreeable; you sit at the best (captain's) end of the table at meals, and you are eyed by all the ruck of unhappy ruminators on the wrong side of the invisible mysterious barrier, who sit or stand round the stoves, chewing their tobacco-cud in bitter fancy, spitting in emulation of each other, and envy of the more favoured and familiar he "critturs" close to them. Smoking is not allowed in the grand saloons; those who wish to smoke go to the *barber's shop*, or among the deck passengers forward, or parade on the *piazza* like *guards*, outside the saloon; for such is the great breadth of these boats, that it admits of a promenade outside and round the saloon behind.

All the American steamers have, besides the captain, a clerk in charge, who is the captain's second self (often becoming captain), sits in his office, takes your dollars, and gives you your passage and dinner tickets. There is always a rush and crowd at this office, particularly if you have to sleep on board. Certainly the Americans delight in shoving, elbowing, and lolling on you; and the free-and-easy positions of the heels on chairs, tables, or mantelpiece, is considered as a matter of course, nor does the expectoration abate one jot—on the carpet—anywhere.

It was night when we landed, and I saw nothing of the town of New-castle, nor not much of the shores going down the river—generally flat and monotonous—for we went to dinner almost immediately—not a bad dinner for once, as, in the boats, what there is, is put on the table; and they do not seem in such a desperate hurry to leave the table; but no man must ever venture to talk to anybody near him, unless he has no appetite, nor even then, or ten to one he'll get no answer; besides, the impertinence of conversation to a hungry man, eating against time, as if for a wager!

They have run up a temporary frame station for the railway at the water's edge on Elk river, just below French Town, and here we were, in the dark, once more embarked in the same kind of steamer, and got to Baltimore by ten o'clock, passing these low shores (Maryland to the right) and the mouth of the Susquehanna. This head of the Chesapeake waters is full of coves and inlets, and on one of these, at the western side, Baltimore is seated, round a very capacious natural harbour, while another inlet runs up at the back of the town, giving great capabilities for the future extension of its streets and shipping on both sides. The front harbour is crammed with clipper schooners, fine merchant ships, and steamers, with every conceivable kind of small craft (coasters) mixed up with them at the wharves.

I went to the United States Hotel in Pratt-street, at the water side, about half a mile from where the steamers lie (all vessels having their appointed wharves, stations strictly enforced, and very wisely, at all their cities), the streets wretchedly paved, half mud and ruts, and as usual the great hotel, although not so awfully big as Barnum's, up another

street, yet I guess quite as uncomfortable. I asked for the Indian Queen, which was once the best hotel in Baltimore, but found it had sunk beneath all the feeding barracks going—Barnum's (unkindest cut of all!) having, I believe, broke its "Bos's" heart! Still, I was told they held on to a "considerable few" who preferred elbow room. Plenty of ugly hack-coaches and poor horses were flying and plying about, but I knew my customers, and walked on stoutly. An unhappy Briton, wife, and lady's-maid, fell into the snare—that is, got into one of these traps; the fare demanded astonished the victim, albeit an old stager. I had just put my name down, and was standing at the office counter of the antechamber, crowded with trunks, sitters, and spitters, when the clerk (nobody ever sees a landlord) was appealed to, versus a demand for a dollar and a half for the half mile.

"Well, sir—I don't know—I guess you'll have to pay it; he can demand half a dollar for each sitter inside."

*Victim.*—"What! a dollar and a half for five hundred yards!"

*Clerk.*—"Well, yes, I guess; just so."

Sometimes these hotels have a sort of omnibuses to meet the steam-boats and rail; touters push you in, and you find in your bill half a dollar for the ride for yourself and carpet-bag, or small portmanteau—all right, good for trade.

Baltimore has grown less rapidly than her more northern sisters these last twenty or thirty years, no doubt it has spread much over its hills, but its population, though greatly increased, is still very much less than even more recently-built cities, not much exceeding a hundred thousand.

It is the most Catholic city in the Union; I believe it is the prevailing religion; there is a large cathedral, and many other churches of the Roman faith. This sounds odd in the United States, where all the world are Dissenters of a thousand shades; but the Roman Catholics are gaining ground at railroad pace; hundreds of thousands have swelled their congregations of late years from Ireland. The firmest Catholics in the world, to a man, and the strict discipline of their Church, gives them even now, in all their cities, greater weight as a body than any other persuasion can reckon on; it begins to be felt north and south, and will have much to do with the future destinies of this country.

They should have called it the "Catholic" city, and said nothing about its monuments, which are two in number, and no great things. The Doric column to Washington, in Charles-street, with his colossal statue on high, is better indeed than our Duke of York's—rather; but one sees nothing of the general but his Roman toga, which does not sit well, and puts one in mind of nobody. This humble imitation of Constantine's pillar and old Rome is surely a mistake; the French set us both a better, a sterner example, in the greater truth in the Place Vendôme, and in their better taste and superior art, since the world will copy columns. The other monument is a miserably poor affair indeed, in art and in taste, to some officers who fell in the late war.

Still there are many fine buildings and excellent houses in the upper parts of the town, the brickwork remarkably good, and a great profusion of white marble steps and polished brass about their doors. In magnitudo, however, I fancy Barnum's hotel (and, of course, he has a museum, too, not far off) is the greatest thing to be seen. Market or High-street has all the busy features of such active spirits, and the shops,



though not equal to the greater cities north, still make a very handsome show.

Here one sees the beginning of that hateful thing slavery; carrying with it its usual accompaniment of dirt, idleness, and carelessness; no slave, however, ever slaves at all; not half so much as the free negroes—for instance in Philadelphia and New York; but one may be certain it is the one great cause of the marked greater neglect and slovenliness of everything in the south of the Union, beginning here. From what I have ever seen I cannot conceive a greater curse to a man than the possession of a slave. They are the real bottle-imps of the planters; too happy if they could keep them in a bottle, or part with them for the smallest coin, if they could afford it; such is their innate laziness, carelessness, forgetfulness, dirtiness, and thoughtlessness. They very often put me in mind of great baboons—they are quite as mischievous too—cruel to everything they can master, or have any kind of command over. I trace it in everything—the horse they drive—the dog they feed.

Of course there may be some few exceptions; but, indeed, whenever and wherever they can do as they like, “they act such tricks as make the angels weep!” Our own ruined West Indies, and the total ruin of St. Domingo, in vain read us a lesson: but let any man travel south in the States—let him search for an “Uncle Tom,” or his cabin either—he will find a comical, often a disgusting, reality, rather stronger than Mrs. Beecher Stowe’s fiction.

To explain this would lead me too far; but what may strike our obtuse, fiction-loving senses more clearly, is the great fact that the negro race, slaves or free, are the happiest beings in existence; just as it holds good that the greatest fools in the world are the happiest of men; but the slaves of America, even when under a severe master, are better fed, better clothed, have more animal enjoyment than our own poor in England; nor are they made to work half so hard in the south as slaves, as they are obliged to in the north as free coloured people.

To observe them (free from their vexation) they are funny, droll creatures. In Philadelphia, which is their stronghold as citizens, and where they have their most respectable standing, is quite as good as a farce, on all occasions; so little has common sense to do with their love of finery and aping the manners, and expressions, and forms of the white world, high and low. Their love of finery is egregious: the black belles go to their “first-rate” balls dressed in muslins, gold lace bands, roses, lilies; ribbon-trimmed long kids, white as “dribbin snow,” and white silk ‘tockin dragged over the heel of their tremendous ugly flat feet (forming a straight line upwards), and white satin shoes—when they can get them big enough; their wool (in *leads* all the week before), now combed out, swells to the size of a bushel; their beaux, in white cravats and trousers (“every ting muss be white, and first-rate”) look quite as *outré* and absurd. Our street negro melodists are hardly a caricature of these happy creatures; but their ceremonious affectation and talk is killing. Let us suppose two negroes (“coloured gentlemen”) meeting in one of the Quaker city streets; dirtily dressed as labourers, a few patches, and even rags; but pretty well off; one, perhaps, owning a cart and half-fed horse; the other, a sawyer or porter; both independent citizens, and gaining a living at occasional jobs.

They meet on the full grin, showing their white teeth, and rolling

their eyes about, they come to a full stop in face of each other, and burst out in a loud laugh before a word is said, each swaying about, and holding his sides.

*Mr. Jefferson S. Skunk.*—Bress my heart—don't—dat you, Massa 'Gustus Quashy? Well! my!—any how—yah, yah! he, he, he!

*Mr. Augustus Q. Quashy.*—Well, I nebber seed de like! Yah, yah, yah! (*They both set to at another spell at laughing.*)

*Skunk (holding himself up).*—Well, do tell! Whereaway now, dis time? You am after dat ere job ob de old man's, way up dere at de depôts?

*Quashy.*—If dat don't beat Lady Suffolk! (*A fast horse.*) Where you get to—say—last night arter de fust quadrille? I seed you a startin' arter Miss Hetty—no? Yah, yah! He, he, he! (*Here they both go off in fresh raptures.*)

*Skunk.*—Say! for true, you seed me? Well, you seed dat ere fine young lady? Mighty likely gal dat, I guess—no. Look here—you no call, mind, to say nutting 'bout dat ere gal to de old woman. (*Both go off again louder than ever.*)

*Quashy (drawing a deep sigh to recover).*—Wheugh!—who? me! Nebber let on, 'pon my word ob honour. Well, any how, you am got de ticket. Well, my mind misguv me all de same, I tell you—tink ob dat! You is 'quainted wid Missy Lillycum—same young lady as lib wid de famimly of Massa Hiram Job—he as am member fum Congress?

*Skunk.*—Do tell! well, I is heerd as much. (*Makes faces.*) But look here, I'se but middling 'trong dis morning; my 'tummac complain considerumble, I tell you—dis way, look here. I not mush up to de fine new step ob de Schotish, least ways, de *deuks temps*, but can go it some at de polka, say. Somehow I comed slick down and 'train my leff shin. (*They both look concerned at the left leg.*) 'It ain't nutting much to magnify. How is you good lady, Missy Quash, dis mornin'? Seem to me I tink she fling out in de polkum most de finest I'se ebber see in my born days. Hope not cachit no cold? not sneeze none?

*Quashy.*—Well, tank you mightily, she am first-rate. I don't know, she am powerful mad dis mornin'; I tell you. Look here, you ain't seed nuffin ob she lillywhite supumfime glub, what she drop, somehow, afore Massa Assa Cuffy hand 'em down to 'freshment? Dem glubs coss dollar and twenty-five cent piece—look here—ebery cent hard cash, I tell you.

*Skunk.*—Do tell, my! Well, I guess I nebber seed nuffing, case why, more 'tickler, seem to me I had to look arter my partner; she go it so mighty hard, she take all de wind out ob me—he, he, he! Look here, Jeff 'son, arter we comed away along, was considerumble bodder'd wid de old woman; and worse nor dat, Miss Maltilda loose 'em shoe right in de mud; and agin, was moss gettin' in a mus wid a big nigger what persiss to offer him arm, and cuss me in heaps, case make perlite remark as not 'greeable to de young lady.

*Quashy.*—I nebber heerd de like. I know dat nigger, he am on de fish-wharf, and de Riggers; and more, am vulgar as cat-fish. Well, any how, must make tracks; got to haul dem 'ere bricks. Good morning, sa. Maybe, see you dis ebenin' at Change down dere?

*Shunk.*—Good mornin', sa. Well, I don't know, I spect to look down, any how. Give my 'spees to de family. (*They part, touching their hats, and chuckling—"tickled by a straw."*)

I should explain, that among the coloured race of America, whether free negroes north, or slaves in the south, the word "nigger" with them means a bad, low fellow, and has nothing to do with any shade of colour. A very black fellow will call a very light mulatto a "nigger" if they fall out; who will perhaps answer, "No more nigger nor you." Among themselves their masters and mistresses are but "white niggers." It ingeniously gets rid of the ugly word. When in Philadelphia many years ago, they appeared to me more numerous than at present, better looking, and better dressed at all times—less apparent poverty. What the facts are I know not. It is, however, their nature to be extremely improvident, no matter where, or how many generations they may have been free. At the same time, however, dirty or slovenly, they go about on week days, on Sundays, and high days and holidays, they dress up in the most *outré* fashion of the day. At their society meetings, the *Washington*, *Freemasons*, &c., they muster in great ceremony and force. I have seen them two and two full dress, with wands, ribbons, rosettes, scarfs, form processions of ten or twelve thousand on the pavements of Philadelphia. Their numbers (all grown men) I cannot speak to exactly, but I recollect they seemed interminable up and down the principal streets. This was the grand Washington festival.

Besides their balls and "society" meetings, they have their chapels and "coloured" preachers, whose discourses are as funny very often (particularly the Methodists, the most numerous sect) as "Nigger Sambo's sermon" on the origin "ob de fuss white man as come on de face ob dis circumlar globe." One thing is most certain, they are the most laughing race on earth—the happiest, particularly the slaves—for they have no cares whatever beyond the instant; no thought, and not an idea—and it is well it should be so. The awkward, and the worst part of this much-vexed question, pertains to the Anglo-American race! The attempt to mix is vain—almost unnatural. Pity they were ever brought here—true, true—a great pity; but the fault lies with none living. And mark the glaring inconsistency of our days on the African coast—we tax ourselves ~~to~~ do a most outrageous wrong! The chiefs, who conquer in their eternal petty wars, if not able to sell them on the coast (to save their lives!) kill them on the spot! and our officers and men, who are yearly decimated by the coast fever, have even been sent on shore to fight and kill the conquerors—to prevent their selling their captives! Surely the universal madness and confusion of ideas of this whole world is not at all exceeded by what one may see any morning on the other side of Westminster-bridge—in Bedlam. We all know that Baltimore, like almost all the chief United States cities, is not the capital of the State, but a much smaller town, Anapolis, once a fashionable place, about forty miles lower down the Chesapeake—which nobody ever hears anything about—where of late they have established a naval school, after the fashion of ours at Portsmouth. It is presided over by a commander, with a lieutenant under him.

The face of this whole country, after passing the Susquehanna, is flat, sandy, and poor. The forests on the sea-board are more frequent—

there is more wildness in the scene; the planters', or farmers' houses, stand further from each other; their fields, chiefly of Indian corn, have the appearance of being worn out; each succeeding year makes manure the more essential, for rotation crops, and even rest, begin to lose its effect. Thence the growing anxiety about guano, and the great stir lately in the mercantile shipping world towards Lobos and Peru. But their farming is much inferior to that of the more northern States. Carelessness and waste marks the track of slave labour; indeed, universal indolence besets the land, master and slave. Anywhere out of their towns it is the first thing that strikes one.

It equally applies to Virginia, across the Potomac. Thirty years ago her Indian corn-fields scarcely did more than feed her cattle and her slaves;\* the only source of profit was her tobacco, which still requires rich, new lands. To be sure, Virginia has still thousands of square miles of virgin forest and beautifully variegated country towards the Ohio—noble rivers, valleys, and mountains, rich in luxuriant vegetation, and valuable woods and ores, as yet almost unknown to their owners (some of it occasionally appearing in the London market for sale at a dollar the acre!). Why she attracts so few of our emigrants I cannot understand. She is, indeed, less talked about, and does not go so fast ahead; has little or no shipping of her own, Baltimore doing most of her coasting trade up the James River to Richmond, and up her grand inlets, the Rapahanoc, the Rock, and Potomac rivers; but of this, the largest, and naturally the very finest of the early settled States, it will be worth saying more hereafter.

I take the railway on to Washington—a flat, wild, sandy, poor country; as elsewhere, we started from the station in Pratt-street with four horses along the streets to the suburb, on a gentle rise, where the engine was put to. The citizens all grumble at the badness of this railroad of forty miles, and its comparative dearness of fare. Half-way we were brought to a stand-still by the sinking of the rails; navvies were mending the spot. A funny, withered mummy of an old fellow, who had been hard at an argument with his wife, in the next arm-chair behind me, from the moment we took our places, left off to address himself to the “brakesman” (breaksman), who had come in to put the stove fire to rights. ●

“I guess I’d fine you all five hundred dollars for this here!”

“Would you though?” was the reply. “What’s it to me! I’m paid, move on or not. What’s the odd’s! I don’t care, I don’t, if we don’t stir out o’ this till July.”

At this retort my citizen looked excessively grim; presently we moved on, slowly enough though, giving all the passengers a good opportunity of looking at the only carefully fenced farm we saw the whole way, which served as a vent for the pent-up wrath of the grumpy citizen.

He now declared aloud, that “He’d hang that ’ere colonel for a swindling scamp and copper-bottomed rascal!—he’d learn him to build fine houses and factories, and put up board and wire fences out of his ’tarnal kites and shin plaisters, and then back out, and cheat the universal world!”

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\* This most sweet and nourishing of grains is so good for man and beast, and so loved by the negroes, that once, when the crop failed, and they were forced to feed them on wheaten bread, an insurrection of the slaves was threatened.

"You are so awful hard on him, my dear," said the wife; "perhaps he couldn't help it."

"Perhaps!—perhaps, wouldn't I hang him like a dog!—yes, slick away!"

It was evident she couldn't soften her better half; but no wonder—it turned out that he had started without his breakfast.

This railroad has been easily made, but is very hard to keep in repair—owing to the loose sandiness of the country, neither embankments nor cuttings will keep up. Leaving Bladensburg to the left, and passing through the gently rising semicircle of hills which forms the eastern frame of the "Columbian District," we came into the "depôt" (station), on the higher portion of the city of Washington, not far from the Capitol, the body of the place below us, now a large town of 40,000 souls. From any part of this elevation, looking to the north and west, one sees the whole town and country at a glance. The city, along the Pennsylvania Avenue, is built more or less scattered all the way—Georgetown in the extreme distance, which it joins. The White House and all the government offices being between the two, at the extreme north end of the Avenue, where it bends a little up and down a hill, and runs over a bridge into the older settlement of the two; Georgetown in itself is a large town, and existed when Washington had not a street laid out.

On the left, to the west, is the silvery shining Potomac (though a muddy tide river), with its bridge of a mile long over it to the Virginia shore opposite, still looking as wild in its virgin forests as when the poor Red Indians lived undisturbed by their very virtuous, philanthropic English white brothers! Over this vast expanse, far as the eye can reach, one sees nothing but woods; on the shore, lost in the foliage, a speck, one may indeed detect a house, a seat, or a log hut here and there; while, on the river, the white sails of the schooner and sloop coasters, the passage steamer to Baltimore, and the little one to Alexandria, six miles below, give some life to the water at least.

As one is for ever misled by asking for the "*best hotel*," and as there was a good half mile of muddy road before me, "where to choose my place of rest, and Providence my guide," I started off down hill, edging off along cross-roads and chalked-out streets, up and down various cuttings preparatory, till I got pretty well down, and into the Pennsylvania Avenue, which is the Regent-street—nay, the one all-in-all street of the place, on which the great treble-domed Capitol smiles placidly from its hill and gardens.

Gadsby's Hotel did not seem too monstrous, so I mounted up many steps, and entered. I found it much more quiet and comfortable than any I had yet tried. The National Hotel, lower down the Avenue, is much larger; and they are building an immense thing, to outfeed and outsleep all the rest, a little further on. I am now lodged at the corner of "Three-and-a-half-street," and the Pennsylvania Avenue, with the Capitol very handy on the hill, looking as if its garden at the foot of it terminated the Avenue, to the south; it is, however, but half-way, and this columned façade of it is but its back front, the chief front and portico being on the upper side; and looking down the other half of this grand central avenue to the Pontiac River, or estuary, at a point two or

three miles off below, where it branches from the Potomac, and where the navy-yard is established, and the arsenal, but not a house is there beyond the close precincts of the Capitol gardens; two or three blocks and rows of good-sized town houses stand to the west, just outside the garden rails, on the platform above, on a level with the Capitol, and some few isolated houses on the chalked-out lots on the higher ground, are all that is visible in that direction. The great body of the town yet built lies along on the east side of the Pennsylvania Avenue, with comparatively very few houses, indeed, as yet built on the avenues and cross-streets westward, towards the river (distant about a mile, perhaps more). Nor, indeed, is the west side of this one great leading street more than partially built on. There are still plenty of frontages and lots left to speculate on, and still leave the view to the river and the Virginia woods unobstructed from the hotel and shop side of the way.

The day was fine, and here all the Washington world are seen. Half-way down stands the market. I walked on amidst an immense crowd of lank-looking, home-spun farmers and their waggons, mostly drawn by oxen in spans of two and four. Some with horses, of good shape, but excessively lean and rough, as if a currycomb and wisp of hay or straw had never smoothed them down since colts—indeed their masters seemed equally rough. The majority of this crowd of teams were driven by darkies, who punched and knocked their cattle about without much ceremony. I am now fairly in the land of niggers—none but slaves ever do the least thing; not enough, even, of walking for their health's sake! No planter ever stirs off his horse; the whole Avenue was alive with omnibuses running to the White House and Treasury, and further on to Georgetown, at the universal fare of six cents delivered before you get out, through the round hole contrived in the roof, the driver giving you your change out of his cash-box, as he relaxes his strap, which keeps the door fast shut, to prevent any "tricks upon travellers," or over-hasty exits, without taking leave.

I should like to give a clear idea of this flat, bare tract of land on the river-side, a parallelogram of four or five miles along the Potomac, and perhaps three miles wide, from the river to the wooded and rather prettily-shaped hills framing it round to the east, and closing in with increased altitude and abrupt wildness above Georgetown, where the tide ceasing, the Potomac becomes a most beautiful, savage, romantic, picturesque river; while opposite the city, towards the river, all is flat and monotonous, without a tree, and fenced off in hundreds of lots (for sale), and most excessively deep-rutted roads, avenues, and embryo streets; there is, indeed, a small row or two of houses near the water-side, just above the landing-place of the steamers, and a few grog-shops, timber and coal-sheds, along the few straggling plank wharves thereabouts, in a miserable state of decay or unfinish. The half dozen 'buses and hackney coaches which drive down to meet the boats, descend from the streets (of posts and rails), through gaps and gullies in the muddy bank, at a pitch of forty-five, or half the perpendicular façade. The even elevation of the land at the water's edge, from Arsenal Point up to the President's house, being about forty feet above the water—an abrupt earthy cliff—down they go, and flounder about in rival ruts and mud below; and very often have their drive only for their pains, or they may carry off a prize in

the shape of one gent and his carpet-bag, just landed from Alexandria or Baltimore, as the greater part of the arrivals by water (few at any time) very sensibly prefer walking into town, unless there are ladies or luggage, when, I dare say, they make up for their empty trips; for here, as in every other city, the scale of fares is just simple and clear enough to make it impossible not to be imposed upon. From this point I regained my hotel once or twice by a little *détour* across the grounds laying out round the Smithsonian Institute, an excessively elaborate building of small round and square towers and infinite angles, built of a kind of red freestone; as yet it is quite in the fields, and just beyond it, nearer the water, is rising in granite what will be as ugly an obelisk or square tapering tower of tremendous height as can, I should think, well be conceived, to the memory of Washington. This monument as yet has only got upwards about sixty feet. O Mr. President, O Mr. Secretary, pause! Have you not the fear of the Bostonian Bunker's Hill 400 feet high mile-stone before your eyes? But this one is to beat that one. Be it so.

Now I am passing this *Smithsonian* ugly affair, for the dissemination of knowledge, moral and physical—one word on the strange freak which could induce my old friend, dying, to send half a million of dollars to America, instead of devoting it to something useful for the benefit of his own land!

Die, and endow a college—or a cat!

From whence come all riches? the land. It is easy to trace gold back to the garden and the fields, the woods, the rivers, and the open sea—Australias and Californias are but hideous excrescences; but this gold came from England's soil—'twas not kind, not well, to throw it here—where even the recipients are grumbling at the way it is frittered away, without taste, without that broad utility it might have insured. They say there is no one room half the size necessary; much such another thing in small, as our gingerbread, jackstraw's, pinnacled weather-cocked tin-roofed frippery thing in Westminster! I do not, indeed, hear that they have got a kindred Dr. Reid to blow hot and cold, to run away with an extra half million; but they are yet young in reckless extravagance, folly, and blunders, and will improve, I dare say. It seems Mr. Rush got this precious legacy out of Chancery. Bravo!

The omnibuses are very convenient—they save one's legs to Georgetown (three or four miles), and I see the outsides of the Treasury and Government offices, and the White House—both very handsome buildings—to the left as we rode along, on a gentle rise here, shaded by some fine trees and their grounds, reaching to the river, laid out more tastily, after the manner of our approaches and lawns, than anything I have seen elsewhere. Before the President's house, which stands pretty near the road, there is a bronze statue of Jefferson, good enough not to be laughed at quite so much as our own bronze perpetrations. This was the gift of a naval officer, Captain Levi, lately. How we should stare at a bronze statue before Buckingham Palace, the gift to the Queen of an English post-captain! my!

At Georgetown we were fairly among the hills, and I got out half-way up the chief street, where the 'buses stop, and walked on upwards, and down the further side to where the great canal crosses the river on its

aqueduct to the Virginia side (ending, I think, at Alexandria, a branch coming on into Washington, parallel to the Pennsylvania Avenue).

Little old Georgetown has its theatre, its balls, its halls, and its associations, and though it does not grow much of late years, yet there is more schooner coasting-trade at its wharves; and it grinds flour, and it is not going to give in entirely to its big, growing-proud sister to other side the White House—I guess not—she was a Maryland town when her big, lop-sided sister was nothing but flat fields of Indian corn, with a planter's old brick mansion here and there (one of those solid old brick houses stands just above the steam-boat landing) in ruins, and decayed indeed (but still inhabited by two or three families of squalid squatters, who pay little or no rent); on the model of many of our old brick country mansions, with a fine hall, and broad oak staircase, &c. Virginia has many such, still.

In short, the great Washington city has been sliced off Maryland's south-western verge, a ten mile square lot, the sister States made her sell 'em, perhaps give, nothing loth; for the owners of the fields must have made a pretty spec in subdivisions, which still goes on. This ten mile square (district of Columbia) did stretch across the Potomac, and slice off a strip of the Virginia woods opposite, but of late years (why, I know not) it has been ceded back to Virginia, and is no longer at all connected.

The two little steamers running to Alexandria and a few schooners form the only river communications. The bridge indeed is open across, and one or two omnibuses run at the same fare to the Virginian Town. But Alexandria has declined a great deal of late years in her trade and activity; at one time her wharves were full of large sea-going ships and brigs, now only schooners and the river and Chesapeake small craft are seen there; and, indeed, the place looks, wharves, town, and all, wretchedly slovenly, out of repair, and neglected. I went down one day and rambled about for a couple of hours in the mud, admiring the capabilities thrown away—the neglected logs, scantling, planks, the falling piers, and jetties, rotting in holes; the slouching niggers, and the clothes-drying Irishers in the smaller frame houses.

I confess I only saw the water-side and the suburbs; and was not sorry to get back again by the steamer, which leaves, I think, every hour or two; fare, twelve cents, or sixpence; the distance about six miles. The railway to the southern states crosses here: so far it may revive their hopes; a great fact I forgot.

Another day I crossed the aqueduct, which has a footpath beside it (the whole of wood, resting on stone piers; it leaks sadly, and wants repair), and had a chat with the very old toll-gate man, who out of sheer good-will took five cents only, backwards and forwards, when he could demand three cents each way; but in spite of this toll, he said, and the traffic of the canal boats, it is a losing concern to the shareholders. This great canal—a noble work—runs to Cumberland, 150 miles across the chain of the Alleghany Mountains (for some distance following the course of the Potomac); but the railway is now completed to the same place, and will soon be continued to Wheeling—on the Ohio. It is already the rival of the Philadelphia railway to Pittsburg; both rails having recourse to dozens of four-horsed stages over the parts not yet finished—



the one (this) about ninety miles, the other thirty miles. Thence the failure in the profit of this canal. But railways, of course, everywhere supersede slow water conveyance, very much to the benefit of the community, however the shareholders either in canals or *cooked* rails may have to grin and bear their small dividends—or their no-dividends.

Just below the aqueduct, on the Virginian side, there is a love of an island, occupied by a single farm; “but nobody can tell,” said my old man, “to which State it belongs. No,” said he, “there’s been a lawsuit about it, and the lawyers jawed a sight, but could make nothing of it—except their ’tarnal fees.” At this spot, looking upwards, the river and the forest-covered hills in their brilliant-tinted foliage, the canal, and the suburbs of hilly Georgetown aside, and her flour-mills, form a very beautiful picture. Looking downwards, all the prominent buildings of the city (the observatory on its jutting hill, and the President’s being the nearest), then the Treasury, the Monument, the Institute, and in the extreme visible distance the domes of the Capitol, form, together with the river, rather a rich than a picturesque view.

I was surprised to see so few vessels on the river; but there is, in fact, little trade here, and most things now reach them by rail. Mr. Webster is here alone at his post; the only sign of any government whatever; all dispersed—president, senators, members, ambassadors, and all;—the papers say the secretary of state is keeping house. The general rule being that everybody (except the natives) is living in the great hotels, or the great boarding-houses. One of the largest of these other sort of feeding-places is opposite my hotel. Most of the houses have verandahs—very pleasant in hot or rainy weather.

I often go up to the Capitol and roam about both gardens, back and front. A couple of hundred masons are building away at two extra immense wings they are adding to the wings; sixty feet wider than the central body itself. These are to be the new chambers: already the old ones, which are very spacious (like the French Houses of Parliament), are found too small for their purposes. The whole interior of the Capitol is easy of access. I often went in, up-stairs and down, without any notice being taken, though there is a custodian in the Rotunda, who is very civil, and sends a porter with you, or comes himself, to show the two chambers, which have been often described. This Rotunda is a very noble hall under the centre dome: it is the grand antechamber leading to all others. The great pictures by Trumbull are placed round it: they are tolerable—better in conception than execution; but still respectable. I thought the “Christening of Pocahontas,” poor; “Columbus at Prayers on his own Quarter-deck, on the discovery of this New World,” better. Two others are not very flattering to us! In the front façade to the south, facing the non-existent side of the city, the statues which ornament the portico are but indifferent: the same may be fairly said of a colossal statue of Washington, in the grounds, which some poor sculptor in his enthusiasm took half his life to accomplish. On the pedestal one reads the pithy sentence—“First in war—first in peace—first in the hearts of his countrymen.”

There is another marble monumental group put up at the north face, at the head of the fine double flight of steps (out of the garden below), brought here it seems from the navy-yard, in honour of some captain

and officers of a frigate, killed at Tripoli. They had better have let it alone. The setting of this lumbering piece of crudity in an oval basin of green water, intended as a fountain, strikes one as anything rather than ornamental. The view on all sides from this handsome north terrace is very magnificent, particularly from the cupola above the roof, embracing the hills and woods beyond Georgetown; the river, to where it loses itself among the mountains in the blue distance; the whole town as on a map at one's feet; the pretty wooded hills to the east and towards Bladensburg; then, to the west and south, across the Pontiac, the Virginian forests, down to, and far beyond Alexandria, with the woods of Maryland beyond the navy-yard and arsenal, across the Pontiac. Altogether, it is a most interesting panorama; but, in descending, one's mind descends too, and I couldn't help speculating on the vast circumference of empty lots, growing more valuable every day.

They are to be had of many private individuals; at this moment emigrants with a little money might make their fortunes in ground alone, if they could afford to hold on a certain time! I muse on what all this may be a century hence; when all this plain will probably be covered as closely in brick as London; when every rood of ground will be worth a fortune; when a tiny yard, or bit of garden, will be held as so very aristocratic, so very distinguished and agreeable, and so impossible, except to dukes, earls, and millionaires—I should say the richest citizens.

One has but to look back to the days, so very recent as of our second George—a mere yesterday—when the whole of our west-end, and north, and south, were out of town fields, even beyond flower and market-gardens; where donkeys browsed, and boys played cricket, in my day, is now Belgravia; and just beyond, late in the seventeen hundreds, men were hung where now Tyburnia lifts her head, and pours her modern gold into a bishop's pocket!

It is a great fault to be disheartened, and thinking oneself too late, or too old, for anything; so I pursued the happy speculative idea down the steps into the garden and along the excellent flag-paved walk (such as we should have in Hyde Park, instead of grinding gravel and the London clay!) to the gate where the 'buses stand as a terminus to their toils. I mused on, clever in my generation, hastening my steps, half-determined to run to the first attorney and conveyancer, to secure a few El Dorado lots; sure to live into the next century, and make my fortune; but, as I went, "the native hue of resolution was sickled o'er by the pale cast of thought, and lost the name of action!"

I thought of that "undiscover'd world, from whence no traveller returns;" aye, indeed, I shall return in a fine steamer or *liner*, and let *well* alone. It was near dinner-time at Gadsby's, and "the air bit shrewdly." This is a very clear, sharp air—it is autumn; the suns and moons shine bright, and the heavens are of a fine celestial blue; but I deny that it is of a brighter blue than our own English blue, in spite of poetic fancies and pens which travel to Italy and America, and, having come away, are quite in ecstasies—but in good earnest, with youth and some little cash, ten thousand speculations beckon the hardy adventurer throughout the States. A man's sons and daughters may be the riches of the house; it is but to work together, and to one end. Everything is still in its infancy; and so is the English idea of comfort

only dawning on the States; how they lost it originally, having certainly embarked with it, such as it was, in James's, and Charles's, and Anne's days, I know not. But I have said a good word for *Gudsby's*; they are very civil, very; but here comes into play the inevitable devil-may-care, lazy, laughing carelessness of the *darkies*! From the Irish spalpeens and dimity jackets of New York and Philadelphia, as you come south, you are handed over to the more assiduous considerations and attentions of the dimity darkies who stand behind your chair, in the darkness-visible halls, and feed you on *warm* eatables, and cold and hot water; you are as helpless under their tyranny as a two-year old baby. I have talked of interminable long tables; at this hotel we have immense round tables; the markets at Washington are very scantily and badly supplied, nothing is very good, and the table partakes of it; but, then, one has a foolish prejudice in favour of something *hot* at dinner. Nothing is ever "hot" in America; beefsteaks, tea, potatoes, toast, and eggs, even corn cakes, are only "warm"—when not quite cold; people ask for *warm* things (warm roast-beef!); but in good sooth, at table nothing is even "warm." As usual, our food is brought to us, helped from the mysterious regions in the dim, dark vast at one far invisible end, where the tricksty yellow boys (mulattoes mostly) hold cabinet councils of fun, plate in hand. You have consulted carefully the bill of fare, and if your particular darky has any bowels of compassion you may get something of what you send for before it is all gone, or quite cold, and, perhaps, before your more swift-munching neighbours have backed out to their stores, to visit the bar, or smoke a cigar.

Now, though I fee these animals per force, it little availed as to getting any given thing with the smallest particle of caloric remaining perceptible to the taste.

With a vast circumference of white tablecloth, salt-cellars, and tooth-picks before one, nothing whatever eatable is put on it—and ten minutes, or fifteen, must be employed patiently picking one's teeth; one may fancy the sly fun going on among the dozen quambos who keep out of sight, exchanging witticisms at the expense "ob de white niggers dey got to feed any how." Let us suppose it at breakfast, the whole gang of grinning woolly-heads collected round the tea and coffee coppers, or boilers; both liquids nothing more or less than coloured hot water, the taste very much alike, and so execrable, that I send my fellow mildly back with my cup to beg it may be, if possible, a little stronger.

*My Darky*.—Here, old Sam, dat ole chap what dey say jus come from de ole country, he say dis cup tea is nutting but water, him want to know if can have it lilly more 'Sampson' (strong!).

*Snowball Sam*.—Yah! he, he! why you no tell him must get use to it, any how! (*Fills the cup again from the same universal cock.*) Here, tell him dis is 'trong as debil and half, good measure! he, he, he!

*My sable Imp*.—Sides dat, he say, dem egg is biled hard as corn cob, yah, yah, wheugh!

*Ginger Blue* (*another Imp*).—Why, dat am de way as is all biled to suit majority, and neber complains none! No pleasing dem catawampum ole folks, I guess, he, he, he, he!

*My Imp*.—Well, any how, must gib one soff, I 'spose, not to break him toose! if he am got any, he, he, he! What seem to you he say

beside? dat de room am so dark him can't see de way to him mout. (*At this a chorus of laughter.*) Well, him bess feel de way! (*Fresh bursts.*)

*Ginger Snowball (head wag).*—Look here! dem 'ere ole country Britishers what is so 'tickler, dey bess stay at hum (home). Well, look here! what 'stonish some, dere is de fust-rate membrums ob Congress neber gives no trouble 'bout de egg, nor de tea, nor nuffing—shouldn't wonder! What sort ob tea dis blessed ole man got<sup>us</sup> used to? if am so cruel 'trong, make him legs shake, I guess! no! yah! (*Chorus of chuckles.*)

*My Imp (as he turns to bring me my tea at last).*—Bress you—dat not all; yesterday him say de beefsteak was tough as cow-hide, and cold as dog nose, he, he, he! (*Grand chorus of chuckles.*)

Of course my fresh cup of tea, which at length my imp brings me, is exactly the same as the last, as with a serene slyness he says, "Massa, dis is true 'Sampson!' you find dis cup fust-rate any how, I tell you!"

These idle, laughing creatures, generally paying their real masters so much a month, or year, and getting a sure employment wherever they please, look and feel like anything but slaves! Indeed, one would never suspect it; their wages are very high, and they do the least possible work for it.

I have seen nothing but the outsides of the public buildings; but elaborate description would convey nothing new. The State-house and Town-hall, where the courts are held, is a very handsome pile, opposite the Patent-office and Post-office, all fine buildings, in the next street, east of the Pennsylvania Avenue, near Five or Five-and-a-half-street. I did look in one day at the State-house, but the court had just risen. Nor did I ever get to the observatory, presided over by Lieutenant Maury, of the U. S. navy, who is said to be clever, and very obliging should any stranger ask admittance. But, indeed, there is a most praiseworthy and liberal feeling all over the States on this head; nothing is shut up, and rare indeed do they condescend to take fees—the Irish and the niggers alone ever dreaming of such a thing.

I say nothing of climate. In this situation it should be delightful, and yet the intense heats of summer and freezings of winter are killing. They say, of late years their tremendous frosts are much milder; but I fear this winter may be an exception; and I have to look at Canada before I fly before the north-west blasts to the south, down the Mississippi—I must not lose a moment; and have seen nothing of the great men who are about to pour in—nothing of the Washingtonians, who, a guide-book says, are quite the cream of the Union!—but will they allow it at Baltimore? or even just in sight, down the Potomac, at Alexandria? I guess not. It is nothing to say there is no such thing as a bit of green to be seen, except at the White House and Capitol garden; for the summers here burn up everything—and this has been a perfect furnace of a summer—but I do not see anything like an attempt at a garden anywhere, nor a flower. No wonder! for the slaves would soon kill not only flowers but the very caterpillars and worms—if laziness and neglect could do it: so the thing is impossible, as their masters, by the month or for life, are themselves much too lazy to look after them. The only plant particularly cared for is a weed—the Virginian weed—which they chew and smoke with an unwearied industry truly admirable.

## L I T E R A R Y L E A F L E T S.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

## No. VI.—SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON: "DISCUSSIONS ON PHILOSOPHY."

WERE I designing a *Literaturblatt* for some transcendental Deutsch journal—some *königsbergische* magazine or *weimarsche* gazette—instead of a "literary leaflet" for the *New Monthly*, I might plume myself in complacent anticipation on a host of readers—perhaps all of them graduated and salaried Professors\*—who would steadily wade through whatever sloughs and bogs of metaphysics I might guide them to. Be it true or no, to use a current phrase, that England loves not coalitions, true it is, past all gainsaying, that England loves not metaphysics. A political hotch-potch, after the recipe of "Cauld Kail in *Aberdeen*," she can swallow, with more or less of eupeptic ease; but a feast of Ontology is with her equivalent to a cannibal *dînéur*—self-introspective philosophy is tantamount to a "feed" of human flesh and blood—the analysis of personal consciousness is as alien from her creeds and canons as a "smoked little boy in the bacon rack," or a "cold missionary on the sideboard." Virtually she accepts as faithful types of the metaphysical class, the subjects of Mat Prior's satiries, when he tells, in "*Alma*," how

One old philosopher grew cross,  
Who could not tell what motion was:  
Because he walk'd against his will,  
He faced men down that he stood still:—

and how

Chrysippus, foil'd by Epicurus,  
Made bold (Jove bless him!) to assure us,  
That all things which our mind can view,  
May be at once both false and true:—

and once more, how

Malebranche had an odd conceit  
As ever entered Frenchman's pate—  
To wit, So little can our mind  
Of matter or of spirit find,  
That we by guess at least may gather  
Something, which may be both, or neither.

Only to exceptional minds is it given to be content, in studies of this order, to find no end in wandering mazes lost: if the end must remain an undiscovered bourn, people—in England at least—will resolve on

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\* For, Professors, according to Mr. Lewes, are the only real students and upholders of metaphysics even in metaphysical Germany. It is a mistake, he affirms, to suppose that Philosophy has any existence there, apart from the Universities; for, though the jargon, indeed, of metaphysics infects the very daily newspapers, so little hold has any doctrine upon the national mind, that if the Professorships were abolished, "we should soon cease to hear of Philosophy." So at least thinks this zealous disciple of Positivism and M. Comte. His position is, that inasmuch as Philosophy is a profession in Germany, it will always, on that condition, find a certain number of professors anxious to magnify its merits, and to increase its influence; and to this fact he refers as explaining the prolonged manifestation in Germany of certain activity in a pursuit long since abandoned by England. See "Biographical History of Philosophy," vol. iv., p. 237.

ignoring the means. Béralde may well be an infidel in the ways of *materia medica*, when his conviction is, "que les ressorts de notre machine sont des mystères, jusqu'ici, où les hommes ne voient goutte; et que la nature nous a mis au-devant des yeux des voiles trop épais pour y connaître quelque chose."\* A like conviction, uttered or unexpressed, definite or indefinite, pervades the popular mind in the case of metaphysics, the veil which covers their secrets is pronounced impenetrable—as dense a fog of mystery as one of those November visitations which, however, have the advantage of being sensible to an oyster-knife. Long ago Mr. Carlyle deplored the condition of the two great departments of knowledge; the outward, cultivated exclusively on mechanical principles—the inward, or metaphysical, finally abandoned, because, cultivated on such principles, it is found to yield no result: and he pointed with alarm to the growing persuasion that, except the external, there are no true sciences—that to the inward world, if there be any,† our only conceivable road is through the outward; that, in short, what cannot be investigated and understood mechanically, cannot be investigated and understood at all. "Among ourselves," he affirms, "the Philosophy of Mind, after a rickety infancy, which never reached the vigour of manhood, fell suddenly into decay, languished, and finally died out with its last amiable cultivator, Professor Stewart."

Cultivators, amiable or otherwise, of the Philosophy of Mind, nevertheless exist amongst us. If that philosophy died out with Dugald Stewart, it was not finally. It has had its resurrection—if to nothing better than another rickety infancy. And, with all respect for the memory of the Edinburgh professor in question, we submit that there is far more of the vigour of manhood—its bone and muscle, its condensed energy, its firm grasp, its piercing vision—in Sir William Hamilton,

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\* "Le Malade Imaginaire," iii., 3. Similarly, Mat Prior concludes, in a confidential sort of way,

"Faith, Dick, I must confess, 'tis true  
(But this is only *entre nous*),  
That many knotty points there are,  
Which all discuss, but few can clear;  
As Nature slyly had thought fit,  
For some by-ends, to cross-bite wit."—"Alma," c. iii.

Only here and there may we look for a mind

" — né propre aux elevations  
Où montent des savants les spéculations." ●

† "If there be any." Not a needless expression of incertitude in behalf of those of the Cabanis sect, who show that man's highest conceptions, as Religion "and all that," are, in very truth, a mere "product of the smaller intestines." So our old friend Matthew declares of the Mind, that ●

"The plainest man alive may tell ye,  
Her seat of empire is the belly"—

and compares her to a watch, averring that

"'Tis the stomach's solid stroke  
That tells our being what's o'clock;"

and that you may, indeed, tamper with other and minor points of mechanism, however delicate and transcendental—

"But spoil the organ of digestion,  
And you entirely change the question."

than in him we once heard irreverently styled, in the Glasgow Baillie's lingo, "that Dougal creatur." Other cultivators of note and ability, and of more or less enthusiasm in their vocation, might be named—some of them at no immeasurable distance from the royal Stewart dynasty—in the persons of Professors Ferrier and De Morgan, John Stuart Mill and Thomas de Quincey, Samuel Bailey and J. D. Morell, Macdougall and Whewell. In fact, a final dying out of the Philosophy of Mind, even in this nation of shopkeepers, seems possible or probable, only in connexion with the dying out of minds to philosophise. As the sparks fly upwards, so does the spirit of man—meditative, speculative, imaginative—on philosophic thoughts intent. "Qui," asks Madame de Staël, "peut avoir la faculté de penser, et ne pas essayer à connaître l'origine et le but des choses de ce monde?" We are told, indeed, that the *gros bon sens*—the plain practical reasoning of the English public pronounces philosophy unworthy of study, and neglects it:—"Let steady progress in positive science be our glory; metaphysical speculation we can leave to others." We are told that the annals of philosophy teach but the vanity of ontological speculation—that scepticism is the *terminus ad quem*, scepticism the gulf which yawns at the end of all consistent metaphysics. We are summoned to thank and admire David Hume for having brought philosophy to this pass—for destroying the "feeble pretension that metaphysics can be a science." And we are referred to the oracular utterance of Goethe: "Man is not born to solve the mystery of existence." Yes: but the oracle does not end there. Goethe continues: "But he must, nevertheless, attempt it, that he may learn to know how to keep within the limits of the Knowable." In this way, necessity is laid upon him: an irresistible attraction draws him. The centre of truth is far above, out of his reach: the assurance that he is not born to penetrate it, is a centrifugal force tending to alienate him from its neighbourhood; but the inevitable longing to penetrate it, in its light to see light, is a centrepetal force urging him to pierce into the heart of its mystery; and between these antagonist forces, he is whirled round amid the music of the spheres, ever journeying, even though doomed to make no advance towards the centre—ever hoping, even though destined to an eternally baffled hope—ever learning, even though never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. "Sans cesse attiré vers le secret de son être, il lui est également impossible, et de le découvrir, et de n'y pas songer toujours." And supposing one mind to be eventually disgusted by a recurring series of disappointments, and consequently to renounce the study as futile and worse; still, there is generation after generation to follow, whose thinkers repudiate thought by proxy, and must vex for their own relief the old vexed questions, and come by a road of their own cutting to the goal *Vanitas vanitatum*. The wisdom of their forefathers will not satisfy a new generation which knows not Locke and grins at Berkeley. Absolute truth may be absolute moonshine; and to extract the essence of the one may be classed with extracting the other from cucumbers: yet is the metaphysician absolutely resolved on casting in his lot with the "foolish people and unwise" who pursue this *art de s'égarer avec méthode*. If there be such absolute truth, he contends\* it must be elicited by philosophical thinking; if there be not,

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\* See Morell's Introduction to his "Speculative Philosophy of Europe."

by consulting him, or by hearing him consulted, upon intellectual difficulties, or upon schemes literary and philosophic. Such applications, come from what point of the compass they might, found him always prepared. Nor did it seem to make any difference, whether it were the erudition of words or things that was wanted." It may—and ought to—be added, that he is just as unostentatious of his mental wealth, as the foregoing legend makes Porson demonstrative of *his*.\* At any rate Sir William has no occasion to load his pockets with *bijou* editions of the classics, nor inclination to appal undergraduates by haling from the stores of memory as exhaustless an array of authorities, as (O the illegitimate triumphs of the legitimate drama, in days of yore!) the grave-digger in "Hamlet" used to doff of waistcoats, in the bleak churchyard of Elsinore.

M. Victor Cousin has somewhere pronounced Sir William Hamilton the greatest critic of the age. His celebrated edition of "Reid" attracted and fixed the attention of Christendom at large. That his own part in it should be left unfinished in the middle of a sentence, has had the effect of suggesting words of censure and objection to critics who could find no other weak point for which to rate him. His recently published "Discussions on Philosophy"—comprising some of his most valued contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, with a mass of supplementary matter, which for various extrinsic reasons, polemical and personal,\* as well as for its intrinsic worth simply as coming from him, had a special interest to all concerned—have deservedly enhanced his reputation, and present a noble collection of essays, the result of laborious thought (*ille gravem duro terram vertit aratro*), wide-sweeping vision, and indefatigable research. "The results of his reading are now sown and rooted at Paris, not less than at Berlin; are blossoming on the Rhine; and are bearing fruit on the Danube." We have seen these "Discussions" pooh-poohed in one London journal, as though they involved, after all, nothing better than verbal subtleties, and were expended on shadows and chaff, and airy nothings. Sir William is not the man to spend his strength for nought, in that sort of way. He must have tangible interest for his solid capital. He is not to be satisfied with Bank of Elegance notes, payable during the next Greek Calends. His philosophy is not a system of dry chopping logic. Nor can it content itself—for it is of British, not Deutsch growth—with transcendental reveries of baseless fabric, nor put up with unfurnished apartments in castles of the air. His spirit, though

Habitant, par l'essor d'un grand et beau génie,  
Les hautes régions de la philosophie,"

is far too practical and sagacious to become absorbed in profitless abstractions. He is as impatient as the veriest utilitarian can be, of that *pompeux galimatias*, that *spécieux babil*, which, as Molière says, "vous donne des mots pour des raisons, et des promesses pour des effets." Words, with him, must represent things, and scientific *formulae* must show cause for their use, and find bail for their good behaviour.

No officious slave  
Is he of that false secondary power  
By which we multiply distinctions, then

\* E. g., his tilt with Archdeacon Hare.



Deem that our puny boundaries are things  
That we perceive, and not that we have made.

In his purest speculations he is too entirely saturated with the Aristotelian spirit to lose himself in Platonic dream-worlds, and too genuine a representative (more robust and independent, however, than any dead or living *confrère*) of the *esprit Ecossais*, and its Baconian tendencies, to deal with logic and its subtleties as an end, not a means.

The section of these "Discussions" which is devoted to literature and miscellaneous questions, holds out naturally the chief, perhaps the only, attraction to general readers: among the subjects of discussion being, the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, the Revolutions of Medicine (from the *humourism* of Galen to the *solidism* of Hoffman and Boerhaave), the Study of Mathematics as an Exercise of Mind, the Conditions of Classical Learning, the State of the English Universities, and that celebrated German satire, the *Epistole Obscurorum Virorum*. The review of the last is an admirable specimen of Sir William's range of powers, natural and acquired, and a worthy treatise on a work which, by the testimony of Herder, effected for Germany incomparably more than Hudibras for England, or Garagantua for France, or the Knight of La Mancha for Spain,—which gave the victory to Reuchlin over the Begging Friars, and to Luther over the Court of Rome—"and never, certainly, were unconscious barbarism, self-glorious ignorance, intolerant stupidity, and sanctimonious immorality, so ludicrously delineated; never, certainly, did delineation less betray the artifice of ridicule."\* The inquiry into the value of Mathematics as an engrossing study, is another highly characteristic paper—a perfect curiosity as a repertory of authorities *pro* and *con*: the writer's conclusion being, that an excessive study of mathematics not only does not prepare, but absolutely incapacitates the mind, for those intellectual energies which philosophy and life require—disqualifying us for observation, either internal or external, for abstraction and generalisation, and for common reasoning; nay, disposing us to the alternative of blind credulity or irrational scepticism. Very striking passages in confirmation of his views, that mathematics are not a logical exercise, and that in no sense is geometry a substitute for logic, are cited by Sir William from a host of witnesses—many of them distinguished highly in mathematical science—such as Aristotle, D'Alembert, Descartes, Pascal, Arnauld, Du Hamel, Joseph Scaliger, Le Clerc, Buddeus, Bessel, Gibbon, Berkeley, Goethe, Dugald Stewart, De Staël, &c., &c. But if there is one investigation in this volume, which, more than another, may be recommended to all who would appreciate, after their manner, the veteran Professor's grasp of thought, system of metaphysical doctrine, and lucid elaboration of ideas necessarily obscure in themselves, we incline to name the thesis "On the Philosophy of the Unconditioned"—though the bare name may suffice to repel those *ab extra*, especially when the *alias* of the article is added, "In reference to Cousin's Infinito-

\* Erasmus is said to have been cured of an imposthume in the face by the laughter these satires excited. Sir William contends that the actual authors were three,—viz., Hutten, Crotus, and Buschius. "Morally considered," he observes, "this satire is an atrocious libel, which can only be palliated on the plea of retaliation, necessity, the importance of the end, and the consuetude of the times."

Absolute." Smart and petulant sarcasms have been pelted at Sir William's choice of terms—his "uncouth," and "barbarous," and neologistic terminology. Nibble away, gentlemen : laugh as you please, carp as you will, be as witty as you can. Only remember, the while, that a terminology of some sort is needed, and that novel combinations of thought require new modes of expression. Even in the base appliances of the dinner-table, the terms mutton and beef will hardly suffice, in the present day, to describe in all their individual varieties and culinary *nuances*, the preparations ovine and bovine due to a Soyer or a Francatelli. And surely an aristocracy of transcendental ideas may be allowed a *haute noblesse* of titles. In such a case, the quarrel about names is a quarrel about things. Cancel the name, and, unless you provide another equally graphic, comprehensive, and precise, you cancel the thing. The new wine must have for its receptacles, new bottles ; if you try to preserve it in old bottles, it is marred. Discretion is of course desirable in the selection or origination of the necessary terms. But certainly Sir William Hamilton is not pedantic or puerile enough to coin neologisms only to perplex the vulgar. It remains to be shown, that, in a field of research so emphatically his own, so many fallow parts of which he has put into cultivation, and from which he has removed so much obstructive matter, he had not a perfect, a peculiar right, to appropriate descriptive titles to the objects of his toil. As he had the right to bestow some kind of title, so he has the ability—as a profound philosophic grammarian and philologist,—to choose such titles as would duly convey his meaning and answer the purpose of his science. Compare his terminology with that adopted by the several leaders of German metaphysics ; and you find that while his innovation demands, for its ready comprehension, only such ordinary attention at starting, as every reader of metaphysical works may be supposed to bring to the subject,—on the other hand, the Hegels, and Fichtes, and Kants, require each a lexicon for himself. Depend upon it, had Sir William met with an existing system of terms which would serve to transmit accurately and completely the ideas he discusses, he would not have troubled himself to create, or us to master, the novelties in question. And after all, these novelties are really few in number and mild in form. Do you object to the "Unconditioned?" If you strain at a gnat of that sort, what capacity of swallow have you for the caravan of camels trooping

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste

of German Saharas? For this particular term we happen to entertain a particular regard, because of its connexion with a metaphysical doctrine of primary value, in the elucidation and limitation of which Sir William has employed such rare gifts of

Energetic reason and a shaping mind.

The doctrine affects the whole question of absolute and relative knowledge. And with consummate tact Sir William shows, that as the eagle cannot out-soar the atmosphere in which he floats, and by which alone he is supported ; so the mind cannot transcend that sphere of limitation, within and through which exclusively the possibility of thought is realised. Thought, he argues, is only of the *conditioned*, because to think is to *condition* : conditional limitation is the fundamental law of the possi-

bility of thought. Hence, philosophy, if viewed as more than a science of the conditioned, is impossible. How he demonstrates this, and proves that reason is weak without being deceitful, and that its testimony is valid so far as it goes—how he enforces the salutary lesson that the capacity of thought is not to be constituted into the measure of existence, nor the domain of our knowledge to be recognised as necessarily co-extensive with the horizon of our faith—and how he deduces from the very consciousness of our inability to conceive aught above the relative and finite, a justifiable belief in the existence of something unconditioned, beyond the sphere of all comprehensible reality—how, in short, he confronts M. Cousin's doctrine of the Absolute and the Infinite on one hand, and the hopeless negations of Positivism on the other, will be examined with real profit and interest, if only with diligence and docility, by every the minutest shareholder in common *vouls*.

In further illustration of this doctrine, should be studied the Appendices entitled "Conditions of the Thinkable Systematised," and "Philosophical Testimonies to the Limitation of our Knowledge from the Limitation of our Faculties." In them, it has been said, we have a kind of guarantee that the age is not becoming wholly shallow.

Another appendix is assigned to Logic—and is incomparably harder to read, and, to ordinary readers, next to impossible to digest. Sir William, in this section, treats of Syllogism and its varied functions—of Affirmation and Negation—of Propositional Forms, &c. As a Reformer in logical details much of his celebrity has been won. There are cases in which, says Mr. de Quincey, he is the "very first revealer of what had lurked unsuspected even to the most superstitious searchers of Aristotle's text." To him men still look with hope for a comprehensive treatise on every part of logic, "adapted to the growing necessities of the times." Should this hope come to nought—should the construction of an "edifice of so much labour and fatigue" be declined by this potent master-builder—yet, thus much is evident, adds the critic just named, "that whensoever, and by whomsoever, such an edifice shall be raised, the amplitude and the beauty of the superstructure will depend largely upon foundations already laid, and ground plans already traced out, by the admirable labours of Sir William Hamilton." One other publication we may more definitely expect from him—and one of exceeding value—namely, his Lectures before his classes in Edinburgh.

It is a becoming Lenten reflection, suggestive of mortifying ideas, that in such a paper as we have just perpetrated, on such a subject, no subscriber to the *New Monthly* may have cared to follow us. Albeit, we have the consolation of knowing that we are sure of an audience of three—which is a number not to be sneezed at, as times go. Do turbulent sceptics dun us with shouts of Name! Name!—Well; the triad consists of no other than Editor, Compositor, and Reader to the Press. True—their perusal of us *may* be *ex officio*, and in the quality of *volentes volentes*: but to analyse men's motives is sometimes to inquire too curiously for one's comfort and peace of mind. And here a triumphant thought strikes us—causing the addition of a glorious Fourth to the severely scrutinised list: Sir William Hamilton reads everything; needs there syllogism to show, then, that he will read, or has read, us?—And "put us down" again with a portentous, thorough-bass Bah!

## THE MONTENEGRINS.

FOUR Montenegrins, and their sister, aged twenty-one, going on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Basilio, were waylaid by seven Turks in a rocky defile, so narrow that they could only thread it one by one; and hardly had they entered between the precipices that bordered it on either side, when an unexpected discharge of fire-arms killed one brother, and desperately wounded another. To retrace their steps was impossible, without meeting certain and shameful death, since to turn their backs would give their enemy the opportunity of destroying them at pleasure.

The two who were unhurt therefore advanced, and returned the fire, killing two Turks—while the wounded one, supporting himself against a rock, fired also, and mortally injured two others, but was killed himself in the act. His sister taking his gun, loaded and fired again simultaneously with her two brothers, but at the same instant one of them dropped down dead. The two surviving Turks then rushed furiously at the only remaining Montenegrin, who, however, laid open the skull of one of them with his yatagan, before receiving his own death-blow. The hapless sister, who had all the time kept up a constant fire, stood for an instant irresolute; when, suddenly assuming an air of terror and supplication, she entreated for mercy, but the Turk, enraged at the death of his companions, was brutal enough to take advantage of the unhappy girl's seeming agony, and only promised her life at the price of her honour. Hesitating at first, she pretended to listen to the villain's proposal, but no sooner did she throw him off his guard, than she buried in his body the knife she carried at her girdle. Although mortally wounded, the Turk endeavoured to make the most of his failing strength, and plucking the dagger from his side, staggered towards the courageous girl, who, driven to despair, threw herself on her relentless foe, and with superhuman energy hurled him down the neighbouring precipice, at the very moment when some shepherds, attracted by the continued firing, arrived just too late for the rescue.

Such is the character of the Montenegrins, as illustrated in the above anecdote, derived by Sir Gardener Wilkinson from Vialla.

Trained from earliest youth to the use of arms, which are through life inseparable from their persons, living in hereditary and perpetual hostility with the Turks, with the memory of cruelties and suffering inflicted upon their forefathers traditionally handed down—their ferocious feeling of vengeance upheld by human trophies, and considering it a grace of God to die in battle, no wonder that the Montenegrins should be brave, and that such a natural and hereditary courage should even be participated in by the women, nursed in the same traditions, and companions by Christianity of man, although by custom, slaves of Montenegrin husbands. The mountain fastnesses of this heroic people being at the present moment invaded for nigh the fiftieth time by the Turks, and Russia and Austria rivalling with one another in the interest openly manifested in their fate,—the latter even to avowing such an invasion at this present moment to be a *casus-belli*—it becomes a paramount interest to determine, First—Who are the Montenegrins, or Tchernagori? Secondly—Already consigned by rude map-makers within Turkey in Europe, and several

times ravaged by the Turks, has Montenegro ever been really subjected or garrisoned by the Turks, has it ever received Mussulman rulers or laws, and even if diplomatically acknowledged as subject to Turkey, has it ever considered itself so? Thirdly—What are the grounds of interest which Russia and Austria take in this little mountain district? How far do they tally, and in what are they antagonistic? And lastly, and above all, although the *Times* has justly declared that England cannot view with indifference the oppression and subjugation of an independent Christian tribe, whose mountains command one of the strongest maritime points on the coast contiguous to the Ionian Isles, still, is there any possible reason for that feeling going beyond a just sympathy, or at the most, diplomatic intercession? There are already two great powers placed in a very delicate position towards one another, and towards an invading third power, by these sturdy mountaineers; and as to their religious claims to interference, why all Christianity stood by in 1841, and let the poor Chaldeans—Christian mountaineers as brave, but more remote than the Montenegrins—be hunted down like wild beasts into their rocky caverns and exterminated, man, woman, and child, by ferocious Mussulmen, with folded arms, and without an effort to save a single scion of that ancient and once illustrious Christian community!

The Montenegrins, or Tchernagori or Black mountaineers, who number some 11,700 families, giving a population of 107,000, of whom some 20,000 or 25,000 would take up arms in defence of their country, are identical with the Servians in blood, language, and religion; and Montenegro was an important fief of that ill-fated empire—the rude magnificence of which reflected neither the refinement nor the corruption of the Lower Empire.

Balsa, Prince of Montenegro, was the son-in-law of Lazar, who, by the loss of the battle of Kossovo in 1385, and his own life at the same time, enabled the Turks to become the masters of Serbia. "To this day," says Mr. A. A. Paton, "the heroes of Serbia are those of Montenegro. Speak to them of the valour of Dushan the Powerful, and their breasts glow with national pride and martial ardour; speak to them of the woes and virtues of Lazar, the last of their kings, and their eyes effuse with tears."

Stephen, the grandson of Balsa, was the friend and ally of the Albanians; but on the death of this hero the debased nobles of Albania, in order to preserve their lands, acknowledged Turkish supremacy, and embraced Islamism. Bosnia presented the same spectacle; Montenegro alone, in the latter half of the fifteenth century, rose, like Ararat, amid the overwhelming floods of Islamism. Ivan Czerbojevich, the great grandson of Balsa, leaving the environs of the Lake of Scutari, where his paternal castle was situated, fixed himself in the inaccessible fastnesses of the Black Mountain. Surrounding himself with his faithful followers, every man swore on the Testament to die rather than yield, and dishonour, worse than a thousand deaths, was the reward of the man who retreated: dressed in a female garb, he was thrust, with ignominy, from the ranks of his own sex.

Such is Paton's account of the origin of the Montenegrin principality. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, in whose excellent work, "*Dalmatia and Montenegro*,"\* a detailed history of the Black Mountain is given, tells us that at the

\* *Dalmatia and Montenegro: with a Journey to Mostar, in Herzegovina, and Remarks on the Slavonic Nations; the History of Dalmatia and Ragusa; the Uscoos, &c., &c.* By Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, F.R.S., &c., &c., &c. 2 vols. John Murray.

time of the Servian Empire it was called Zeta or Zenta, and that at the fall of that empire "it preserved its independence under the rule of Prince George Balsha." According to the same authority, it was not Stephen who finally withdrew to the "Black Mountain," but Ivan, his eldest son, who being refused the assistance of Venice, abandoned not Scutari but Zsabliak, which had been the residence of himself and his predecessors, and retired to the mountain, where he founded the Convent of Tzetinie, the correct etymology of the Cettinje of the papers, and transferred the metropolitan see to the new capital. This took place in 1485; and Zsabliak, which has already played a part in the present campaign, has since that time continued to be a frontier town of Albania.

The family of Tzernoievich (Czernojevich of Paton) soon passed away. Pressed on the one side by Venetian, on the other by the Turkish influences; one brother, Andrew, surnamed the Valiant Arnaut, embracing Islamism, served in the armies of the Sultan to the shores of the Tigris, while George, who had succeeded his father, Ivan, having married a Venetian lady, of the family of Mocenigo, she prevailed upon him to retire with her to her native city. He, therefore, with the consent of the people, transferred the government of Montenegro to the hands of the spiritual chiefs, and withdrew to Venice in 1516. From that time the theocratic form of government has existed in Montenegro, and the spiritual and temporal powers have been vested in the Vladikas, or Prince Bishops, an office now hereditary in the house of Petrovich, but as every Vladika is consecrated bishop, and cannot marry, the succession always falls to a nephew, or some other of the family. This fact, Sir G. Wilkinson remarks, of the episcopal office being hereditary, is singular, considering the doctrines of Christians in regard to Apostolic succession. The existing Vladika, Prince Daniele Petrovich, on his return from Russia, where each Vladika is successively consecrated, in July, last year, read to the senate and people a note from the Russian government, to the effect that, in accordance with the wishes of the Montenegrins and of the senate, his Majesty the Emperor Nicholas had consented to Prince Daniele's not taking holy orders, and had further empowered him to appoint a bishop in his stead. There was formerly also a local governorship, but this was suppressed in 1832, in consequence of the then governor making an attempt to get the power into his hands, or, as some say, intending to betray the country to the Austrians.

When Sulaiman the Magnificent girt on the sword of empire, all Europe quaked again. In 1523, Montenegro was invaded, Tzetinie was delivered over to the flames, and all the strongholds were stormed by the Turks under the Pasha of Scutari. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who derived his materials for the history of Montenegro chiefly from the secretary of the Vladika, appears to have been misled by the latter to confound this invasion with one said to have been made in 1623 by one Sulaiman, Pasha of Scutari. The events of the reign of Sulaiman, Mr. Paton observes, upon this exploit, are remarkable; but if we look to the resolute character of the Montenegrin, and the almost inaccessible nature of their rocky fastnesses, there is, perhaps, no circumstance in the reign of this wonderful man that is more indicative of the pitch of military power to which his nation had arrived in the sixteenth century, than the conquest of the small, but far from insignificant, archbishoprick of Montenegro. But although the more exposed parts of this country were laid waste, these

hardy mountaineers so successfully harassed their formidable enemies, that they were soon obliged to abandon the country, and retire into Albania, after sustaining severe losses, with the glory of having conquered the Montenegrins, but the disgrace of not being able to hold their country.

A period of dark doubt and despair now followed in the mountain—the Montenegrins continued to be allied to the Venetians rather than to the Turks, and they were always ready to co-operate with the latter in their wars against the Porte. But still the Turks managed to obtain an influence in the country, not so much by force of arms, which availed them nothing, as by wily policy; and, according to Spencer, also by the seductive charms of Muhammedanism. Hence, as Islamism consolidated itself in the neighbouring kingdoms of Bosnia and Albania, numbers were also converted in the “Black Mountain” itself.

Paton justly remarks upon this, that in the fifteenth century, both the Latin and Greek uniforms of Christianity were evidently worn out; and the very same rottenness that made Slaavic Bosnia embrace Islamism without much murmuring, caused John Huss and Jerome of Prague, both Slavonians, to begin the complete religious refitting and reforming of Europe—one-half accepting Protestantism, the other half retaining the old Roman uniform. Now, as the consolidation of the Turkish power in Europe arose from the possession of Bosnia, that great bastion of mountains which juts so close on Germany, we may say that, altogether, the Slaaves, as destroyers of Rome (under Genseric), reformers of Rome, and renegades of Rome, have played a most conspicuous part in the history of the world.

In the seventeenth century, the conquest of Dalmatia by Venice, of Hungary by the Imperialists, and the train of events which preceded the treaty of Carlowitz, in 1696, gave general courage to the Christians; in that year Daniele Petrovich, of Niegowich, became archbishop, and from that time the spiritual power has been hereditary in his family, with an adequate political influence little short of temporal supremacy. This founder of a dynasty having been treacherously imprisoned by the Turks, he resolved to make a clean sweep of Islamism, and to that effect he selected a long dark Christmas night, the snow lying on the ground, when, by his order and arrangements a general massacre of the Moslems of Montenegro took place, and immediate baptism became the only means of escape.

In the year 1706, the Turks of Herzegovina attacked Montenegro; but this expedition met with a total defeat; and 157 Turks, who were taken prisoners, suffered the ignominy of being ransomed for the same number of pigs.

Oppressed, however, by the incessant attacks of a powerful enemy, and no longer protected by Venice, the Montenegrins soon afterwards sought the protection of Russia; and for this purpose, having declared themselves subjects of Peter the Great, they took the oath of allegiance to the Tsar, who in return promised them protection; while the Montenegrins, on their part, engaged to co-operate with the Russians in their wars against the Porte. A writer in the *Times* places the era of this event in 1796; but already, in 1711, the Montenegrins took up arms by order of Peter the Great, and made several incursions into the Turkish territory. This protectorate of Russia does not, however, appear to have

denied the sovereign rights of the Sultan, but rather to have been confined to the protection of the national Church; towards which a considerable annual contribution has been since made. Kohl estimates this contribution at 4000*l.* a year. But Russia contributes to the maintenance of the Greek Church almost everywhere throughout Turkey in Europe, and more especially in the Danubian Provinces. Even the principal Greek churches of Constantinople take pride in exhibiting to the visitor pictures, plate, and other donations of the Tsar.

In 1712 the "Black Mountain" was invaded by Ahmet Pasha at the head of 60,000 men, but the Turks were signally defeated. Another, and a still more formidable expedition, was sent, in 1714, under the Grand Vizir, Duman Pasha Kiuprili, who, in concert with the Pashas of Bosnia and Herzegovina, invaded Montenegro at the head of 120,000 men. This immense force made its way to Tzetinie, burnt the convent which had been rebuilt by the Vladika Daniele, pillaged and destroyed the villages, and laid waste the country with fire and sword. The war that followed between the Turks and Venetians alone saved the Montenegrins from further calamities; the country was abandoned by the invaders; and the fugitive mountaineers, returning from their places of concealment, rebuilt their villages, and were soon in a condition to act as allies of the Venetians. Many gallant deeds of arms are recorded of the Montenegrins, as performed during these Venetian wars; one of the most noted of which was in 1750, when Nikatz Tomanovich, with forty valiant companions, penetrated through a Turkish army of 20,000 men, killed the Kaiha Pasha, and succeeded, though desperately wounded, in cutting his way back with few surviving comrades.

Before the Turkish conquest of Montenegro, the vicinity of the Italian municipalities of the Adriatic, the communication with the sea, then open by way of Antivari, but above all, the contact with Venice, appeared to have kept Montenegro within the European family; but when all these countries were overrun by the Turks, their condition underwent an organic change, and circumscribed to their rocks, a ruder barbarism was unavoidable in a people hourly menaced with extermination. Always strangers to commerce, they retrograded from agriculture and feudalism to the more primitive state of the warrior, shepherd, and the republican member of a savage horde. Hence Europe, in the eighteenth century, seemed not to know that such a spot as Montenegro existed; and Montenegro was equally ignorant of the world beyond the lake of Scutari and the hills of Herzegovina. The reader may recollect a story in Gibbon's "Decline" of a priest who presented himself in Flanders as the Emperor Baldwin escaped from Constantinople, and, for some time, found his tale generally believed. The history of Montenegro in the last century presents a curious parallel to this circumstance. In 1767 an adventurer named Stephan Mali (little Stephen) arrived among the Montenegrins, with whom the story of Peter the Great's living at Saardam as a shipwright is a household tale, and passed himself off as the Russian Emperor Peter III.; who had been strangled by order of Catherine, in 1764. The manner in which this impostor imposed upon the credulity of the brave, but ignorant, mountaineers, even to turning the tables against Prince Dolgorouki, commissioned by Catherine to expose the adventurer, is amusingly told by Mr. Paton in his work on the "Highlands and Islands of the Adriatic." This comedy had, however, a very tragic



termination ; for the Turks were induced, by that spirit of arch-diplomacy which makes mountains of mole-hills, to look upon Stephen as a real Russian agent, and to invade the country at the head of 180,000 men under three different Vizirs (Pashas with three tails (Mushirs) were much more common in those days than at present), and the "Black Mountain" was once more ravaged and devastated, its metropolis again laid in ashes, and its people exterminated or driven to their usual rocky hiding-places. The Montenegrins were placed at further disadvantage on this occasion by the Venetians being hostile to them, and they were thus deprived of ammunition ; a single cartridge having, it is said, cost, during that war, a sequin.

The first historical connexion of Montenegro with Austria dates back to the Russo-Austrian war against the Turks in 1787-1791, when the Montenegrins, with 400 soldiers, under Major Vukassovich, made incursions into Albania, pillaged several villages, and defied the Turks within their own territories. A writer, speaking of this epoch, says : "In 1791 it (Montenegro) still formed part of the Turkish Empire, for by the treaty of Sistow between Austria and the Porte, it was expressly stipulated that none of the inhabitants of Montenegro should be disquieted, molested, or punished for having declared against 'their proper sovereign.'" Another writer in the *Times* says upon this, that "the attempt which has been made to show that the territory of Montenegro was placed in absolute dependence on Turkey by the treaty of Sistow, in 1791, is, in our opinion, quite untenable. For the very same article of that treaty which touches Montenegro, includes also Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia, all provinces which, as is well known, have long paid only a qualified tribute and allegiance to the Porte." The latter writer is undoubtedly quite right. Montenegro had stood for the greater lapse of time in the unenviable position of an independent district within an acknowledged territory. It has struggled more incessantly and with greater success against the Osmanlis than either Moldavia, Wallachia, or Servia, and its allegiance to the Porte has never been established *de facto*, or acknowledged by the Montenegrins.

These gallant mountaineers themselves give quite a different story of the treaty of Sistow, or Sistovo. They declare that the two powers omitting to stipulate for their independence (indeed, it is acknowledged that they only stipulated that they should not be punished for having declared against "their proper sovereign"), left them to be invaded by the Turks, and to resist as best they could. And nobly, indeed, did they maintain their freedom against the overwhelming power of the Porte ; after having resisted every attempt to induce them to acknowledge its authority over their country.

The battle, Sir Gardner Wilkinson tells us, which was fought upon this occasion with the Pasha of Scutari, was the most glorious and decisive of all that ever took place between the Montenegrins and the Turks ; it established the independence of Montenegro ; and the moral effect, both in that country and in Turkey, has continued to the present day. The Montenegrins were commanded by their late Vladika, Pietro Petrovich.

"Having chosen a favourable spot for opposing the enemy, he posted 5000 men in a difficult pass, with orders to distribute their red Fez caps over the rocks, to light numerous fires at night, and to do everything to

make the Turks believe the whole army was before them, whilst he led the main body, by a forced march, to their rear. Next morning the Turks advanced to force the pass; but the difficult nature of the ground, the narrowness of the way that led up the steep ascent, and the firmness of those who defended it, made superiority of numbers of no avail; and the front and flanking fire of 5000 good marksmen kept the whole force of the enemy at bay until noon, when the Vladika, attacking them in the rear, decided the fate of the battle. The Turks, now no longer assailants, were obliged to defend themselves between their two foes, and, after an obstinate fight of three days and two nights, were nearly all cut to pieces. Thirty thousand Turks were killed, and among them the Pasha of Albania, Kara Mahmud Bushatlia whose head was cut off, and is still kept at Tzetinie, as a trophy of the victory. The effect of this defeat has never been forgotten by the Turks; no similar expedition has since been sent against Montenegro; and the interest frequently made to obtain the head of the pasha shows how sensitive they are to the disgrace."

Of all the feats of arms, however, that have conferred distinction of the Montenegrins, the assistance given to Russia in the attack on Ragusa, the capture of Curzola, and their successful combats single-handed against the French under Marmont, undoubtedly stand pre-eminent. It was only when the grasping genius of Napoleon forcibly took possession of Venice and her dependencies in the Adriatic, that the allied powers became fully aware of the value and importance of a warlike principality like that of Montenegro. An eye-witness of this campaign, M. Broniewski, says: "The best French *voltigeurs* on the advanced posts were always destroyed by them; and the enemy's generals found it more advantageous to remain under the cover of their cannon." Again: "Their extraordinary boldness frequently triumphed over the skill of the experienced bands of the French. Attacking the columns of the enemy in front and flank, and acting separately, without any other system than the inspirations of personal courage, they were not afraid of the terrible battalion fire of the French infantry."

Still more interesting to us, as English, is the fact that we also occupy a page in Montenegrin history. It was in conjunction with the English, that the Montenegrins succeeded in obtaining possession of the admirable port and strong fortress of Cattaro, which, according to a treaty with their Vladika, was henceforth to form a part of their territory, and which they constituted the capital of Montenegro. But this did not suit the views of Austria, and by one of the articles of the Congress of Vienna in 1814, Cattaro, with the other dependencies of despoiled Venice, was handed over to that power; hence, when the whole of Europe enjoyed the blessings of peace, Cattaro sustained a murderous siege, and it was not till the mountaineers had expended their last cartridge against the Austrians, and saw before them the horrors of starvation, that they surrendered.

The Piesma, or Bardic Poems of the Tchernagori, according to Mr. Spencer ("Travels in European Turkey," vol. i., p. 398), describing the siege, and the treachery of the allied powers, pathetically appeal to their old comrades, the Ingleski—the lions of the sea—to come to their assistance, and cause the treaty with their Vladika to be respected. England responded not, and the mountaineers had no other alternative but sub-

mission. They made, it is true, several ineffectual attempts to recover possession of a port which brought them in direct communication with the civilisation of the west, so necessary to the prosperity of their little state.

The Turks, on the other hand, were constantly trying to subjugate this unfortunate people, abandoned first by the Venetians, then by the English, bereft of their only seaport by the Austrians, and only nominally befriended by Russia. In 1832 the Porte possessed a daring general in Reshid Pasha, the conqueror of the Kurds, Bosnians, and Albanians. He was instructed to direct the whole of his forces—tried soldiers, and accustomed to victory—against the Montenegrins. He had, however, opposed to him the late Vladika, Pietro Petrovich, worthy, by his gallantry, of being placed by the side of the “Black Prince” of Tchernagora, Ivan Tchernoiovich, or of his own great ancestor, the Vladika Petrovich Niegowich, and who took his measures so effectually that he successively defeated Reshid Pasha at the pass of the Moratsha, and Namik Ali Pasha at the defile of the Martinichi, with immense slaughter.

Since that signal disaster the Turks have not till the present day attempted a regular invasion of the “Black Mountain.” Hostilities, it is true, have never ceased; the Montenegrins sometimes invading the enemy’s territory, sometimes repelling inroads of the Turks, but they have all been of minor importance, except the fall of Grahovo and the capture of the island of Vranina, which was taken by surprise, during a truce, by the Albanians.

In 1840 the Austrians forced hostilities upon the Montenegrins, by endeavouring to take forcible possession of some disputed territory near Budua. Upon this occasion the Austrians were defeated; and that, too, not in the mountain fastnesses of Tchernagora. The contest was for a piece of land which the Austrians had occupied in the neighbourhood of Kopatz, to the north-east of Castel Lastua, and the battle took place at Pastovicchio, near the frontier of Tzernitza.

The Vladika, however, fearful of the results of a war with so powerful a state as Austria, invoked the good offices of the Emperor of Russia, and the matter was amicably settled by the disputed territory being ceded for an equivalent in money. But in order the better to secure the coveted littoral of Montenegro, the three forts of Mount Kopatz, St. Spiridion, and Pressick were erected; and in order still more effectually to exclude the Montenegrins from Dalmatia, the Austrians purchased from them the Greek convent of Stanievich, which had been given to Montenegro by the Venetians.

In these acquisitions lie the whole secret of the present active interference of the Austrians in the affairs of Montenegro. That power never took a step to ward off the invasions and devastations of the Turks under Sulaiman, Ahmet Pasha, Duman Pasha Kiuprili, Kara Mahmud Bushatlea, or Kurd Reshid Pasha. On the contrary, after availing themselves of the hereditary hatred entertained by the Montenegrins for the Turks, in the war of 1787-1791, they left them unprotected to continue the struggle in the defence of their nationality and religion, of their very existence on the face of the earth. But the possession of the whole littoral of Montenegro has given quite a new aspect to Austro-Montenegrin politics.

"We cannot but admire," says Mr. Spencer, "the heroic bravery, constancy of purpose, and devotedness of the Christian tribes of Albania and Servia, who, on the destruction of all that is dear to a high-minded and patriotic people, their altars, and fatherland, found a secure retreat in the fastnesses of their native mountains, and continued for centuries to maintain their wild independence, in spite of every effort of the Ottoman Porte, even in its best days, to subdue them; and now that the Turkish government has commenced the difficult task of reforming the abuses of centuries, this very circumstance tends to retard the progress of improvement, and prevents the tranquillisation of this important portion of the Turkish Empire. At the same time, it affords a constant pretext for Austria and Russia, under the plea of religious obligation, to interfere with the internal administration of the country. The free tribes of Upper Albania, the Murridenti, Malasori, and Klementi, who inhabit the adjoining mountains of this singular country, profess the Latin ritual, rely on Austria, as a Roman Catholic power, for protection. On the other hand, their neighbours, the Tchernagori (Montenegrins), who adhere to the Greek form of worship, look up to the Tsar of Russia as their natural chief."

Sir Gardner Wilkinson remarks, in a similar spirit, that hemmed in as the Montenegrins are, by their enemies the Turks, it was natural that they should seek the good-will, and even the protection, of some powerful state; and it must be confessed, as Colonel Vialla observes (vol. i., p. 385), that they could scarcely doubt whether to apply to Austria or Russia. The similarity of religious doctrines sufficed to make them decide in favour of the latter. If the Vladika had preferred serving the interests of Austria, he would soon have been tormented by the high ecclesiastical authorities of Vienna, who would have tried to subject him to their formidable supremacy, and perhaps to oblige him by degrees to conform to the Roman rites; or at least to draw over many of the priesthood, allured by the favours of a jealous court. Besides, the immediate vicinity of the Austrian troops was more dangerous to the independence of Montenegro than the remote position of Russia; all which considerations could only induce the Vladika to take the measures he has adopted.

The Austrians have then no plea of religious obligation in protecting Montenegro in a war with Turkey. The close alliance established between Austria and Russia, by the late war in Hungary, may, however, have given ample grounds for the Austrians taking the place of the Russians in defending Montenegro from actual invasion. Their immediate proximity to the seat of war reveals the advantages of such an arrangement, while the recent acquisition of the littoral of Montenegro would give them a personal interest in such a movement quite independent of any religious feeling. Even a part of the mountain, on the renowned ascent from Cattaro to Tzetinie, has been ceded to the Austrians some years back for a pecuniary consideration.

Paton has given a picturesque description of this pass. "We now," he writes, "began the ascent of the celebrated ladder of Cattaro, to which the ladder of Tyre is a joke, being the most remarkable road I ever ascended. The Vellebetch is a curious road for carriages; but to ascend a face of rock 4000 feet high, and very little out of the perpendicular, was certainly a trial to the nerves. There could not be less than fifty zigzags, one over the other, and, seen from above, the road looks like a coil of ropes. As we passed one tower of the fortress after an-

other, the whole region of Cattaro was seen as from a balloon; the ships were visible only by their decks; and I do not overstrain description when I say that, arrived at the top, although we were very little out of the perpendicular above Cattaro, the human figures in the bright yellow gravelled quay were such faint black specs that the naked eye could scarce perceive them; so that the independence of Montenegro ceases to be a riddle to whomsoever ascends this road."

As to the Montenegrins themselves, the Austrians detest them. "That the Austrians," says Sir G. Wilkinson, "should have a prejudice against the Montenegrins, is very natural. They are troublesome neighbours; and their robberies give just cause of complaint. Besides, their wild and savage habits render them disagreeable, both as friends and foes; and during the encounter with the Austrians in 1840, that quiet, well-behaved people were justly shocked at their barbarous enemies treating them like Turks, and decapitating every soldier that fell into their hands."

The following anecdote, in illustration of their Dyak-like propensity, is related by the same authority. Two Austrian riflemen, finding themselves hard pressed by some of the advancing Montenegrins, and despairing of escape, threw themselves down on the ground, pretending to be dead. The Montenegrins immediately ran to the nearest one, and supposing him to be killed, cut off his head; when the other, seeing it was of *no use to be dead*, started up, and rushed headlong down precipices, thinking it better to have any number of bruises than fall into the hands of so relentless an enemy.

Vialla (vol. i., p. 145) speaks of the same mode of treating the French they killed or captured. General Delgorgues, when taken in an ambuscade outside the walls of Ragusa, was instantly decapitated; and during the siege of Castel Nuovo, four Montenegrins amused themselves by playing at bowls with the heads of four Frenchmen, exclaiming, every now and then, "See how capitally these French heads roll!" a cruel piece of irony, adds Vialla, "in allusion to the *légèreté* attributed to us."

Nor are the Montenegrins always very agreeable allies. Brouiewski relates that, at the attack of Clobuk, a little detachment of troops was obliged to retreat, an officer of stout-make, and no longer young, fell on the ground from exhaustion. A Montenegrin perceiving it, ran immediately to him, and, having drawn his yatagan, said: "*You are very brave, and must wish that I should cut off your head: say a prayer, and make the sign of the cross.*" It is almost needless to say that the stout officer, horrified at the proposition, made an effort to rise, and rejoined his comrades with the assistance of the friendly Montenegrin.

Several times have the Austrians contemplated invading and subduing the Black Mountaineers, and they have even entertained a project of employing the Tyrolese for that purpose. The protection given to the Montenegrins at the present moment against the Turks is, then, that of the lion and the jackal. Should the mission of Count Leiningen to the Porte be successful, the *status quo* may yet be preserved awhile; but it is not likely. In the first place, the Turks have gone too far to recede easily, and Mussulmen are obstinate; and in the second, events may take place before diplomatic interference can prevail, which may place the progress of affairs beyond the immediate control of cabinets. However unnatural the condition of the Christian provinces of Turkey in Europe, balloted about between Turks and Russians and Austrians, still, on their

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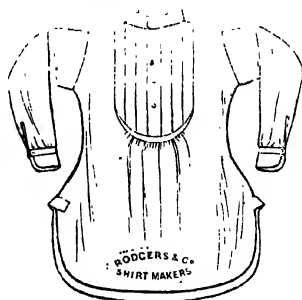
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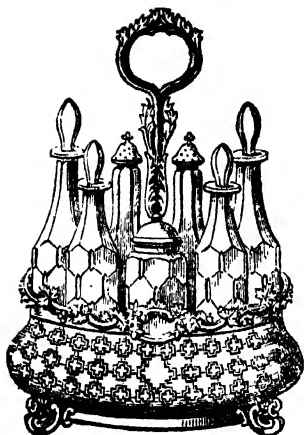
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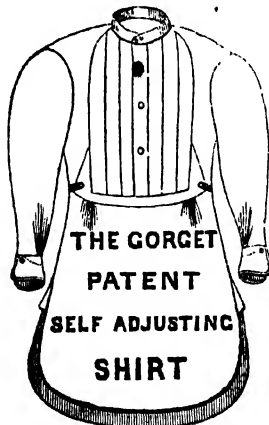
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# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. CI.]

JULY, 1854.

[NO. CCCCHII.]

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*To whom all Communications for the Editor are to be addressed.*

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"Sir,—I have the honour of addressing you my warmest thanks for your attention in forwarding me your work on the chemical composition and properties, as well as the medicinal effects, of various kinds of Cod Liver Oil.

"You have rendered an essential service to science by your researches, and your efforts to provide sufferers with this medicine in its purest and most genuine state must ensure you the gratitude of every one who stands in need of its use.

"I have the honour of remaining, with expressions of the highest regard and esteem,  
"Giessen, Oct. 30, 1847.

"Yours sincerely,

"To Dr. De Jongh, at the Hague."

(Signed)

"**DR. JUSTUS LIEBIG.**

The late **Dr. JONATHAN PEREIRA**, Professor at the University of London, Author of the "Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics," &c., &c.

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"I feel, however, some diffidence in venturing to fulfil your request by giving you my opinion of the quality of the oil of which you gave me a sample; because I know that no one can be better, and few so well, acquainted with the physical and chemical properties of this medicine as yourself, whom I regard as the highest authority on the subject.

"I can, however, have no hesitation about the propriety of responding to your application. The oil which you gave me was of the very finest quality, whether considered with reference to its colour, flavour, or chemical properties; and I am satisfied that, for medicinal purposes, no finer oil can be procured.

"With my best wishes for your success, believe me, my dear sir, to be very faithfully yours,  
(Signed)

"**JONATHAN PEREIRA.**

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# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## THE LION-KILLER OF ALGERIA.

M. JULES GERARD is one of those extraordinary men who seem to have sprung from the French occupation of Algeria. In his own particular department, he can only be compared to the Changarniers, the Cavaignacs, the Lamoricères, the St. Arnauds—the *élite* of the African army in theirs. Still in the prime of life, he is in military rank only a lieutenant of Spahis ; but as *le tueur de Lions* his reputation has spread all over Europe and Africa; the Arabs go in quest of him from the most remote duars or encampments, in order to enlist his services against their most formidable enemy. Travellers and romancers have vied with one another in giving currency to his exploits. We are not quite sure if the inimitable Dumas does not boast of having shared a *cotelette de lion* with the African chasseur.

We grieve to find that so resolute a lion-exterminator complains of wear of constitution by toil, privation, fatigue, exposure, and excitement. "My limbs," he tells us, "are no longer supple, my rifle weighs heavily in my hands, my breathing is oppressed on ascending the most trifling eminence—my eyes alone have remained good. The whole machine has worn itself out in the field of honour; may you one day be able to say as much. But I shall nevertheless go on to the end, too happy if Saint Hubert grants me the favour of dying in the claws and the jaws of a lion."\*

M. Jules Gerard has, according to his own account, spent six hundred nights alone in the African wilderness, exploring the ravines most favoured by the king of beasts, or waiting at the most frequented passes and fords; he has in that time only seen twenty-five lions. Such a encounter is not a thing of every day; it requires a vast fund of assiduity, endurance, and perseverance, and not the least curious part of such devoted enmity to the lion tribe is its origin—one which a traveller in the East can almost alone be expected to sympathise with.

The spirit of the "Lion-Killer" was of that select nature which cannot bear to succumb before man or animal—the very proof of this is his readiness on the other hand to bow down before the Creator, or to worship him through Saint Hubert—his patron saint. But he could not bear to be called a *dog of a Christian*. He saw that the Arabs were courageous—far more so than it is given to Europeans to be—but he saw also that they looked with supreme contempt and the most insufferable disdain at their French conquerors, and this he could not tolerate. He

\* La Chasse au Lion et les autres Chasses de l'Algérie, par Jules Gérard, précédées d'une introduction par M. Léon Bertrand, Directeur du Journal des Chasseurs.



became resolved to teach them that a Frenchman could do what they could not—attack and slay a lion single-handed, by night, alone:

Already at that time (he says, on an occasion when he was applied to by the people of Mahuna to disembarass the tribe of a family of lions who had taken up their summer quarters in their territory, and who much abused the rights of hospitality) I had spent upwards of a hundred nights alone and without shelter, sometimes seated at the bottom of a ravine frequented by lions, at others beating the pathless woods.

I had met with troops of marauders and with lions, and with the help of God and of Saint Hubert I had always got through successfully.

Only experience had taught me that two balls seldom sufficed to kill an adult lion, and every time that I started on a fresh excursion, I remembered, whether I liked it or not, that such a night appeared too long, either because I was overtaken by an attack of fever which made my hand shake, when I bade it be firm, or that some sudden storm had broken over me, at the most inopportune moment, and had prevented me seeing aught around me for hours together, and that at the very moment when the roar of a lion answered to the rolling of the thunder, and that so close to me, that I looked upon one flash of lightning as a piece of good luck, for which, could it only have been prolonged a moment, I would have given half the blood that flowed in my veins.

And yet I cherished this loneliness—I sought it out of spirit of nationality, in order to lower the hateful pride of the Arabs, whom I was happy to see humble themselves before a Frenchman, not so much for the services which he rendered them gratuitously, and at the peril of his life, but because he accomplished by himself that which they did not dare to do in numbers.

Thus, not only was every lion that fell a matter of wonder to them, but still less could they understand how a stranger could venture alone, and at night, in those ravines which the people of the country avoided even by broad daylight.

In the eyes of the Arabs, brave in war, brave everywhere, except in the presence of the master who they say holds his force from the Creator, the hunter did not require to awaken the duars of the mountain by a distant explosion in order to obtain a triumph.

It was sufficient that he should leave his tent at the fall of night, and that he should return at break of day safe and well.

It will be easily understood that the existence of this feeling among the Arabs made it a law with me to continue in the career which I had marked out for myself, and that it was even of great help to me against emotions which were sometimes all-powerful, and against, I am not ashamed to add, the anguish of solitude by night in a country bristling with dangers of all kinds.

The national pride which had made me enter upon this career, once satisfied by repeated successes, I might have allowed myself to be accompanied by a few men, of great courage and devotedness, whose presence alone would have rendered my task one of less irksomeness; but I had so excited myself in favour of these nocturnal expeditions, face to face with my rifle, that it often happened to me to pass my night in the woods, even when I had no hopes of meeting a lion, wandering at haphazard till day would break upon me, far away from my tent, harassed with fatigue, stumbling from sleepiness, and yet proud of the manner I had passed my time, pleased with myself, and ready to begin again in the evening.

I scarcely believe that one of my readers will understand this impulse, for I doubt that I could have sympathised with it myself until I had experienced it.

Should one of my numerous brethren of Saint Hubert come with me from evening till morning, for a whole month, in these savage glens which seem to be made for lions only, and should he have the good fortune to hear that magisterial voice which imposes silence and dread on all created beings, that man would certainly experience emotions which were before unknown

to him ; but still the presence of a fellow-creature by his side would prevent his feeling, or even understanding, what is experienced by the hunter who is completely isolated.

From the moment that the first stars twinkle in the heavens, till break of day, the latter is obliged to be perpetually on the look-out ; to perceive and to distinguish every noise, to decide at once if he does not mistake stones for marauders, or marauders for stones ; to penetrate with his eyes the thickness of the forest and the gloom that hangs over his pathway ; to stop and listen, to be sure that he is not followed ; in one word, to remember that he is momentarily in danger of death, without hope of assistance ; and, as a sequence, he is always in a state of excitement, and yet ready to fight with that calmness and steadiness which do not always save him in so unequal a struggle, but without which he is lost, without a chance or a resource.

Such are the very things that aroused in me the passion for hunting lions by night, and alone.

If among the sportsmen for whom I have written these lines there should be one who would wish to enter the lists ; to make him understand the pleasures which may indemnify him for the moral and physical fatigues which any one following such a pursuit must of necessity be exposed to ; I should say to such an one, "The lists are open to all, have yourself bravely inscribed !

"But away with all traps and pitfalls, all ambuscades, as practised by the Arabs !

"Away with all daylight hunting and the presence of witnesses before whom you dare not be afraid !

"Wait for night, and at the first roar of the lion, be off, but alone and on foot !

"If you do not find the lion, begin again next night, if you can, and then another, till your expedition has had a conclusion.

"If you come back from it, which I earnestly desire may be the case, so that I may give up my place to you, I promise you, in return for what you shall have gone through—in the first place, for the future an utter indifference to death, with whom you will be always ready to make an alliance, whatever may be the form under which he shall present himself ; in the second, the esteem, the affection, the gratitude, and even more, of a multitude of people who are, and who will remain hostile to all of your country and your religion ; and, lastly, reminiscences which will give youth to your old age.

"If you do not return, which will grieve me both on your own account and mine, you may be sure, that at the spot where the Arabs shall find your remains, they will raise—not a mausoleum, as they say with us—but a heap of stones, on the top of which they will place broken pottery, rusty iron, a stray cannon-ball, a heap of things which with them take the place of an epitaph, and signify : *Here perished a man.*

"You must understand that, with the Arabs, it is not sufficient to cultivate a pair of mustachoes, or have a hirsute chin, to be a *man*, and that with them such an epitaph means a great deal more than many a well-set phrase. I only know that, as far as I am personally concerned, I wish for no other."

Before we describe in the words of the "Lion-Killer" how he dealt with the monarch of the wilderness, it will be well to say something as to how the Arabs vanquish this most formidable enemy to their flocks ; and this again must be precluded by a few words concerning the lion itself. It appears, then, from the experiences obtained by M. Jules Gerard, that lions are much more numerous than lionesses ; hence it is not an uncommon thing to meet one of these ladies accompanied by three or four pretenders, who ever and anon indulge in a little skirmish, until disgusted at seeing none of these gallants bite the dust in her cause, the lioness conducts the trio into the presence of some great old lion, whose courage she has appreciated by hearing him roar.

The lovers resign themselves bravely to the combat, and arrive with the lioness in presence of their formidable rival.

No discussion takes place ; the results of such a meeting are infallible. Attacked by the three pretenders, the old lion receives them without moving a step ; with the first bite he kills one, with the second he grinds a leg of another, and the third may think himself well off if he gets away with one eye, leaving the other in the claws of the conqueror.

When two grown-up lions meet under similar circumstances matters take a different turn :

Muhammad, great hunter of all kinds of animals except lions, was, one fine moonlight night, perched upon an oak waiting for a hind he had seen in company with some stags. The tree upon which he had posted himself stood in the midst of an extensive glade, and close by a pathway.

About midnight he saw a lioness arrive, followed by a yellow lion with full mane. The lioness left the pathway and came and laid down at the foot of the oak ; the lion remained upright, and seemed to listen.

Muhammad then heard a distant roaring—so distant as to be scarcely perceptible, but the lioness answered it. The lion then began to roar so lustily that the terrified Arab let his gun fall whilst laying hold of the branches to prevent himself from tumbling down from the tree.

As the animal which had first been heard roared nearer, the lioness roared still more loudly, whilst the lion paced backwards and forwards, looking now and then furiously at the lioness, as if to impose silence on her and then turning round, as if to say, " Well, come—I am waiting for you."

At the expiration of an hour, a lion black as aboa (the lion with a black mane appears, as in Southern Africa, to be stronger and more ferocious than the lion with a yellow mane) made his appearance in the glade. The lioness rose up to meet him, but the lion at once placed himself between her and the new comer. Both stooped to take their spring, bounded simultaneously against one another, and then rolled upon the green-ward in the midst of the glade, to rise no more.

The struggle was long and frightful to behold by the involuntary witness of this duel.

Whilst bones were cracking under the powerful jaws of these terrible adversaries, their claws were tearing out their entrails, which lay palpitating on the grass, and stifled angry moans spoke at once of their passion and their sufferings.

The lioness had lain down on her belly from the beginning of the combat to the end ; and she testified by wagging the tip of her tail how much pleasure she experienced at seeing these two lions destroying one another for her sake.

When all was over she cautiously approached the two bodies to smell them, after which she slowly took her way to other districts, without condescending to reply to the rather coarse epithet which Muhammad could not prevent himself, for want of a ball, applying to her, and not without some justifiable reasons.

What De Balzac was to the Parisians, M. Jules Gerard is to the lionesses. This example of conjugal infidelity applies itself, he tells us, to the whole sex. Yet nothing can exceed the cares and the attentions of the wedded lion. He always walks behind his lady ; if she stops, he stops also. If they arrive at a *duar* which is to furnish supper she lies down, whilst he bravely throws himself over the inclosure, and brings her whatever he has selected as most worthy of her ; nor does he venture to eat himself till she has satisfied her appetite. Such attentions deserve a better fate. When a lioness is about to cub, she repairs to some isolated and little-frequented ravine. The lion keeps watch at a short distance. The cubs, especially the females, suffer much from dentition, and many

perish at that time. The Arabs also try to capture the lion cubs, watching for a moment when the parents are away. This is a feat not unaccompanied by danger; witness the following anecdote:

In the month of March, 1840, a lioness cubbed in a wood called Al Guala, situated in the mountain of Maziyun, among the Zirdasah. The chief of the country, Zaidan, summoned Sidak ban Umbark, shaikh of the tribe of Bani Fural, his neighbour; and on the day appointed thirty men of each tribe met on the Maziyun by break of day.\*

The sixty Arabs, after having surrounded the bush in every direction, hurrahed lustily, and seeing no lioness make its appearance, they pushed into the cover, and captured two cubs.

They were returning noisily, thinking that they had nothing further to apprehend from the mother, when Shaikh Sidak, who had remained a little behind, saw her coming out of the wood and making right towards him.

He hastened to call his nephew, Maka-ud, and his friend, Ali ban Ibrahim, who ran to his assistance. The lioness, instead of attacking the shaikh, who was on horseback, rushed upon the nephew, who was on foot.

The latter waited for her without flinching, and only pulled his trigger when the animal was upon him. The old weapon flashed in the pan. Maka-ud then threw down his gun, and presented his left arm to the lioness wrapped in his burnus. The latter seized it and ground it to pieces, whilst the gallant young fellow, without recoiling a step, or uttering a single groan, seized a pistol which he carried under his burnus, and obliged the lioness to let go, by putting two balls into its belly.

A moment afterwards the lioness threw herself upon Ali ban Ibrahim, who sent a ball into her throat with little effect; he was seized by the shoulders and thrown down; his right hand was ground to atoms, several ribs were laid bare, and he only owed his safety to the death of the lioness, which expired over his body.

Ali ban Ibrahim survived this adventure, but a lame and useless man; Maka-ud died twenty-four days afterwards.

The cubs begin to attack sheep or goats that stray into their neighbourhood by the time they are from eight months to a year old. Sometimes they even try a cow, but they are so unskillful that often ten are wounded for one killed, and the father is obliged to lend a helping paw.

It is not, indeed, till they are two years of age that young lions know how to strangle a camel, a horse, or an ox, with a single grasp at their throats, or to bound over the hedges about a couple of yards in height, which are supposed to protect the duars.

At this period of their life lions are truly ruinous to the Arabs. They kill not only to obtain food, but to learn to kill. It can be easily understood what such an apprenticeship must cost to those who have to furnish the elements. The lions are adult at eight years of age; the male has then a full mane, and the Arabs distinguish the chief with a black mane, *al adriya*, the most formidable of all; the yellow lion, *al asfur*; and the grey lion, *al zarzuri*. The yellow and grey lions wander over wide tracts of country, but the black lion has been known to reside for thirty years in the same spot. Lions do not feed by day—the time at which

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\* The Arabic of Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco (*Mughribu-l-Aksa* and *Mughribu-l-Ausat*, whence our word *Moors*) differs materially from that of Egypt and Arabia Proper; hence we have adopted, when available, Count Græber's vocabulary, published in the seventh volume of the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society. The French write *el* for *al*, the; *oun* for *un*, as in *ain*, *ayun*, spring, springs; *cheik* for *shaikh*; *douar* for *dwær*, encampment; *Ouled* for *U'lut* tribe; and *oued* for *wad*, a river, plural *audiyah*, rivers; or in Morocco, *widan*.

travellers have passed such, or met with them with impunity. At night-time such a rencounter would, our experienced hunter asserts, be most assuredly fatal to any one except to so practised a shot as M. Jules Gerard himself, or to so gallant a sportsman as Mr. Gordon Cumming :

Some years before the occupation of Constantine by the French, among the prisoners in the town there were two condemned to death, two brothers, who were to be executed the next morning.

These men were ham-stringers on the highway, and many traits of their strength and daring were related. The Bey, fearing an evasion, had had a foot of each united in the same iron shackle, and this riveted on the flesh.

No one knows how it happened, but certain it is, that when the executioner presented himself in the morning, the prison was empty.

In the mean time, after many ineffectual attempts to rid themselves of their horrible shackle, the two brothers had taken to the open country, to avoid all untoward rencounters.

When the day broke they hid themselves among the rocks, and when night came they continued their journey. About midnight they met with a lion.

The two robbers began by throwing stones at him, shouting at the same time as lustily as they could, to endeavour to frighten him, but the animal couched himself before them and never moved.

Finding that insults and opprobrious epithets were of no avail, the brothers had then recourse to prayers ; but the lion bounded upon them, threw them down, and without further to do set to work eating up the elder by the side of his brother, who simulated death.

When he came to the leg that was held by the shackle, the lion, feeling an obstacle, he cut it off below the knee. This done, being satisfied or thirsty, he took himself off to a neighbouring spring. Thinking that the lion would come back the moment he had satisfied his thirst, the poor devil who remained behind sought for some place to hide himself ; and, luckily, finding a hole, he dragged himself and his brother's leg into it. Shortly afterwards he heard the lion roar passionately, and pass several times near the hole in which he was hid. At last day broke, and the animal went away.

At the moment when the unfortunate man was getting out of his hole, he found himself in presence of several of the Bey's horsemen, who were on the look-out for the lost prisoners. One of them took him up behind, and he was conveyed back to prison.

The Bey not being able to credit the story as related to him, he ordered the man to be brought before him, still dragging with him his brother's leg. Notwithstanding his reputation for cruelty, Ahmed Bey, on seeing the man, ordered his shackles to be let loose, and set him at liberty.

M. Jules Gerard calculates that every lion consumes annually, horses, mules, camels, oxen and sheep, to the value of 300*l*. The thirty lions, he says, which in the present day are to be met with in the province of Constantine, and which will be replaced by others from Tunis or Marocco, cost annually 4000*l*. The Arab who pays five francs taxes to the state, pays fifty francs to the lion. These poor people have burnt down half the woods in Algeria to rid themselves of these destructive neighbours. The authorities have inflicted heavy fines for such destruction of forests ; but the Arabs have clubbed together to pay the fines, and continue to fire the woods.

The most striking features in the lion's character are, according to our experienced lion-killer, idleness, impassibility, and audacity. As to his magnanimity, he is no believer in such a thing, which is, indeed, opposed to the animal's instincts—the more powerful as they are uncontrolled by any counteracting influences, save satiety, indifference, or caution. The

Arab proverb says, "When you start for a journey, do not go alone, and arm yourself as if you were going to meet a lion."

The Arabs, according to M. Jules Gerard, have found by experience that the gun alone is a means of destruction more dangerous for man than for a lion, so they have adopted snares instead; but it is manifest that snares to catch lions must have been in use before even guns were invented.

The snare most in use is the pit. During the spring, summer, and autumn months, the Arabs can establish their duar at some twenty or thirty miles from the lion-frequented mountains and forests; but in winter they are obliged to come nearer to both for fuel and shelter. This is a period when the lions enjoy themselves exceedingly. The Arabs, too lazy to work themselves, get the Kabyles to come and dig a pit for them in the very centre of the duar, which generally contains from ten to thirty tents. The pit is then surrounded by branches, piled up to a height of about six or seven feet, and the cattle are placed at night within the tents, as near the pit as possible. When a lion comes he vaults over the outer enclosure of the duar, and then bounding among the cattle tumbles into the pit, "where, roaring with anger, and disappointment, he will be insulted and ill-treated, he whose imposing voice made the plain and the mountain tremble; he will die a miserable death, assassinated by cowards, by women and children."

When an event like this takes place, the whole duar rises in a mass, the women scream, the men fire away to communicate the intelligence to their neighbours, the children and dogs make a horrible noise; every one is almost delirious with joy, for every one has some loss or other to avenge. There is no more sleeping that night, fires are lit, a sheep is killed, the cuscussu is got ready, there are nothing but arrivals and feasting.

As to the lion, he makes one or two terrific bounds to clear the pit, but finding that this is impossible, he resigns himself to his fate. He hears all this noise—he knows that he is lost—that he will die there an inglorious death, incapable of defending himself; but he will receive insults and balls alike, without wincing, without a murmur.

When day comes the women and children begin to throw stones and abuse their captive enemy—the women are especially active in the latter department; then the men begin to fire balls at the noble beast, who, after he has received some dozen in his body without stirring or uttering a single moan, lifts up his fine majestic head to cast one long look of contempt at his enemies, and then lays down to die.

After the *zubiya* or pit, comes the *malbida* or hiding-places, which are of two kinds; a pit covered with branches of trees, stones, and earth, large enough to contain several men, and with holes left to fire out of, in the direction of a recently killed animal, put there as a bait; and a large old tree, in which several men can hide themselves, and fire away in safety.

There are, however, some tribes who hunt the lion openly, but in numbers, and they have a certain set of signals understood only by one another. The lion never hesitates to attack them, even if they are thirty in number; and he is seldom killed without one of the number falling a victim to his prowess, or several leaving portions of their flesh

in the claws of the expiring animal. A lion, it is to be observed, is always more dangerous at the moment of death than at any other time.

Thus, at the moment of action, if he can reach one of his adversaries before he is wounded, he contents himself with overthrowing him as an obstacle, and the man, if he is covered with a good burnus, often escapes with a few scratches. But if he has received one or more balls, he kills or tears to pieces the first he seizes, or sometimes he will carry him off in his mouth, shaking him till he perceives other assailants, whom he attacks in their turn.

But when he is seriously hurt, struck to death for example, and he gets hold of an assailant, he draws him under him, squeezing him in his powerful grasp; and after having placed the victim's face under his eyes, he appears, like a cat with a mouse, to rejoice in his agony.

Whilst his claws tear away deliberately the flesh from his victim, his flaming eyeballs are fixed on him till he is so fascinated by the look that he neither dares to cry nor moan. From time to time the lion passes his great rough tongue over the face of the moribund, frowns at him, and shows his teeth.

Under such circumstances, as a number firing may involve the death of the man as well as that of the lion, the Arabs always depute one of their number, generally a near relative to the victim, to fire into the lion at the muzzle end of his gun. If the lion is exhausted, he grinds the head of the man that is beneath him the moment he sees the barrel of the gun lowered towards his ear, closes his eyes, and waits the fatal blow; but if, on the contrary, he can still act, he hastens to kill the victim in his grasp, only to spring upon the adventurous hunter who has dared to come to his succour. The duty which thus devolves upon a near relative among the Arabs is of the most perilous description; for as the lion remains couched over his victim it is impossible to form a correct estimate as to his condition, and the new assailant may be torn to pieces before he has even time to fire his gun, still less can any assistance be given to him, although his companions are standing ready only a few paces off.

It was absolutely necessary to understand the character of the African lion, and the difficulty which the Arabs experience in exterminating their most formidable enemy, to appreciate the prowess of the Algerian lion-killer. Should any of our readers experience a qualm of incredulity, we advise them to keep it to themselves, for the lion-killer deals in *lingots de fer*, sometimes *à pointe d'acier*, common bullets having been discarded long ago by him; and he is such a determined rover that, depend upon it, he will come over to administer a dose to any incredulous ally who may venture to impugn his veracity or doubt his good faith.

M. Jules Gerard relates, for example, that he was summoned by the U'lut Kassi, or Ouled Cessi, as he calls them, to assist in the extermination of a couple of lions who had taken up their quarters in their territory. He was glad of the opportunity, he tells us, to show what could be accomplished by the will of a *Christian dog*, and, although he "assisted" at the discussion which always with the Arabs precedes action, he was determined to do the thing himself, attended by only one of the tribe to carry a second rifle:

Scarcely had the Arabs quitted the place of discussion (our lion-killer relates) to reach the position I had assigned them, as one of observation, than

a lion came out of the wood and made right towards me : a second followed at about a distance of fifty paces.

I was seated on a rock which commanded the position, and which could only be reached by steps intersected with crevices.

The Arab was by my side ; I took my Devisme rifle and cocked it. I also cocked the reserve one-barrelled rifle and left it in the man's hands, after having encouraged him, and told him to hand it to me the moment I had fired twice.

The first lion having vaulted upon the lower steps of the rock, he stopped ; I was just going to pull the trigger when he turned to look at his comrade.

This movement presented me the shoulder so advantageously that I no longer hesitated.

He fell roaring at the discharge, tried to get up, but fell down again. Both shoulders were broken.

The second was already at the foot of the rock, his tail up ; he received the first shot a little behind the shoulder when about ten paces from his companion ; he was staggered for a moment, but soon recovered himself, and with a prodigious spring reached the very rock on which I stood.

To take the rifle out of the hands of the trembling Arab, to aim it at the lion's temple, to fire and kill it on the spot at a distance of barely four paces, was done and accomplished, thanks to the protection of Saint Hubert, my patron, in less time than it takes me to write it down.

This is the way to kill lions—two at one sitting—without a scratch or even a chance of resistance on the part of the powerful beasts ! Well may the lion-killer have felt proud of his prowess in the presence of the brave but unskilful Arab ! How such success shows what can be done with efficient arms and a steady hand and eye. The consciousness that the least wavering in firmness of purpose at such a supreme crisis must entail an inevitable and a painful death, would unnerve some people ; others, on the contrary, it would only nerve to the point and steady to the emergency. It is manifestly, however, no sport for a constitutionally nervous man—he had better keep to spearing wild boars in company, or shooting tigers from an elephant's back.

On the 16th of July, 1845, M. Jules Gerard received an invitation from the inhabitants of the Mahuna to assist them in getting rid of a family of lions, who had established themselves in their neighbourhood. On arriving in their territory, he ascertained that the family was in the habit of quenching their thirst every night in the Wad Sharf, and, making his way to the spot indicated, he ascertained by the footprints that the family was numerous, consisting of father and mother and three children, already nearly of the age of adults.

An old shaikh of the tribe—Tayib by name—who was one of the party, said, "There are too many of them; let us go away." The lion-killer only bade the Arabs withdraw, he would remain, and after prayers for his safety, and piling a heap of wood to be fired as a signal of success, they all went away, the old shaikh not forgetting to recommend "the lord with the big head"—the father of the family—to the lion-killer's attentions. He had devoured his favourite mare and ten cows !

A few minutes more (M. Jules Gerard relates) the shaikh had disappeared in the wood, and I remained alone on the banks of the Wad Sharf, in presence of the traces of five lions who had been there the evening before, of the pile erected in their honour, and of the mysterious cover upon which the shadows of night already threw an impenetrable veil, and which my imagination delighted in tearing open in order to count the teeth and claws of the "lord with the large head," and of the family he claimed protection over.

The ravine of the Mahuna, in the depths of which I had taken my station



is at once the most picturesque and the most savage that it is possible to imagine.

Let the reader picture to himself two mountains cleft perpendicularly below, and their slopes above intersected by profound ravines, and covered with forests of evergreen oak, wild olives, and lentiscs.

Between these two mountains is the bed of the Wad Sharf, almost dry in summer, and literally strewn with the dung of animals of different kinds, but in winter-time scarcely fordable from swollen waters.

To look at this ravine from afar, it would be deemed uninhabitable. Yet, there have been families sufficiently bold to settle there, at a time when they have been persecuted in the plain, and have been obliged to save their property and their lives—to choose a retreat safe, at all events, from man.

Notwithstanding the ravages committed by lions, these families have chosen to abide by their seclusion; and each of them, when discussing their annual budget, says: "So much for the lions, so much for the state, and so much for us." And the lion's share is always ten times greater than that of the state.

The paths of communication on the slopes of the two mountains are so narrow and bad, that in many places a man on foot can scarcely make his way without running the risk of breaking his neck.

It is the same with regard to the fords which lead across the Wad Sharf, and establish a communication between one slope and the other. That by which the lions came to drink at the stream, and which I was now watching, was, like the rest, narrow and abrupt.

At this place the Wad Sharf made a bend, which limited the view in either direction still more, so that the precise spot where I stood was like the bottom of a funnel, and so dark that neither sun nor moon—my second sun—ever lit it up.

Since that night I have passed many another, and in localities very little frequented, but I have never passed one that appeared to me so short.

Seated near an oleander that overlooked the ford, I sought with eyes and ears the fire of a tent or the barking of a dog in the mountain; something that would say to me: "You are not alone."

But everything was wrapt in silence and obscurity, and as far as the eye or the ear could reach there were no men. I was there alone with my rifle.

Nevertheless time crept on, and the moon, which I had no hopes of seeing, so circumscribed was my horizon, began to cast around me a kind of twilight, which awoke in me a sense of deep gratitude.

It was about eleven o'clock, and I was beginning to feel surprised at having waited so long, when I thought I heard the crackling of wood.

By degrees the sound became more distinct; it came, there was no longer any doubt upon the matter, from several large animals.

Soon I perceived several luminous points of a reddish movable hue that were advancing towards me.

I had now no trouble in making out the family of lions who were coming in a file along the path which led to the ford at which I was stationed.

Instead of five, I could only make out three, and when they stopped at a distance of some fifteen paces, on the banks of the river, it appeared that the one which led the way, although of a more than respectable size and physiognomy, could not be the lord with the great head who had been so strongly recommended to me by the shaikh.

There they were, all three looking at me with an expression of astonishment. According to the plan I had laid out for myself, I aimed at the first, right at the shoulder, and fired. A painful and terrible roar replied to the discharge of my gun, and as soon as the smoke allowed me to perceive anything, I made out two lions retracing their steps slowly into the wood, and the third, with both shoulders broken, dragging himself towards me on his belly.

I at once understood that the father and mother were not of the party, a circumstance which caused me no particular regret.

Feeling satisfied as to the intentions of those whom the fall of their brother

had induced to withdraw themselves so unceremoniously, I only troubled myself with the former.

I had just got down the powder, when, by an effort which made him roar with pain, he got within three paces of me, exhibiting at the same time all his teeth; a second ball made him, like the first, roll down into the bed of the rivulet; three times he returned to the charge, and it was only by the third ball, fired right into his eye, that he was stretched out dead.

I said that at the first fire the lion roared with pain; at the same moment, and as if it had seen what was taking place, a panther began to cry out with all its strength, on the left bank of the Wad Sharf.

At the second shot, the lion having roared as before, the same cry made itself heard, and another like it answered it further on, below the ford.

In short, as long as this drama lasted, three or four panthers, whose presence in the neighbourhood I never suspected, nor have I ever heard them or seen them since, got up a perfect bacchanalian row, in joy for the death of an enemy whom they held in utmost dread.

The lion I had killed was about three years of age, fat, well-proportioned, and armed like an adult.

After having made sure that he was worth the powder expended on him, and that the Arabs, when they saw him, would salute him with satisfaction and respect, I thought of the pile, which was not long lighting up the two sides of the mountain.

The sound of a distant shot was brought to me by the echo; it was the signal of victory sent by the shaikh to all the duars of the Mahuna, who answered it in their turn.

At break of day upwards of two hundred Arabs, men, women, and children, arrived from all sides to contemplate, and insult at their ease, their fallen enemy.

Whilst this drama, as the lion-killer justly enough designates it, was being enacted, it appeared from the report of the old shaikh, Tayib, that the veteran with the big head had made free with another of his oxen. Between the time of the fall of his son on the Wad Sharf and the 13th of August following, a single inhabitant of Mahuna, Lakdar by name, was deprived by this ferocious beast of prey of no less than forty-five sheep, a mare, and twenty-nine head of cattle:

At his earnest request (M. Jules Gerard relates) I arrived at his tent on the evening of the 13th of August; I passed several nights in exploring the neighbourhood without finding the animal. The evening of the 26th, Lakdar said to me: "The black bull is missing from the herd, therefore the lion has come back. To-morrow morning I shall go and seek for his remains, and if I find them bad luck to him."

Next morning, scarcely was the sun up before Lakdar had returned.

When he woke me up, I found him doubled up near me and motionless. His face was beaming, his burnus damp with dew; his dogs, couched at his feet, were covered with mud, for the night had been stormy.

"Good morning, brother," he said to me, "I have found him; come."

Without asking him a single question, I took my rifle and followed him.

After having traversed a great wood of wild olives, we descended into a ravine, where tumbled-down rocks and a dense overgrowth rendered further progress extremely difficult.

When we had arrived at the very worst part we found ourselves in presence of the defunct bull.

The breast and thighs had been devoured, the remainder was untouched, and the lion had turned the bull so that the parts on which he was feeding should lie undermost. I said to Lakdar:

"Bring me a cake and some water immediately, and let no one come near here till to-morrow morning."

After he had brought me my dinner, I took up my station at the foot of a wild olive-tree about three paces distant from the bull.

I cut off a few branches in order to cover myself from behind, and I waited. I waited for a long time.

At about eight o'clock, the dim rays of the new moon which was sinking below the horizon no longer lit up the corner in which I lay secreted but very feebly.

Leaning against the trunk of the tree, and only able to distinguish such objects as were close to me, I contented myself with listening.

A branch cracked at a distance ; I got up and assumed a commodious offensive position ; my elbow lay upon my left knee, my rifle stuck to my shoulder, my finger was on the trigger, I listened a moment but without hearing anything more.

At last a stifled roar broke forth within thirty paces of me, and then came nearer ; it was succeeded by a kind of low guttural sound, which, with the lion, is a sign of hunger.

Immediately afterwards the animal made no more noise, and I could not make out where he was till I saw his monstrous head leaning over the shoulders of the bull.

He was beginning to lick it, having his eyes fixed on me all the time, when an ingot of iron struck him an inch from his left eye.

He roared, rose up upon his hind legs, and received another ingot, which tumbled him over on the spot. Struck by this second shot in the very centre of his chest, he was stretched on his back by the blow, and worked his enormous paws in the air.

After having reloaded, I went up to the lion, and thinking that he was almost dead, I struck with my dagger at his heart ; but by an involuntary movement he warded off the blow, and the blade broke upon his fore-arm.

I jumped back, and as he was lifting up his enormous head, I administered to him two more ingots, which finished him off.

And thus perished the "lord with the great head."

It is absurd to try and shoot lions when it is perfectly dark—a little moonlight is absolutely necessary. Our lion-killer, accustomed as he was to be out in the darkest nights, acknowledges that such a proceeding is very foolish, and that it nearly cost him his life—indeed, he was not a little glad to escape safe and whole from the first rencounter that he had on a dark night :

It was in the month of February, 1845. I had had the honour of receiving a few months previously a capital rifle from H.R.H. the Duke of Aumale.

I had then only killed two lions, and felt very anxious to kill a third with this weapon, since made illustrious by thirteen victories, but which is even now less dear to me because it has been my companion and my safety for three hundred nights, than because it was given to me by the prince.

A fever which I had caught during my first excursions had prevented me entering upon a new campaign. Hoping that the sea air would benefit me, I went to Bone at the end of February.

But having received intelligence that a great old lion was committing ravages in the neighbourhood of the camp of Drayan, I sent to Ghelma for my arms, and left Bone the 26th of February.

The 27th, at five o'clock in the evening, I arrived at the duar of the U'lut Bu Azizi, not above a mile and a half from the haunt of my beast, which, according to the old men of the tribe, had taken up his abode in the Jibal Krunaga for the last thirty years.

I learnt, on arriving, that every evening, at sunset, the lion roared on leaving his den, and that at night he came down into the plain still roaring.

It appeared impossible that I should not meet him, so I loaded both my guns as hastily as I could, nor indeed scarcely had I concluded the operation, to

which the greatest attention must always be paid, than I heard the lion roaring in the mountain.

My host offered to accompany me to the ford which the lion would pass on leaving the mountain ; so I gave him my other gun to carry, and we started.

It was so dark that we could not see two paces before us. After having walked about a quarter of an hour through cover, we arrived on the banks of a rivulet which flowed from the Jibal Krun-aga.

My guide, exceedingly disturbed by the roaring which kept coming nearer and nearer, said : " The ford is there."

I endeavoured to examine the position, but everything around me was enveloped in utter darkness ; I could not even see my Arab, who touched me.

Not being able to distinguish anything with my eyes, I began to descend to the rivulet, in order to discover by feeling with the hand if there were any remains of animals. It was a narrow pent-up ford, the approaches to which were difficult and abrupt.

Having selected a stone which would serve as a seat, right over the waters of the rivulet and a little above the ford, I dismissed my guide, much to his satisfaction.

Whilst I had been reconnoitring the locality he kept saying : " Let us go back to the duar ; the night is too dark ; we will seek the lion to-morrow by daylight."

Not daring to return to the duar alone, he hid himself in a mass of lentises about fifty paces away from the ford. After having ordered him not to move, come what might, I took up my position on the stone.

The lion had never ceased roaring, and was coming gradually nearer and nearer.

Having closed my eyes for a few minutes, I succeeded, on opening them, in making out a vertical bank at my feet, cut out no doubt when the waters were swollen, for the rivulet now flowed at a depth of some feet below : the ford was to my left, a little more than a gun's length : I arranged my plan accordingly.

If I could make out the lion in the rivulet I would fire at him there, the bank being in my favour, if I was lucky enough to wound him seriously.

It was about nine o'clock, when a loud roar burst forth a hundred yards from the rivulet. I cocked my gun and my elbow on my knee, the butt on my shoulder, my eyes fixed on the water, which I caught sight of at times : I waited.

Time began to appear long, when, from the opposite bank of the rivulet, and immediately in front of me, there came a deep sigh, with a guttural sound like the rattling in the throat of a man in the agony of death.

I raised my eyes in the direction of this ominous sound, and I perceived the eyes of the lion fixed upon me like two burning coals. The fixidity of the look, which cast a wan light that lit up nothing around, not even the head to which it was attached, caused all the blood that was in my veins to regurgitate to my heart.

Only one minute ago I was shivering with cold, now the perspiration rolled down my forehead.

Whoever has not seen an adult lion in a wild state, living or dead, may believe in the possibility of a struggle, body to body, with a lion. He who has seen one knows that a man struggling with a lion is a mouse in the claws of a cat.

I have said that I had already killed two lions ; the smallest weighed five hundred pounds. He had, with one stroke of his enormous paw, brought a horse at full speed to a stand-still. Horse and rider had remained upon the spot.

From that time I was sufficiently aware of their resources to know what I had to do. I no longer, for example, looked to my dagger as a means of safety.

But what I said to myself,—and I repeat it now,—in a case where one or two balls did not succeed in killing a lion (a great possibility), when he should bound upon me, if I could resist the shock, I would make him swallow my gun up to the stock ; and then, if his powerful claws have neither torn nor harpooned me, I would work away with my dagger at his eyes or heart, according as I should be placed with regard to the animal and the amount of freedom of action which I still possessed.

If I fell with the shock of the bound (which is more than probable), so long as I had both hands free, my left should search the region of the heart, and my right should strike the blow.

If next morning two bodies are found mutually embracing one another, mine, at all events, will not have left the field of battle, and that of the lion will not be far off,—the dagger will have told the rest.

I had just drawn my dagger from its scabbard, and stuck it in the earth, within reach of my hand, when the lion's eyes began to lower towards the rivulet.

I bade good-by to those I loved best, and having promised them to die well, when my finger sought for the trigger I was less agitated than the lion that was taking to the water.

I heard his first step in the rivulet, which flowed past rapidly and noisily, and then nothing more. Had he stopped? Was he walking towards me? That is what I asked myself as I sought to penetrate with my eyes the dark veil that wrapt everything around me, when I thought I heard close to me, to the left, the sound of his footfall in the mud.

He was indeed out of the rivulet, and was quietly ascending the slope towards the ford, when the movement I made induced him to stop short. He was only four or five paces from me, and could reach me with a single bound.

It is useless to seek the sight of a rifle when one cannot see the barrel. I fired as I best could, my head up and my eyes open, and, by the momentary flash, I made out an enormous mass, hairy, but without form. A terrific roar followed ; the lion was mortally wounded.

To the first burst of grief succeeded dull threatening moans. I heard the animal struggling in the mud on the banks of the rivulet, and then he grew quiet.

Thinking he was dead, or at all events incapable of getting out of the hole he was in, I returned to the duar with my guide, who having heard all that had passed, was persuaded that the lion was ours.

I need not say that I did not sleep that night. At the first break of day we arrived at the ford ; no lion was to be seen. We found, in the midst of a pool of blood, of which the animal had lost a large quantity, a bone as big as a finger, which led me to suppose he had a shoulder broken.

A great root had been cut in two by the lion's jaws from the side of the embankment, about two feet from where I stood. The agony that he must have felt by the tumble experienced from this mishap was the cause, no doubt, of the moans I had heard, and had prevented him renewing his attack. It was in vain that we followed the traces of his blood ; he had kept along the bed of the rivulet, and they were soon lost.

The next day the Arabs of the country, who had many losses to lay to the account of the lion, and who were persuaded that he was mortally wounded, came and offered to help in the search.

There were sixty of us—some on foot, others on horseback ; after some hours of ineffectual search, I returned to the duar, and was preparing to take my departure, when I heard several shots fired, followed by loud hurrahs in the direction of the mountain.

I started off as fast as my steed would carry me, and was soon satisfied that my hopes would not be disappointed this time. The Arabs were flying in every direction, and crying out like madmen.

Some had placed the rivulet between them and the lion ; others bolder, be-

cause they were on horseback, having seen him drag himself with difficulty towards the mountain, which he endeavoured to climb up, had got together, to the number of ten, "to finish him off," as they said. The shaikh led them on.

I had just passed the rivulet, and was going to get down off my horse, when I saw the horsemen, the shaikh at the head of them, turn round and make off as fast as ever they could tear.

The lion, with only three legs, bounded over the rocks and lentiscs\* with greater agility than they did, roaring all the time so lustily as to terrify the horses to that degree that their riders had no longer any control over them.

The horses continued to gallop, but the lion had stopped in a glade, looking after the runaways with a proud, threatening aspect. And truly magnificent he was, with his open mouth, casting looks of defiance and death upon all around. How stern he looked with his black mane bristling up, and his tail striking his sides with passion.

From the place where I stood to where he was there might be about three hundred paces. I got down and called to one of the Arabs to take my horse. Several ran up, and I was obliged, not to be put back on my horse, or dragged away, to leave the burnus by which they held me in their hands. Some endeavoured to follow me, to dissuade me; but as I quickened my pace to get near the lion, their number kept diminishing.

One only remained: it was my guide of the first night; he said to me: "I received you in my tent; I am answerable for you before God and before men; I will die with you."

The lion had left the glade to bury himself in a deep covert a few paces distant. Walking with great precaution, always ready to fire, I endeavoured in vain to make out his seat amid rocks and shrubbery. I had just been poking my gun into a particularly dense mass of foliage, when my guide, who had remained without, said:

"Death won't have you; you passed the lion so close as to touch it; if your eyes had met his you were a dead man before you could have fired."

For all answer, I told him to throw stones into the cover; at the very first that fell a lentisc opened, and the lion, having looked first to the right and then to the left, sprung at me.

He was ten paces off, his tail up, and his mane hanging down to his eyes, whilst his outstretched neck and broken leg, that trailed behind with the claws turned upside down, gave him somewhat the appearance of a dog setting at game.

As soon as he appeared I sat down, pushing the Arab behind me, as he kept annoying me by exclamations of "Fire! fire!—fire then!" which he mixed with his prayers.

I had scarcely shouldered my rifle, when the lion got a little spring of four or five paces nearer, and he was about to try another, when, struck an inch above the eye, he tumbled over.

My Arab was already returning thanks to God, when the lion turned himself over, got up upon his seat, and then rose upon his hind legs like a horse rearing.

Another ball was sent this time right home to its heart, and he fell over, dead.

Upon examining this lion after death, M. Jules Gerard found that the second ball had flattened itself on the frontal bone without fracturing it in the slightest degree. It was in consequence of this that he adopted from that time forward ingots of iron instead of leaden balls.

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\* The tree so often alluded to is the *Pistachia lentiscus*, lentisc, or sticky pistachia; one species of which, *P. terebinthus*, produces turpentine—this the gum mastick.

## A SOLDIER'S CAREER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

## I.

I DO not know whether the following sketch will prove of much interest to the general reader, since it refers to time and events that are past: to that war of ours with the Sikhs in India, now happily over. To those, however, who had relatives in that war, and lost them, it will be welcome, for the incidents related in it are authentic, though they savour strongly of romance.

In the year 1833, a handsome young lad of seventeen, whom it will not do to call here by his real name, went out to India as a cadet. It is his career—and it was but a short one—that I wish to tell you of. He was a high-spirited, noble boy, but wild, thoughtless, and everlastingly in scrapes; and had caused his guardians no end of trouble and expense. But they could not help admiring the lad with all his faults; and his mother, though she would call him her unlucky boy, called him likewise her darling Harry. Harry was his Christian name: there's no necessity to change that: and for the rest let us say Harry Lynn. He was the younger of two sons; his father was a substantial country squire; and a profitable living, in the gift of the family, was destined for him. So, by way of preparation, the child, at nine years old, was sent to Dr. Bringham's fast academy in London, where he picked up notions quite at variance with those of his sober father and mother. At twelve years old, he had fallen in love with a soldier's coat, and told his sisters privately, that they should never make a parson of *him*. At fourteen, ere the mourning he wore for his father was soiled, he wrote word home that he would be a captain in India. He was sent for to the Hall. His mother cried, his guardians talked of a birch-rod, but Master Harry held to his own will. He lavished love upon his mother, but he laughingly defied his guardians; and the upshot of the business was, that Henry Lynn was posted as a gentleman-cadet, and at seventeen set sail for India.

It would seem that he liked the life he found there, for, some five or six years afterwards, when, by the death of his brother, he succeeded to the family estate, and it was supposed he would sell out and go home to enjoy it, he made no change at all; save paying off his debts, and launching forth into fresh expense, which he had been quite ready to do before. Few men were so universally liked as Harry Lynn. Impetuous, open-hearted, generous, and handsome as he had been in boyhood, so he remained in manhood.

Now do you know much about that race of men called the Sikhs? Few do; save that they are people inhabiting certain tracts of land in India. Nobody had ever heard of them till about two hundred years ago, when they came to light as natives of Hindostan; a peaceful, submissive race of men, inoffensive as are our Quakers. Their religion was a mixture of Mahometanism and Hindooism, neither entirely one nor the other, which brought down upon them persecutions from the bigots of

both creeds; and, towards the termination of the empire of Delhi, these persecutions became so excessive, that the Sikhs were compelled to rise in arms against their oppressors. It takes but little, when once the train is laid, to change a peaceful race of men to one of cruelty: and the Sikhs were goaded to become such. They established certain chieftaincies amongst themselves, called Missuls, and, with time, rose to greatness. Some took possession of that portion of India which, being watered by the five branches of the Indus, is called the Punjab, or land of five waters; whilst others settled themselves on the opposite, or eastern, side of the Sutlej.

It is more than half a century now, that the Sikhs of the Punjab, on the western side of the Sutlej, were first governed by Runjeet Singh. A man of great ability, who established his kingdom, called by the name of its capital, Lahore, on a sure foundation. But power begets the love of power, and Runjeet Singh cast his eye to the Sikhs on the east of the Sutlej, and thought he should like to govern *them*. His hopes were fruitless, for they had been taken under the protection of the British government, and the chances of a war with that formidable power, Runjeet Singh knew better than to hazard. On the contrary, he entered into a treaty with the British authorities, which proved of advantage to both parties. Years wore on, and the kingdom of Lahore increased in importance. On the termination of the continental wars, when Napoleon was sent to St. Helena, numerous European soldiers, men and officers, passed over to India, and enlisted into the service of Runjeet Singh. Under the example and training of these brave men, the army of Runjeet Singh became almost equal to our own. It carried its conquests into Afghanistan, and amongst other provinces that fell before its prowess was the beautiful Vale of Cashmere, so celebrated in song. But Runjeet Singh died in the course of time, and, with his death, all the jealousies and ill-feeling of the Sikhs towards the British, which he had kept under, broke out with irresistible bitterness, and there was little peace in the Punjab afterwards. Not that the animosities, and petty wars of this period, are going to be described here.

In the same year that Harry Lynn obtained his captaincy he went exploring about the country. Amongst other places that he visited was Lahore, and when he left it he performed an exploit that officers have borne the character for being ready at, from a captain, bold, of Halifax and ghostly memory, down to those of our own times. He "ran away with a maid, who"—did *not* hang herself, but flew with him to his quarters at Calcutta.

She was one of the loveliest creatures possible to be imagined: as many living in Calcutta could tell you now: but that was no justification for the conduct of Captain Lynn. Her mother, a Sikh, had married one of those European officers who had joined Runjeet Singh's army, a handsome Frenchman, and this child, Agee, their only one, was strikingly like her father, so that her beauty was of the European, not Asiatic, cast. The Frenchman died when she was an infant, and her mother married again, a Sikh. All trace, nearly all remembrance, of the lady's early alliance was lost, and Agee was brought up in the customs, habits, and religion of her mother's land. During the visit of Captain Lynn at Lahore, he became acquainted with her, a lovely girl just blossoming into




womanhood; a powerful attachment sprung up between them, and the result was—as I have told you above. Such was the history of the girl, and the particulars of the affair, as they became known, bit by bit, to Captain Lynn's circle of friends at Calcutta.

He enshrined her in a secluded home at Calcutta; he surrounded her with all sorts of expensive luxuries; he lavished every proof of affection upon her, save one—marriage. And that she could not now expect: for recollect, young ladies, that if once your steps take you but a single inch out of the beaten track, you never get the ring upon your finger as a sequel.

## II.

WE must now go on to the autumn of 1845. In her Calcutta home, in a luxurious apartment of it, richly furnished with articles peculiar to an Eastern life, sat this young girl we have been speaking of, Agee. She was in evening dress, enhancing, if that were possible, her surpassing beauty. Her robe was of muslin, spangled with silver, silver ornaments were on her neck and arms, and were interlaced with her dark hair. To look at her, so young and lovely, none would suppose but she held a position in society and was fitted to adorn it; for a nameless grace pervaded her presence, and a sweet, modest refinement shone forth in her every look and action. Poor girl! do not judge her more harshly than you can help, for hers was an unhappy fate. Calcutta railed at her enough, without your doing so, especially those ladies in it who had sisters to marry, and who would have given their heads to have got Harry Lynn. None thought of compassion; it was all censure; but she merited quite as much of the one as of the other, for she was more sinned against than sinning; and, rely upon it, that a life, such as she was leading, brings with it its own punishment. She had not understood these matters when she left Lahore, poor maiden: she understood them too well now. Perhaps some such consciousness as this was present to her on this evening, for her pale features wore a look of pain, and tears gathered frequently in her eyes. The room was redolent of a sweet perfume, emitted from burning pastiles: it was open to the terrace, and the breezy fans intervening kept up a delightful motion. Outside, stretched at his ease on a large bench, his heels higher than his head, and lazily blowing clouds into the air from his cigar, was one of the handsomest men in all Calcutta, and in manners one of the most prepossessing—and the two don't always go together. You guess of course that it was Harry Lynn. He was quite as deep in thought as Agee inside, and it may be that his reflections, like hers, were not agreeable, for a contraction, as of perplexity or anger, sat on his otherwise open brow. You may read them if you like, just in the disjointed interludes that he thought them.

"I was a fool—that's what I was! I might have had the thing over at once there, and have done with it, not have brought her away with me, and saddled myself like this for years. How the deuce it's to be broken through now, I can't see. By Jove! I shall be worn to a skeleton with all this plotting and perplexity. I get no sleep at night for worrying over it.

"My mother writes me that it's time I married; and thinks me an ungrateful dog never to have  an over to England. Ungrateful! no,

no, not that, dearest mother: thoughtlessness was born with me, and will never leave me. It is time I married: in a year I shall count thirty summers, and a fellow gets confirmed in bachelor habits after that. I wish I *could* marry. Maria Grame is the dearest and loveliest girl I have ever known, but it's of no use telling the old colonel I think so, till Agee's got rid of. Maria knows nothing about her, that's clear, for she's too correct a girl to have listened to my love-making if she did. We might be married here; I would get leave of absence and take her to England; my dear mother's old heart would be delighted; and Maria—but where's the use of planning if one can't execute? *What's to be done with Agee?* I can't turn her over as one does an opera-dancer. If I could see any way I should not care to drop a few thousands—but there's none to be seen. She would rebel at the first hint of parting, and as to force and stratagem—awkward both; and the end not gained perhaps. The worst is she's so innocent and unsuspecting, so different from this sort of thing in general, that there's no knowing how to deal with her. This all comes of my own folly. Devil take the cigar! it's gone out. I won't light it again."

Rising, and throwing his cigar away, Harry Lynn stepped into the room, and spoke; his tone betraying somewhat of the irritation of his thoughts.

"Agee! how fond you are of those pastiles! The smell of them is quite overpowering."

"I will not light any more; these are nearly out," she answered in very good English, for she had been an apt scholar under his tuition.

"Oh light as many as you please," he returned, in a kinder and more careless tone. "I am going to dress."

"To dress?" she exclaimed.

"There's a party at Colonel Grame's to-night. I promised to be there."

She leaned back on the ottoman, her whole attitude bespeaking disappointment, if not despair.

"How many nights—weeks—months—have you thus spoken: leaving me to this home-solitude! to my dreary thoughts!"

"Now, Agee, don't be unreasonable," he remonstrated. "I am sure you, of all, cannot complain of neglect. But society has also claims on me."

"It had the same claims when I was first here," she answered, mournfully, "and you did not leave me then."

He soothed her, but he evaded a direct answer, and strode out of the room. His conduct towards her was never otherwise than affectionate, though he had tired of her; as it is the nature of man, in these connexions, to tire. When he returned to it, he was in full dress, and, wishing her good night, left for Colonel Grame's, gaily whistling some bars from the last new opera that had found its way from our shores to Calcutta.

Agee sat on where she was. Musical instruments, on which she was a finished performer, were at hand, books lay on the tables, but she neglected all, and never moved from her attitude of despair. Late in the evening, a middle-aged woman, dressed in a fashion peculiar to Lahore, glided in.

"Ever thus, lady," she said, in their native language, "ever cast down.

You would be better and happier in your own land than here : and, the time has now come when you must return to it."

The lady looked up with a deepening colour, for the words were peremptorily spoken.

"Listen!" cried the woman, earnestly, as she bent to her mistress. "This bosom pillowed your head in its infancy; you were the solace of this poor heart in your childhood, and when you left us, I thought it would have broken. Your mother died; and I, who felt more to you than mother, set out to seek you. Far, far I travelled; through hunger, and thirst, and heat, and weariness; along plains of sand, over deserts, through rivers, across mountains; with no guide to direct me, save instinct—the same instinct that will take a bird to its nest; and when I was well-nigh wearied out of life, I found you. What motive had I, think you, except *love*?"

"Dayah!" cried the young lady, rousing herself, "I know your love for me. I know you have been to me all that a mother can be—more than mine was; that you have remained here in this strange land, away from ties and kindred, for my sake. I know all this."

"Then, remembering it, dear lady, you may be sure I would be silent for ever, rather than speak a word to give you pain. Yet I must say that word this night."

"Say on," she faintly cried.

"You have clung to this Englishman longer than you ought. You——"

"Not so," interrupted Agee, her pale cheek flushing. "We shall cling to each other so long as our years shall last."

"No, no, lady," returned the woman; "he seeks to deceive you, even now. There is a fair girl of the north ready to supplant you; one whose eyes are of the beautiful hue of the heavens; whose hair is as sunny threads of gold. I have seen her. This very day, in public, he was by her side."

"What of her?" shivered Agee.

"She is to be his wife: it is no secret in Calcutta. And you, lady, will be put away, and estranged from him more effectually than if you had never known him. It is their custom, these Europeans."

Agee did not answer. She rose and stood there, motionless and rigid, her eyes staring, her lips open. It seemed as if the woman's gaze, as it bent on her, had turned her into stone, like the *Ægis* of old.

The attendant looked round, and bringing her face in closer contact with that of her mistress, proceeded in a cautious whisper:

"I have heard again to-day. The Sikhs waver no longer; they are united and determined, and the war is coming on rapidly. In three moons from this, lady, they will have possession of India."

But still there was no answer. It was as if the young girl heard not.

"The Akalio\* are urging them on now," proceeded the old nurse, "so any thought of peace is fruitless. You must not stay here: the land will be overrun with blood, from one end of it to the other."

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\* Wandering priests. A fanatic race of men, possessing unbounded influence in the Punjab, especially over the native chieftains.

"Who was your messenger?" asked Agee, at length.

"He who always is. He is true to me and swift. He returns the day after to-morrow, not earlier, for he must have time for rest. Leave this false Englishman at once, dearest lady; our people must not find you here with him. I will conduct you back to our own land; and let the two years you have passed out of it be blotted from remembrance."

A step was heard, and the speaker bent down her ear, and listened. It was that of Captain Lynn, and she drew away as noiselessly as she had entered. Agee sank down, and buried her face in her hands.

It was for this then that the unhappy girl had followed him! It was for this she had relinquished her beloved native land, envying the very winds that blew towards it; her dearest friends, her fair fame, her childhood's language—only to be cast aside for another; one to be as much loved and more honoured than she had been!

Captain Lynn came on, whistling; as he often did. But his step was slow, and the tune—if it might be called one—was as melancholy as the Dead March in Saul. She arose in an outburst of passion and sobs when he entered, and throwing herself at his feet, wildly clasped his knees.

"Oh send me not away from you!" she exclaimed, in agony. "This northern girl cannot love you as I have done. Will she tend you in sickness—bear with your wayward moods in health?—would she give up home, mother, reputation for you as I did, and endure silently the scorn and neglect of the world?"

"Agee, what mean you?" he asked, in agitation.

"You are false to me!" she exclaimed; "you are about to turn me adrift that you may wed the fair girl of the north! I have not deserved it of you."

"Stay, Agee!" he interrupted. "Whence you derived this information, I know not. That my name has been coupled with this English lady's is I believe true: but it will never be coupled with hers again; for, from this night, I go to her house no more."

"More deceit! more deceit!" she uttered, placing up her hands wildly, as if to ward him from her. "You are mocking me still!"

"No! on a soldier's honour. I have bid adieu to Maria Grame for ever."

The fact was, Colonel Grame, finding that the attentions of Captain Lynn at his house were daily becoming more particular, had that night intimated to him that, "under existing circumstances," his friendship with his daughters had better cease. Whether, when he lingered with Maria for a moment in parting, Captain Lynn had whispered a hope that a more favourable future might yet dawn for them, cannot be known: if so, he would not be likely to speak of it to the Asiatic girl.

### III.

In the following December, Captain Lynn had transferred his quarters to Umballah, where a great portion of the British army was now collected. Preparations were being made for battle, but much uncertainty was experienced regarding the movements of the Sikhs. Some days news would be brought that they were about to cross the Sutlej; others that

they were crossing it; again, that they were retreating and would not cross at all. But these various details are not necessary to be given.

Captain Lynn, to his most excessive annoyance, had been followed to Umballah by the young Sikh woman, Agee—not to his quarters of course, but to the town. Few, perhaps, will be inclined to sympathise with him in his anger, for he had brought the embarrassment upon himself, and it was but fair that he should pay the penalty. The old nurse, or attendant, Dayah, had accompanied her thither, and this woman never ceased to urge upon her mistress the expediency of her quitting the place that contained Captain Lynn. One evening she glided into her presence, her face pale, her mouth compressed, and approached with a dread whisper:

“Lady, you *must* leave him now: the hour has come. A few days will see him and his companions mown down; earth shall hold them no more.”

The lady's lips turned as white as marble.

“They are now crossing the Sutlej,” continued the woman, in a still lower whisper, as if she feared the very walls would hear her, “an army of from sixty to a hundred thousand strong. What can their handful of British troops effect against it?—and that handful not yet conveyed thither.”

“When heard you this?” murmured Agee.

“He came this evening: he is swift and sure of foot, and has outstripped the European scouts by some hours: but their great chieftain\* will know it ere to-morrow's sun be up. He little thinks the fate that is in store for him! They are fine of limb, these northern soldiers, tall and straight; but ere long they must measure their length upon the earth. As the grass falls before the scythe, so must they fall before their fierce and powerful foe.”

“And Captain Lynn?” shivered Agee, from between her bloodless lips.

“He must share the fate of his comrades—what should hinder it? Why, even did you turn apostate to your oath, lady, and betray to him what I have now told you, which you may not do, it could not serve him, for he must go to battle with the rest. *You must escape, lady, this night.*”

But Agee, with an impatient gesture at the word “escape,” turned away. Captain Lynn was leaving his quarters to join a night carouse of some of his brother officers, got up on the spur of the moment, when he came full upon her, stealing in.

“You are on the eve of being ordered out to battle,” she whispered. “You must not go.”

“Not go?” he exclaimed, wondering what she was talking of.

“Sickness must be your excuse,” she eagerly explained. “A man unable to rise from his bed, cannot be expected to go out to fight.”

“Are you in your right mind, Agee?” he asked, laughing immoderately.

“You would never leave the battle-field with life.”

“Then I must die on it, child.”

“You can make a joke even of this!”

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\* Governor-General.

"No, not a joke. Though that's a good one of yours about sickness. An Englishman does not know what fear is," he said, drawing himself unconsciously to his full height; "and for the chances of war, we must all share them, and trust to Providence."

"Dayah is curious in herbs and medicines," she persisted, in a whisper, "many of our women are. A potion from her would render you incapable of marching with the rest: and to the world you would seem sick unto death."

"That's quite enough, Agee," he said, half peevishly, half laughingly. "You don't understand these things, child. And you promised me yesterday to leave this place: I was in hopes you were gone."

"You seem strangely anxious to harm my countrymen," she exclaimed, still reverting to the war.

"Not at all. I wish to my soul they were other than yours, but I must do my duty."

#### IV.

THIRTEEN of them were present; the ominous number; and they sat around the convivial table of night. Not with the luxurious appurtenances usual in polished Europe; the rich plate, the glittering crystal, the many lights: such things pertain not to a half-civilised land or to a time of war and tumult; but the gay jest, the sparkling remark, and the merry song went round without. Gallant, gallant officers they were, true-hearted Englishmen, in the flower of early manhood! And they knew not that the shadow of grim DEATH was on them, his dart pointed at the heart of *all*.

"The information is so imperfect, so contradictory," observed Major Challoner, the only grey-headed man at the board: "if we lance the full tilt of belief into a report one day, it is contradicted the next."

"In my opinion our march will be useless," cried the handsome Lieutenant Bell. "I don't believe the Sikhs are coming forward at all."

"They dare not cross," burst forth the hot-headed young Irishman, Dan Ennis.

"I hope to Heaven they may!" exclaimed little Parker, who had certainly got smuggled into the army, for he was under height, or looked it. "The glory of routing 'em right and left!"

"They may prove a more formidable enemy than we think for," remarked the cautious old major who had spoken first.

"Not they," replied Harry Lynn, contemptuously. "An inorganised rabble never proves formidable. The wine stands with you, Henderson."

"For my part," resumed Major Challoner, as he thoughtfully filled his glass, "I think Sir Henry——"

"Well, major?" cried one; for the major had brought his sentence to a stand-still.

"What's that in the shade? There! by the entrance? Who's eaves-dropping?"

Every head was turned round at the exclamation of Major Challoner. A figure, clad from head to foot in a long, black garment, with a cowl drawn over the face, if it had a face; in short, a dim, shapeless form stood there in the obscurity.

"What do you want? Who are you?" roared out Major Challoner in his mother tongue; indeed he could speak no other.

"Beware!" was uttered by the figure in Hindostanee; but the voice was as a strange, unearthly sound, ringing with startling distinctness through the depths of the room. "You sit here, mocking at the Sikhs, but know that the moment you march upon them you are doomed—doomed! They are crossing the Sutlej now a hundred thousand strong. You will be cut off in your early lives; your fair British homes you will never see again: not one of you but will be struck down; not one will be left alive to mourn the rest! Pray to the Lord for your souls: as sure as that you go out against the Sikhs, your destruction cometh: and they have need of prayer who rush into His presence, uncalled by Him."

Surprise kept the officers silent. Lieutenant Parker, who had more ready bravery in him than many a man twice his size, was the first to start from his seat and rush after the form: others followed; but it was already gone. They looked outside, and could see no trace of it; but there were many ins and outs of buildings close by, that might favour concealment.

"What was it all?" cried Major Challoner, who had not understood a word.

"Oh, a trick of one of the fellows: nothing else."

"I don't know," cried the young Irishman, dubiously. "I hate such tricks. I can fight a host of men hand to hand, and glory in it; but for these ghosts and warnings and omens, I wish the fiend had them all."

"Did you ever see a ghost, Ennis?" asked Captain Lynn, winking at the rest, for the lieutenant's superstitious tendencies were a well-known joke in the regiment. "What are they like?"


"Which of us was to die, eh?" cried Major Challoner.

"Every soul," laughed Bell. "We had better have a batch of will-making, and go to prayers afterwards."

"All, eh? That's rather too good a joke," returned the major.

"You and all, major," grinned Quicksilver Peacock, as he was designated amongst his comrades, from the mercurial tendency he possessed of never being still. "By George! but the black fellow, ghost or no ghost, must think we have got tolerable swallows! I should like to get at *his*, with my good sword."

"Thirteen as brave fellows of us as ever drew breath! A pretty go if we are to make food forthwith for the vultures!"

"And sent to our accounts with all  imperfections——"

"If you go on like this, I won't stop with you," interrupted the young Irishman.

They did go on; and enjoyed their laugh at him: but there was scarcely one heart, brave though they all were, on which the incident had not struck an uncomfortable feeling, a sort of chill. It was as if they had seen the shadow of death, which stalked on before.

## V.

THE Sikhs advanced, unconscious of the mocking disbelief of their British adversaries, and encamped themselves before the gates of Ferozepore, an army sixty thousand strong. That they did not make themselves masters of the town, was a matter of astonishment then, and will ever remain such.

By command of the Governor-General, Sir Henry Hardinge, all the troops that could be mustered together at Umballah, marched out to meet this force, and to succour Ferozepore. They were headed by the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Hugh Gough, and were accompanied by Sir Henry, who, laying aside his dignity as Governor of India, took upon himself a command in the army under Sir Hugh. The marches were forced, about thirty miles per day. Both men and officers endured all sorts of hardship and privation without a murmur: the most painful to be borne perhaps was that arising from the want of water, there being none to be found on the route. On the 18th December, after some days' march, they reached the village of Moodkee, about one o'clock at noon, and proceeded to encamp there, trusting the next day's march would bring them to Ferozepore.

But we, in our peaceful country, can form no idea of the hardships undergone by the soldier in these Indian plains in time of war: the unconscious British trooper, who has never been out of his own island would scarcely believe in such. Long marches in the burning sun, over roads heavy with sand, which, flying in the eyes, goes half-way towards entailing blindness; or trailing through the tangled jungle and brushwood, with no water, no refreshment, to cool their parched lips. *We* know not what intense thirst is; the cravings of real hunger; the pain of continued and heavy toil. Sometimes, nay often, it happened, through this period of the Sikh war, that when the men had arrived at the end of their march, it would be two hours before the tents and baggage came up, and, until they did, there was no chance of refreshment. So the troops, all in a state of physical exhaustion, painful to witness, still more painful to bear, would sink down on the ground, utterly prostrated, beneath the burning rays of an Indian sun, or, worse still, under torrents of rain. Was it a matter of surprise that the hospitals were overflowing?

But to return to these men we are speaking of. They arrived at Moodkee, exhausted with their march and with physical privations, and had barely taken up their station before its walls, when the Sikhs bore down upon them, and opened a tremendous fire. But, weary and unfit for contest as they were, the men had the spirit of Britons, and rushed forward to meet their powerful enemy. They repulsed and routed them for the time, but with a fearful loss, both of men and officers.

They were burying their dead the next day, calling over the muster-rolls, succouring the wounded, and consoling the dying, when Captain Lynn and little Parker ran against Lieutenant Ennis.

"I say!" cried the Irishman, "it's beginning to work itself out. We were thirteen, you know, that night at Umballah, and five are already stiff."

"Four," responded Harry Lynn.

"Wrong, captain. They have just found poor Henderson."



"Dead?"

"Stark and cold. He was under a heap of slain."

On the 21st the army marched out of camp, leaving it standing, and neared Ferozepore, after a march of sixteen miles. Here they met with General Sir John Littler, commanding about five thousand men. The Sikhs were at hand, and the whole body of our troops were at once formed into four divisions, and arranged in fighting order. But again, as in the recent battle of Moodkee, were the unfortunate men hurried into action unfit for the contest, hungry, thirsty, and weary.

The battle of Ferozeshah, as it was called, began under a mutual assault of cannon; but the light artillery of the British was of little avail against the heavy guns of the Sikhs, so the firing was ordered to cease and the infantry to advance. The Sikh army was strongly entrenched among the jungle and brushwood, rendering the approach of our infantry not only difficult but dangerous. They advanced in line, and charged with the bayonet, but the firing of the enemy was redoubled; *and the Sikhs had laid mines, which were now fired underneath our soldiers' feet.* Hundreds were thus shattered to pieces; officers, men, and horses were indiscriminately blown up. The action soon raged fearfully, the slaughter being terrible; the heavy cannonade of the Sikhs kept up a continuous roar, overwhelming with destruction the ill-fated Europeans: but the latter were gallant fellows, cheering on each other with their indomitable breasts of valour, carrying much and overcoming much. The atmosphere seemed alive with bullets; the roll of the musketry grew deeper and deeper; and the shouts and noise of the combatants increased the confusion: above the roar of the tempest were heard the voices of the commanding officers: "Men of the—Europeans, prepare to charge. Charge!" and, mingling painfully with the oaths and the tumult, rose the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying.

Night put a stop to the slaughter. Some of the troops retired to bivouac at a little distance, but considerable numbers of each contending party intermingled on the plain together.

But oh! what a night it was! The air cutting cold; no tents, no covering, no food for the exhausted soldiery, who had been sixteen hours under arms, and, worse than all, *no water!* Many a wounded man died that night for want of it. There was little or no medical assistance, for the numbers wounded were too great to allow of much, and the shades of darkness were upon the earth. And so there they lay, groaning in their agony; no linen to bandage up their wounds; no pillow to lay their beating heads upon, save the dead bodies that crowded there, and the horses that were slain. It was a ghastly sight, that field of battle, by the glimmering of some solitary torch; it would be more ghastly still in the coming moonlight. The forms of the dead lay stiffened and rigid as they had fallen, the sharp expression of anguish still conspicuous on the livid, upturned faces. Officers and men, Sikhs and British, had fallen there together, peaceful towards each other in death, though they were not so in life. Ah! they were equal now: the officers, some perchance of noble family, who had been reared luxuriously, and the men, who, it may be, had never known a home, or an asylum worth the name of one. The one class had received no more care than the other, in

dying: there was no wife or mother to soothe their agonies of body, no priest to administer calmness to the soul: equal as they would be in the next world, so had the last scene of their lives been in this. But, striking more painfully still upon the heart of the beholder, himself hitherto spared, came the incessant cries of the departing—of those who *might* have been saved; the vain cry that went up around for WATER; and the anguished, unanswered calls for assistance, the sharp, eager question of were they to be left there, amongst the dead, to die!

In a part of the field, near to the camp of the Governor-General, reclining on the ground in their arms, was a group of officers. When you last saw some of these, it was at that convivial night-meeting at Umballah. *All* were not there of that thirteen: five had been slain at Moodkee, and three more in that day's carnage. Leaving five: but two of those five were wounded, it was thought mortally

"I say!" cried Lieutenant Bell, who had been reared in blue and silver at his mother's apron-string, and had never known a care in the world, save that of his handsome face, "we were all calling out for a taste of the battle-field, but I don't like such rough work as this."

"Rough enough," replied Major Challoner. "But there's the glory, you know, Bell."

"Egad! I'd rather have another sort of glory than what's to be got fighting with these demons of Sikhs. If they were but an honourable, open foe, meeting you hand to hand, it would be something like. Who would have laid a powder-magazine under our feet, to blow us up wholesale, save these sneaking cowards of heathens?"

"All stratagems are fair in war, they say."

"Stratagems be shot!" interrupted the lieutenant, wrathfully. "I think those prolific-brained enthusiasts who rave so much of the glories of war, major, exciting one on to become soldiers, might put in a little about its horrors. What was that cry?"

"Only a death-shriek," said Major Challoner.

"Ugh!" shivered the young man. "How ghastly the heaps of slain, with their oozing wounds, look in the moonlight!"

"Why, yes," cried the major. "One who faints at the sight of blood had best go away from a field when the battle's over. I freely admit that it wants the excitement of engagement to keep one's spirit above zero."

"Do you know," resumed the lieutenant, "the scene has several times to-day put me in mind of a war-description of Byron's? It's in a short poem, or fragment, of his, called 'The Devil's Drive.' Do you know it?"

"Not I," growled Major Challoner, "poetry's not in my line: never read a verse in my life. It may be in yours."

"It is a glance at the battle of Leipsic. And he watches the red blood running in such streams from the mountains of slain, that the field looks like the waves of Hell. The 'he' being the Devil, you know."

"Ah," cried the major, "very likely. It partakes more of the Devil's work than angels'."

"Hark at the moans of those poor wretches, dying for water! Ugh!" shivered the young man again, "how damp it is!"

"And bitter cold. Lynn, how are you?"

A groan was the only answer Major Challoner received. Captain Lynn had been dangerously wounded in the leg with grape-shot.

"How's the pain?"

"Oh don't talk about the pain," murmured poor Harry Lynn. "If I could but have some water!" Hundreds echoed the cry that night, in vain.

Major Challoner moved away on a work of succour. Exhausted though he might be, and necessary as repose was to him, he could not hear those wails for help around, and lie down to his own rest. There came up to the spot soon afterwards, making his way over the prostrate bodies, the young Irishman, Ennis.

"Lynn! Bell!" he cried, eagerly, "by Heaven I have seen it again!"

"Seen what?" asked Captain Lynn, rousing himself momentarily from his agony.

"That bird of ill-omen, the black form—ghost, banshee, or whatever it might be—which appeared to us that night at Umballah."

"Don't be a fool," retorted Bell, savagely, disturbed out of the sleep into which he was falling. "Your superstitious absurdities are not wanted to-night, Ennis; here are horrors enough without them."

"I swear I saw it! I swear it by the blessed Virgin! The same black, shapeless figure. It's dodging about the field, as if it were seeking something amongst the dead."

"I wish to the Lord you were dodging amongst the dead!" growled the handsome lieutenant. "Why did you not stop in Ireland along with your banshees, if you are so fond of them? Your teeth are chattering now."

"With cold," answered Ennis, hastily. "But I must go back: I am on the staff, in the place of poor Bellasis. Lynn, can I change your position before I go?"

Towards the hour of midnight, Captain Lynn, between his paroxysms of pain, had dropped into an uneasy doze, when some movement aroused him. The dark shape, spoken of by Lieutenant Ennis, was bending over him.

Doubting if he were awake, or whether it were not a delusion of the imagination, caused by the conversation of his brother officers, he rubbed his eyes and gazed up at it: when the figure threw back the dark cowl and disclosed to his astonished sight the features of the young Asiatic.

"Good God, Agee! what brought—how came you here?"

"I told you I would share your fate, whatever it might be," she said. "You talked of separation, and I let you talk, keeping to my own resolve. I assumed this disguise that night at Umballah, hoping to frighten you from marching against the Sikhs. And when I found it was useless, and you left, I followed in the track of the regiment; but I could not come up with it till this night."

"It was not your voice that spoke to us that night at Umballah!" exclaimed Captain Lynn, bewildered with her words.

"It was my voice, but I spoke through a small bone-instrument, in use among the Sikhs, something like a ring; so that none could recognise it to be the voice of a woman. I have come now to save you. I will find you a sure asylum amongst my countrymen. Rise, and follow me."

"I shall never rise again," was his reply. "I am severely wounded."

"Wounded!" she uttered, in an accent of deep horror. "But you must not stay in this spot: it is certain destruction."

"Destruction anywhere for me. Why in this spot more than in another?"

"I have wandered amongst the Sikhs unmolested this night," she whispered, speaking my own tongue. They have just found out the spot where your chiefs are encamped, and are hastening back to fire on it. This is the direct line. You must not remain here." •

"Fire on the camp!" he screamed. "Bell!"

But the young lieutenant slept heavily. "Bell! Bell!" continued Captain Lynn.

"What are you about to do?" cried Agee, wildly. "Would you betray me—what I have told you?"

"Betray *you*! no, no, I don't mean that. Sink down here by my side, Agee; the light does not give here, in the shade of the hillock." He pulled her down with one hand, and managed, though he could not stir his maimed legs, to stretch out the other till it touched the lieutenant, who partially aroused himself.

"Bell! Bell! fly to the camp. The enemy are upon them, opening their guns. Bell, I say!"

"What guns?" cried the sleepy lieutenant, raising himself into a sitting posture. "Guns! Where are our scouts and sentinels then? Have we none out?"

"Good God! are you a coward?" reiterated Captain Lynn; "every moment that you waste is worth a Jew's ransom. Fly for your life, and arouse the staff. Would you have the camp destroyed?"

The lieutenant, fully aroused now to the sense of the words, started up in haste. Captain Lynn turned to that dark figure by his side.

"Now, Agee! quick! you can make your escape."

"As I have clung to thee in life, so will I in death," she murmured. "What, think you, will existence be for me henceforth, that you should wish me to remain in it?"

"This is madness," he exclaimed, in much excitement. "Agee!—"

Boom!—boom!—boom! rolled the thunder of the Sikhs' heavy gun. It had commenced its work of destruction. Captain Lynn raised himself on his elbow, as he best could, and turned his head to look after his messenger. Even in that very moment, as he looked, a shot overtook the young lieutenant. With a wild, piercing cry, that reached and rung in the ear of Captain Lynn, he leaped some feet into the air. It was the last cry that ever came from poor William Bell. He was shot right through the heart.

Captain Lynn, amidst all the smoke and the dismay and the confusion that now reigned around, was conscious of a start and a moan beside him: but not for a few minutes was he aware that the unhappy young lady who lay there had received her death wound.

"Oh, Agee! this is fearful!" he cried, almost beside himself with horror. "And I am helpless—helpless!" he despairingly wailed, wildly throwing his arms up, in vain efforts to move, "I cannot bear you hence to safety and to succour!"

"There is no succour for me," she returned, in hollow tones, "my soul is fleeing. But oh, Henry! which dost thou think is more welcome to me—to live on in perpetual dread that thou wilt desert me for another, or to sink quietly to death thus by thy side?"

The camp, so startlingly aroused from its temporary security, sallied out against the Sikhs, but not until fearful havoc had been committed. The whole of the staff, with the exception of Captain Hardinge, were killed or disabled. Sir Henry ordered her Majesty's 80th Foot and the 1st European Light Infantry to the attack, who drove back the enemy and spiked their gun.

What were the reflections of Captain Lynn as he lay there through the night, with the dead body of the young girl resting against him? Not such that can tend to soothe the conscience of a dying man. He felt that the career bestowed on him from above was over, and how had he worked it out? He saw things clearly now: the near approach of death dashed away the scales from his eyes, and denuded his conscience of its worldly sophistries. The recollection of the life he had led came pressing on his brain. He knew it was not one that fitted him to stand at that judgment-bar whither he was hastening, to which *her* spirit had already flown: and, it may be, in those closing hours, in his soul's sharp tribulation, that he wailed forth an agonised petition for renewed days, like unto one we read of—not that he might return to his years of vanity, but that he might strive to redeem the past. But no: the sun went not back for him.

With daylight, the battle was renewed. The conflict raged with redoubled fury, and the slaughter on both sides was great. Victory appeared at length to favour the British, and the engagement, it was thought, was over. Our troops began to collect their wounded and bury their dead, when, suddenly, a force of the enemy, thirty thousand strong, consisting of cavalry and their camel-corps with swivels, bore down upon them. The infantry drove them back at the point of the bayonet, amidst showers of round and grape. The British forces were certainly at this moment in a critical position: *all their ammunition was expended, and they had not a single gun wherewith to answer the enemy.* Thirty thousand fresh troops and a heavy cannonade brought to bear upon our exhausted, and, as far as artillery went, defenceless soldiers! Yet, strange to say, at sight of some *threatening* manœuvres, the Sikhs fled, leaving the British in possession of the field and of much of their artillery. And thus, in this strange manner, ended the sanguinary battle of Ferozeshah. You don't want to hear of many such, do you?

"A well! a well!" broke forth, in shouts of exultation, from some hundreds of British voices soon after the fighting was over. It was really true: they had discovered one in front of the village they had taken. Bitter disappointment! the water was putrid, it having been half filled with their dead by the Sikhs. Nevertheless, it was greedily partaken of: general-officers, poor soldiers, all pressed round to drink. "Horrible!" shudders the dandy, sipping his claret at home. It *was* horrible: but when you, my dainty sir, shall have experienced the blessings of a forced march under an Indian sun, winding up with a hot engagement of some six-and-twenty hours at its end, without a drop of

moisture having gone into your parched lips, you will not turn away from even putrid water.

Two only remained out of the thirteen officers of Umballah memory, Captain Lynn and the young Irishman, and they were wounded unto death. Major Challoner and Captain Peacock had that day fallen. The Asiatic girl, when she pretended to foretell their doom, knowing nothing of it, gave a pretty good guess at the extent of the carnage. They, the two yet living, had been drawn aside from the dead, and were lying close to each other, amidst a whole crowd of wounded; and the agony of their wounds was even as nothing compared with that arising from their distressing thirst.

"Lynn," cried the Irishman, who retained his lightheartedness to the last, "we can sympathise with Dives now, when he asks for Lazarus to dip the tip of his finger in water and come and cool his tongue. It has been an unlucky fight for us, though!"

"We have earned laurels, you know," returned Captain Lynn, with mocking bitterness on his lip. Poor Harry Lynn! take it for all in all, his was a cruel fate, and his heart was full.

"And lost life," retorted Ennis. "For my part, I *expected* the bullet that struck me. You matter-of-fact Anglicans don't stoop to believe in death-warnings. Perhaps I may see it again before I die: but it must make haste, eh Lynn?"

A paler shade, if that could be, came over the face of Captain Lynn, and he pressed his hands upon his temples. He was about to speak, about to tell Ennis that he need have no fear of seeing "it" again, when a wild, shouting-noise in the distance stopped his words.

"What's all that?" inquired Lieutenant Ennis of a soldier who approached, carrying something in his hand. It was a man belonging to Captain Lynn's corps.

"We have been rummaging over the Sikh entrenchment, sir," was the reply, "and in it we have found the mess stores which they had captured, intended for the Bengal Native Infantry. There was a lot of beer in it—so glorious! It is being dealt out, and I have brought you some."

The officers raised their earnest eyes, their parched, eager lips, and a rush of joy, almost frantic in its excess, illumined their dying features.

"God be thanked!" uttered Lieutenant Ennis, as he fell back, after drinking of the sweetest draught he had ever yet tasted, "we can now die in peace. God be thanked!"

"Amen," responded Harry Lynn.

## LITERARY LEAFLETS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

## No. XXI.—DR. CROLY.

FOR nearly forty years past, Dr. Croly has been distinguished in the paths of polite literature, by his contributions to the departments of poetry, history, biography, romance, and criticism. As a politician and a divine, he is one of the few surviving representatives of old-fashioned, consistent, leal-hearted conservatism in Church and State. Not High Church, if that implies sympathy with the opinions and practices of our Puseys and Denisons; not Low Church, if a penchant towards the technicals of the Clapham Sect, and the policy of the Evangelical Alliance, enters into that definition; not Broad Church, according to the modern Latitudinarians, as depicted in the *Edinburgh Review*;—but one of those staunch, steadfast, Church-of-England Protestants, whom we are wont to regard as the model clergy after the very mind and heart of good old George the Third.\* Exception, however, must be allowed to his peculiar views on Prophecy, which are dissonant enough from the harmony of the theological *Georgium sidus*.

Nowhere, probably, is Dr. Croly more emphatically and satisfactorily himself, than in his political memoir of Edmund Burke; a memoir which, had it but comprised also some account of the great statesman's home and private life, would have secured a far more prominent, and maybe a permanent, place in the world of books. The Doctor's enthusiastic appreciation of Burke, it does one good to follow; nor is his own style an unworthy vehicle of such eulogy—cast as it is in so similar a mould, and presenting so many features of high, and not merely mimic, relationship. The glow of affectionate reverence colours with hues warm and lustrous the pages of this biography. The biographer's own eloquence kindles high, when he revives for us the scene of the arch-Orator's parliamentary battles:

While he forewarns, denounces, launches forth,  
Against all systems built on abstract rights,  
Keen ridicule; the majesty proclaims  
Of Institutes and Laws, hallowed by time;  
Declares the vital power of social ties  
Endeared by Custom; and with high disdain,  
Exploding upstart Theory, insists  
Upon the allegiance to which men are born\*—

in times big with ominous change, which, “night by night, provoked keen struggles, and black clouds of passion raised”—but when the flightiest and the fiercest of the Orator's foemen would sit “rapt auditors,” “dazzled beholders,”

When Wisdom, like the Goddess from Jove's brain,  
Broke forth in armour of resplendent words,  
Startling the Synod.

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\* Wordsworth: “Prelude,” book vii.

A companion work is the similarly executed *éloge* of William Pitt—in whose personal character Dr. Croly impressively records the “solid connexion of private virtues with public fidelity”—while he insists on the “heaven-born minister’s” success as commensurate with the lofty integrity of his principles, and dwells with exultant pride on his achievements in rebuilding into one superb confederacy the broken system of Europe, and closing by an unexampled triumph an unexampled war, which menaced the dissolution of every tie of nations and of men.

It is a long tale of years since Dr. Croly won his first laurels in verse by his “Paris in 1815”<sup>\*</sup>—a decided success, which he followed up by a variety of other poetical ventures,—for example, “The Angel of the World,” an Arabian legend; “Sebastian,” a Spanish tale; a comedy, entitled “Pride shall have a Fall;” “Catiline,” a tragedy; “Gems from the Antique;” numerous lyrics and occasional verses, “Scenes from Scripture,” &c., &c. We cannot but assent to a lately deceased critic—himself a poet, tender and true—who, while according to Dr. Croly, as a poet, many great and shining qualities; a rich command of language, an ear finely attuned to musical expression, a fertile and lucid conceptive power, and an intellect at once subtle and masculine; yet observes, even of the best of his poems, that they are rather effusions than compositions, and abound with passages of mere declamation however eloquent, and, not unfrequently, substitute rhetoric for inspiration. We are reminded of the buskined tread and the stately regularity of the French theatre. We see the poet don the “learned sock” of one of our great masters, but listen in vain for an echo of the “wood-notes wild,” of another and a greater. We mark the imposing flow of canorous rhythm, the processional pomp of artful versification, the classical refinement of an uniformly elevated diction; but the touch of nature, the sudden thrill of feeling, the simple response of the heart to one that can sway it at will,—these we miss, and missing we deplore. Yet as we write, there occurs to us, as an instance quotable *per contra*, the touching song of the gentle Moorish minstrel in “Sebastian”—which may be given in as evidence against us:

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<sup>\*</sup> Perhaps the most vigorous and characteristic portion, as certainly the best known, of this poem, is that descriptive of the French retreat from Russia in 1812 beginning with the stanzas—

“Magnificence of ruin! what has time  
In all it ever gazed upon of war,  
(Of the wild rage of storm, or deadly clime,  
Seen, with that battle’s vengeance to compare?  
How glorious shone the invader’s pomp afar!  
Like pampered lions from the spoil they came;  
The land before them silence and despair,  
The land behind them massacre and flame;  
Blood will have tenfold blood. What are they now? A name.  
“Homeward by hundred thousands, column-deep,  
Broad square, loose squadron, rolling like the flood  
When mighty torrents from their channels leap,  
Rushed through the land the haughty multitude,  
Billow on endless billow; on through wood,  
O’er rugged hill, down sunless marshy vale,  
The death-devoted moved, to clangour rude  
Of drum and horn, and dissonant clash of mail,  
Glancing disastrous light before that sunbeam pale.”



Farewell, my gentle harp, farewell,  
 Thy task shall soon be done,  
 And she who loved thy lonely spell  
 Shall, like its tones, be gone ;  
 Gone to the bed, where mortal pain  
 Pursues the weary heart in vain.

I shed no tears, light passes by  
 The pang that melts in tears,  
 The stricken bosom that can sigh,  
 • No mortal arrow bears.

When comes the mortal agony,  
 The lip is hush'd, and calm the eye.

And mine has come, no more I weep,  
 No longer passion's slave,  
 • My sleep must be th' unwaking sleep,  
 My bed must be the grave.

Through my wild brain no more shall move  
 Or hope, or fear, or joy, or love.

It were libellous to say there are no other such examples of the simply pathetic and tenderly natural in the author's volumes of verse, but there are not many such, so far as our judgment and memory will serve.

From his doings in minstrelsy, turn we to his doings in prose fiction. Most people have heard of "Salathiel," but not many have read it. The reputation which it ensured its author was wide, and emphatic, but it was of a hearsay kind. Men pronounced the story of the Jew a work of genius, and Dr. Croly a distinguished writer, but they wisely confined their admiration to the safe platitudes of general terms, and abstained from asking one another, Have you read "Salathiel?" To have solicited their special opinion on the character of Sabat the Ismaelite, or the description of Rome in flames, and the "Christians to the lions!" would speedily and sadly have reduced them to a nonplus. How often does the same principle hold good in the circles of the fashionable reading world! Even the popularity of the most popular, were it carefully analysed, might show such an absence of the elements of intelligence and actual sympathy as would considerably disgust the object of it. The voice of the multitude is not the most trustworthy of guarantees for immortality—too frequently it illustrates the scornful lines of old *Horace* in the French tragedy:

Sa voix tumultueuse assez souvent fait bruit,  
 Mais un moment l'élève, un moment le détruit ;  
 Et ce qu'il contribue à notre renommée  
 Toujours en moins de riens se dissipe en fumée.\*

While, then, we are not prepared to say that "Salathiel" deserved more popularity, we think that it deserved more readers. What a magnificent theme, even though a trite and faded one, that of the Wandering Jew! What scope for a soaring imagination, what background for a glowing fancy, in the story of the mortal immortal, the "everlasting" stranger upon earth, the unresting, undying one! And here meets us a fault in Dr. Croly's romance. Beyond a page or two at the beginning and the end of his fiction, there is positively no connexion between Salathiel and

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\* Corneille : *Horace*, Acte v. Scène iii.

the Wandering Jew. The interest does not attach to the latter as such. The plot does not gather around him as such. He is almost uninfluenced, his career is almost unaffected, by the dread sentence, "Tarry thou till I come." In fact, we should peruse the tale with greater interest were Salathiel *not* the Wandering Jew—since the supernatural destiny affixed to that traditional being goes far to remove him from the ordinary pale of human sympathies, and transplants him into the shadowy region of creatures unreal and allegorical. Dr. Croly, indeed, claims for him a share of the common repugnances, hopes, and fears of human nature—and makes him shun pain and disease as instinctively and intensely as if he held his life on the frailest tenure. But there is something incongruous and unsatisfactory in all this. Allan Cunningham observes, that we feel with Salathiel for eighty years and odd; and at the close of the usual term of human life, shut our hearts, and commence wondering. The observation almost implies, however, that "honest Allan" either had never read, or else had forgotten all about Salathiel; for Croly confines his three volumes to fewer than "eighty years and odd," concluding them with the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans under Titus.

If ever the veritable Wandering Jew turns up, and gives the world his autobiography, or some one graphic section thereof, it will not be much in the vein of "Salathiel." Dr. Croly is too rhetorical by half. His excited orientals in their wildest vagaries are cool enough to sacrifice passion for a period, and not unfrequently prefer pomp to pathos. They have one and all been taught to declaim, and to speak their speeches trippingly on the tongue. If they have something akin to Isaiah and Ezekiel, to Paul and John, they also betray their obligations to Edmund Burke and modern oratory. Another valid objection to "Salathiel," is want of unity. It is almost a thing of shreds and patches—a portfolio of ill-connected sketches. It is a rolling picture of eastern scenery, a cyclorama of moving accidents by flood and field. Many of the details are given with the hand of a master. The reader of "Salathiel" cannot but be struck by descriptions like that of the demoniac by the Dead Sea, the burning of Rome under Nero, the fight of Constantius with the lion, the surprise of the citadel of Massada, the orgies in the pirates' cave, and, above all, the solitary passage of Salathiel in the burning galley, when, plunging and tossing like a living creature in its last agony, the trireme he had boarded burst away from her anchors,—the wind was off the shore—a gust, strong as the blow of a battering rain, struck her,—and, on the back of a huge reflux wave, she shot out to sea, a flying pyramid of fire. The book contains, also, several portraits touched off with considerable talent:—Sabat the Ismaelite, first seen as the crazy beggar, the son of El Hakim, and afterwards as that terrible herald of evil, so vigorously described by Josephus, who, in Jerusalem's hour and power of darkness, wandered up and down her streets, crying "Woe! woe! woe!"—Jubal, the impetuous and ill-fated Jewish warrior—Gessius Florus, the infamous Roman procurator, "a little bloated figure, with a countenance that to the casual observer was the model of gross good-nature, a twinkling eye, and a lip on the perpetual laugh"—the Emperor Nero, "a pale, under-sized, light-haired young man, sitting before a table with a lyre on it, a few copies of verses and drawings, and a parrot's cage, to whose inmate he was teaching Greek with great assiduity"—Titus, princely,

engaging, with features "handsome and strongly-marked Italian, and form, though tending to breadth, and rather under the usual stature, yet eminently dignified." The character of the troublous times to which this fiction belongs, supplies the author with ample opportunities for getting his hero into strange passes. But the interest is mightily abated when we know how sure he is to get out of them, and the very variety of Salathiel's difficulties becomes at last monotonous and wearisome. He is perpetually being taken prisoner, and perpetually setting himself, or being set, at liberty. The way to catch him, is, to Roman and Jew, easy enough; but the way to keep him is undreamed of in their penal philosophy. Nero despatches him to execution, and a masked figure hurries him instead to liberty. Near the Lake of Tiberias he is captured by a body of Roman troopers, and gives them the slip by a *ruse* of Arab horsemanship. After a two years' durance in an unlighted dungeon, he gropes his subterranean way into a brilliantly illuminated cavern of Cypriote pirates. Onias imprisons him in the upper ward of a stupendous tower, and a boy lets him out of the window in an empty wine-basket. Titus has him fast under trusty lock and key, and a young girl, Naomi, guides him to freedom. Again Onias consigns him to captivity in the Tower of Antonia, in a dungeon undermined and fired by the enemy; and the very means used for his inevitable destruction are those which saved his charmed life, for though the walls collapse, and he is plunged down a chasm, and continues rolling for some moments in a whirl of stones, dust, earth, and smoke, yet, when it subsides, he finds himself lying on the greensward, in noonday, at the bottom of a valley, with the Tower of Antonia covered with the legions, five hundred feet above him,—and, as might be expected, he is up and doing again in no time at all.

The management of historical fiction is at all times a matter of nicety and difficulty. We do not think "Salathiel" a triumph of art in this respect. There is either too much or too little history in it. It is neither one thing nor the other. There is something paradoxical in its very starting-point. Why is Salathiel so infinitely affected by the words "Tarry thou till I come," proceeding as they do from the mouth of One in whose divine mission he is not a believer? And then in the evolution of the great drama of Jerusalem's destruction, we have just sufficient adherence to history to make us expect the narration of notorious episodes, inseparably related to the catastrophe, and the introduction of notorious characters, almost essential to the working of the tragedy—in which expectation, however, we find ourselves in error. As a writer of fiction, Dr. Croly was at liberty to use as much and as little of fact as he pleased, always with a due deference to the exigencies of art; and as readers of fiction, we too are at liberty to express our opinion as to the success of his eclecticism in this respect. And now, having growled *ad libitum*, let us own, in conclusion, that "Salathiel" is not lacking in features of power and grandeur, in qualities of lofty conception and elaborate fulfilment, such as would do honour to any writer of the age.

The mere fact of its publication in the pages of *Blackwood* ensured to Dr. Croly's other novel, "Marston," the advantage of a large, if not an eager, public. It failed to excite the interest which some of its "forbears" and successors, as serial fictions in *Old Ebony*, have so sig-

nally aroused—such as the sea-stories of Michael Scott, the exaggerated but often forcible inventions of Dr. Samuel Warren, and the crowning triumphs of Sir Bulwer Lytton. But “Marston” has high merits of its kind—and to those who relish the introduction of political and historical portraits, mingling on the stage of the action,—after the manner of Scott in “Peveril,” or of the last-named *maestro* in “Devereux”—these “Memoirs of a Statesman,” walking and talking with statesmen French and English, during the agitating years of the French Revolution, are replete with attraction. The principles in politics, the elucidation of which had occupied Dr. Croly’s mind while engaged on the biographies of Burke and Pitt, he had now an opportunity of illustrating in the form, and with the vivid aids, and the appliances and means to boot, of fictitious narrative—philosophy teaching by example—and this opportunity he turned to account with skill, and with fair success. It involved the peril of indulgence in disquisition, and of postponing story to argumentative discourse (which the subscribers to Hookham’s, Ebers’, Mudie’s, &c., profanely style “prosing”), and of making plot and passion yield the *pas* to dissertation and description; but the writer was too experienced in his craft, and too lively in his ideas, ever to become absolutely dry; too animated in his perceptions, and too graphic in the expression of them, ever to be voted unconditionally “slow,”—unless, peradventure, by some of those very “fast” fellows, who are themselves superlatively slow in their upper-works—in the mechanics (it were absurd, in their case, to say the dynamics) of *voûs*.

Of Dr. Croly’s minor tales, one of the most remarkable is that entitled “Colonna the Painter,” a tale of Italy and the Arts, with *la Vendetta* for its stirring, thrilling, all-absorbing theme. The conduct of the narrative is admirable; and the diction, like that of its imaginary manuscript, lofty and impassioned—occasionally rising into a sustained harmony, a rhythmical beauty and balance, consonant with the *locale* and the accessories of the story. There is masterly art in the narrator’s prefiguration of the catastrophe by the picture in Colonna’s Saloon, and his gradual development of the events of which it was the dark culmination. The whole is highly wrought, but without any of the strain and startling distortion of the French school. The “Tales of the Great St. Bernard,” some of which made a sensation when they appeared, we can do no more than name. And to the same nominative case, in the plural number, must be referred the diligent author’s edition of Pope, his Reign of George the Fourth, and other miscellaneous works.

Theology falls not within our province; yet, omitting mention of the Rector of St. Stephen’s (Walbrook) general performances in this department, we are tempted to bestow a parting word on that particular book of his, which, from the nature of its subject, of all others, it might seem our chiefest duty to leave undisturbed,—his Commentary, namely, on the Apocalypse of St. John the Divine. This exposition it is almost difficult to reconcile with our previous impressions of the writer, as a man of highly cultivated intellectual power, and gifted with much practical sagacity—indeed, one of his critics defines his intellectual distinction to be strong, nervous, and manly sense. But he is also of an imaginative and ardent temperament,—and to this he seems to have yielded the direction of his exegetical pen, when transporting himself in spirit to the isle called

Patmos, and interpreting the mysteries of the seven-sealed scrolls. His ebullient Protestantism and his rampant anti-Gallicism got the better of him, and fired him to explain the vastest, sublimest, most inscrutable of apocalyptic symbols, by *their* "things of the day." He could desecrate in the spelling of Apollyon a dreadful identity with that of Napoleon. His eager snatches at allusions and analogies may remind us of Wordsworth's smile

At gravest heads, by enmity to France  
 Distempered, till they found, in every blast  
 Forced from the street-disturbing newsman's horn,  
 For her great cause record or prophecy  
 Of utter ruin.

Coleridge, whose *liaison* with Edward Irving must have imparted to him a special extrinsic interest in the theme of this Commentary, was even vehement in the tone of his strictures upon it. We find him writing as follows, in a letter to Dante Cary:—"I have been just looking, *rectius* staring, at the Theologian Croly's Revelations of the Revelations of St. John the Theologian—both poets, both seers—the one saw visions, and the other dreams dreams; but John was no Tory, and Croly is no conjuror. Therefore, though his views extend to the last conflagration, he is not, in my humble judgment, likely to bear a part in it by setting the Thames on fire. The divine, Croly, sets John the Divine's trumpets and vials side by side. Methinks trumpets and *viols* would make the better accompaniment—the more so as there is a particular kind of fiddle, though not strung with *cat-gut*, for which Mr. Croly's book would make an appropriate bow. Verily, verily, my dear friend! I feel it impossible to think of this shallow, fiddle-faddle trumpetry, and how it has been trumpeted and patronised by our bishops and dignitaries, and not enact either Heraclitus or Democritus. I laugh that I may not weep. You know me too well to suppose me capable of treating even an error of faith with levity. But these are not errors of faith; but blunders from the utter want of faith, a vertigo from spiritual inanition, from the lack of all internal strength; even as a man giddy-drunk throws his arms about, and clasps hold of a barber's block for support, and mistakes seeing double for 'additional evidences.' "\* The most sage and sensible of men appear, somehow, liable to monomaniac tendencies on the one subject of prophecy: even Newton was crotchety here; and Dr. Croly but adds another name to the list of those celebrated by his satirical fellow-countryman, such as

— Whiston, who learnedly took Prince Eugene  
 For the man who must bring the Millennium about;  
 And Faber, whose pious productions have been  
 All belied, ere his book's first edition was out.

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\* Memoirs of the Rev. H. F. Cary.

## A GERMAN VIEW OF THE EASTERN QUESTION.\*

IF contradictions, conflicts, and national wars may be regarded as misfortunes, in that case the peninsula of the Hæmus is most assuredly the Pandora's box for European futurity, for its condition presupposes protracted and sanguinary contests. The fact that the Osmanli dominion is gradually drawing to its close—that the suppressed races are incapable, without foreign assistance, of political regeneration, but that the European powers are as little inclined to give up the whole booty to one among their number, as they are able to settle about its division—such is the nucleus of the Eastern question and the torment of diplomatists. No one can furnish any advice in the difficulties raised by the solution of this question; every one feels that the old continental traditions of diplomacy are not capable of arranging this solution, that a re-construction of Europe must be united with it, the plan of which is not yet clearly defined. Hence the universal desire to defer the decision and to maintain the *status quo*.

Austria feels this desire most heartily, and has entire cause to do so. When the Osmanli forced their way into Europe, the period of ideal policy was not yet past. People still talked of the unity of Christianity: the Hapsburg emperors were still regarded as the temporal governors of this Christianity; and this was not an utterly empty title, as long as the national policy was silent, in opposition to the Turkish "hereditary foe," and combatants collected from nearly all the Christian countries beneath the banners of the Hapsburgs, in order to support Austria in her defensive opposition to the Osmanli. For the traditions and maxims of the House of Hapsburg,—that type of the most corrupt form of Romanism, which was sunk in the slough of apathy and Spanish ceremonial,—could never lead them beyond the system of defence. The positive, the aggressive, the initiative, were utterly ignored by these traditions. They caused Austria to be so dependent on the *status quo*, that is, on the preservation of the Turkish empire; for she felt, that when this empire collapses, Austria must either become positive—that is, give up her nature and traditions—or else perish. She became, as soon as her territories were liberated from the Turkish sway—in just distrust of the expansive abilities of a state which strenuously strove to weaken and suppress her own elements of nationality—the truest and most disinterested friend of the Turks, and remained so, until she was driven from her orbit by the revolution of 1848; and now helplessly oscillates between the past and the future—powerfully drawn backwards by her traditions, and the interests recently aroused by the present reaction, which represents them; driven forwards by her destiny and the progress of the world.

There is in the life of a nation a certain period, which, in the East, occupies the whole existence of the people, when religion is all in all, and religion and state, unless they wish to perish utterly, are indissolubly connected. A nation which is capable of development breaks through this connexion, and strives to render religion a matter affecting the indi-

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\* Russland, Deutschland, und die östliche Frage. Von Gustav Diezel. Williams and Norgate.

vidual, and to separate it from the state. In such a case it is possible to fuse different religions and nationalities into an harmonious whole; the only condition is, that men, spite of the difference of religion and nationality, regard each other as possessing equal privileges, and that the government protects the life and property of all alike.

At this stage of its development the state is capable of unbounded extension, as it everywhere recognises the existing. But so long as it remains in this stage, fusion, assimilation, both national and religious, are connected with this expansion, and when this appears impossible, the expansion ceases. Austria found, from her inability to raise herself from this lower stage of political development to a higher one, the bounds of her expansion in the Greek-Byzantine empire—although it was of the highest importance for Austria, composed as she is of so many various nationalities, which can never be fused into a whole, to emancipate the state from everything connected with dogmatism. She felt that she neither possessed the power to catholicise these countries by force, nor was she able to join them to herself by the propagation of a system of cultivation in a perfect state of independence on religious relations. Hence she fell into a state of stagnation, wasted away, and pretended to believe in the eternal duration of the *status quo*. Hence, too, she was lauded for her deep political wisdom—for the maintenance of the *status quo* in Turkey was a subject of intense interest to all; but while England and Russia were growing stronger, and so became more able to assert their claims in the settlement of the Turkish inheritance—whenever the catastrophe could no longer be deferred—Austria became,—by this *status-quo* policy, by this purposed suppression of the national energies, by this systematic exclusion of progress,—each day more powerless, more incapable for action when the catastrophe arrived. She sedulously played into the hands of her future rivals, who were gradually growing more prepared to accept the inheritance, while she was continually becoming weaker.

This is the necessary consequence of that unhappy Spanish policy, which in the 16th century opposed the Reformation—not recognising it as a necessary expression of the national vitality—and suppressed it by bloodshed in the Austrian family lands. The sins of this policy—which only fools can call conservative, for it is not conservative to engraft Spanish corruption on a healthy nationality—have not yet borne all their fruit; but the time is at hand when the ulcer will burst and the atonement will ensue.

Russia has displayed less reluctance to attack the *status quo* generally, and in Turkey more especially. This is very natural. Russia has managed to fasten to its interests all that fancied itself menaced by the revolution in the widest extent of the term, but is itself thoroughly revolutionary in its being. If we comprehend by revolution the compulsory alteration of all existing relations, Russia is, in fact, the revolutionist among European states. Its mere appearance in the European state family was an act of revolution: the balance of power was disturbed by this very fact. The creator of modern Russia was the most terrible revolutionist whom the world ever saw, although he was seated on a throne: nothing existing was sacred to him; all that was ancient and venerable he overthrew, and he refrained from no measures, however

repulsive they might appear to morality, religion, or humanity, as long as they helped him in the furtherance of his designs. The problem, which is before the Russian state, involves the utter subversion of the European edifice, and can only be solved by the overthrow of the most solid and deepest foundations of the European system. If Russia ever perform this task, it will have to remain for a long while revolutionary or non-conservative. Still Russia is very clever in giving to all these revolutionary movements, when it thinks proper, the appearance of legality. When opposed to Turkey, religion, the identical element which had set bounds to Austria, furnished suitable means, and laid the foundation of that supremacy which Russian policy has maintained over the Austrian, during the last eighty years, in the East.

Russia was christianised from Byzantium, and for a length of time influenced by its religion. The old Varagian grand-dukes attempted in vain to render Russia independent in ecclesiastical affairs. Through the Muhammadan conquest, which gave the Christians of the Greek empire Moslem masters, and placed them in a state of subjection and vassalage, this object was attained. Russia had from that epoch its own independent patriarch, whom Peter the Great, in consequence of the clergy opposing his changes, removed without any difficulty, and substituted a synod under the immediate authority of the state. Since then the Church in Russia has become a mere instrument of the government, which must assure it an influence over the masses, who are so ignorant and so devoted to religious forms. But it also contrives most cleverly to exercise this influence externally. The Byzantine Greeks were a dead nation long before they had fallen under the yoke of the Osmanli. Their rich political and moral life had sunk into corruption, and this had smoothed the path for the unrestrained, obstinate dominion of dogmatism. Religion was the only thing which the old dying world had still to show; the religious society had swallowed up the political. But, while in the west the Germans, benefited by this religion, furnished the materials for an entirely new national and political development, which extended during the next centuries in the richest abundance and variety, the dogma found nothing in the Byzantine empire which was capable of fertilisation and expansion. By a simple comparison, we can here estimate the great importance which must be attached to the Germanic influence upon our western civilisation. In the Greek empire Christianity remained without blossom or fruit. It was only the expression of exhaustion and atrophy. And yet the Hæmus territory was in some measure revived by the infusion of new blood. It has been satisfactorily proved, that through the continual immigration from without, the original Greek blood was considerably mixed and transformed. Still no new political life was imparted by this mixture of races, when connected with the collision with the old forms of society. The Slavons either became Hellenised, *i. e.* were drawn into the Greek corruption and were lost in it, or they retained their savageness and barbarism, like the Slaves who had remained at home, and restricted themselves to the external assumption of Christianity.

A celebrated writer upon these historical and ethnographical relations only mentions one effect of this Slavonic invasion of Greece. "As long as Eastern Rome," says Fallera Meyer, in his "*Fragments aus dem*



Orient," "was Greek, the Catholic of Byzantium and the Catholic of Rome met; if with some coldness, still always as brethren and members of *one* faith. The bond was first severed, and the rupture rendered incurable, after the Slavons had poured over Romania. With this people, who were ever in a state of opposition to us, an element of irreconcilable contradiction, fell into the lap of Anatolian Christianity." Fallera Meyer concludes, from this spirit of the Greek population of the Osmanli empire being in harmony with that of the Russian nation, and from this spirit of opposition and hostility toward the West, that the Russians are destined to be the heirs of the Osmanli, and that this catastrophe cannot be averted by the West. And he would assuredly be correct, could the mere unity of belief decide the question, which is of such importance to Europe, or if the western cultivation could not oppose a most formidable power to this union, and be forced to suffer the fairest countries of Europe to be given up to Russia, who not only would foster no cultivation in these lands, but the cultivation flourishing in the West would be restricted, menaced, and perhaps destroyed.

Russia has assuredly based its plans for the future occupation of these countries upon this religious unity with the subjected Greeks. When, under the successors of Peter the Great, after Austria had given up the prosecution of her schemes upon Turkey, the coasts of the Black Sea and Sea of Azov were taken by the sacrifice of those hecatombs of soldiers which form the chief strength of the Russian, or of every barbarous system of strategy, Russia applied itself to acquire silently and gradually, through its treaties, a protectorate over the Greek Christians of the Turkish empire. As the Osmanli, who had never been adapted for cultivation—just as the Greeks are no longer capable of it—always evinced toleration towards the Christian confessions, and willingly guaranteed to the Greek Church not only religious liberty, but also a share in the municipal administration, they innocently entered into agreements, binding themselves with Russia to favour the Greek religion, which they never had any intention of assailing. Thus it happened that, even in the treaty of Kudjuk Kainardji, of 1775, the Porte promised to give the Christian religion a firm protection, empowered the servants of the Russian court to make representations to it, whenever anything occurred in contradiction to the maintenance of this protection, and at a later date bound itself not to offer any impediment to the free confession of the Christian religion and the performance of its duties.

The Porte had, as it seems, no idea of the latitude of such concessions, and of the attacks to which they exposed the Turkish government, although the foreign envoys, especially the Austrian, understood it very well, and bitterly complained of this blindness. In this method Russia advanced, slowly but surely, at the same time recommending itself to the Greek population as their protector, and avenger of any injustice they suffered; and thus it came about that when the Russian envoy demanded last year a formal treaty, or a surrogate to it, in favour of the Greeks, this demand in fact could be represented, after the preceding treaties, as something quite natural,—we may say—self-evident. The distinction was only this: when Russia formed those treaties with the Porte, which contained the premises of the latest Russian demands, the Porte was still in a state of recognised indepen-

dence. It is true it was gradually sinking, but no one yet thought of its ruin, least of all itself, and hence the carelessness with which it entered into agreements, which a powerful state can alone undertake without danger, but which must hasten the end of a tottering empire.

In the mean while, however, a great change has taken place in Turkey. Her natural historical foundations were subverted during the reign of the last Sultan; a system of cultivation has been forced upon her, which is in the most striking opposition to the temper of the Osmanli, and against which they must continually struggle. Since that time the Porte does not exist from its own strength, but through the European powers, as a so-called European necessity, which may burst like a soap-bubble at any moment. And the danger is the greater, as they are rival powers who support the Porte, powers who are continually trying their strength upon the Porte, whose independence they pretend to respect, and, as in consequence of this conflict, one influence, one system follows on the other, can only accelerate the end of the whole, which they wish to protract.

The result of the western revolutionary movements in 1848, of which scarcely a trace can now be found in many of the western states, necessarily exercised a most important influence upon the Eastern question, not on account of the Magyar and Slavon fugitives who went to Turkey and there derived their convictions of the strength of the Osmanli empire; but because, while all the continental states were thereby greatly weakened—in reality, we should say, for in appearance they have become stronger, and many consider themselves since that time invincible—Russia has been collecting all the strength which the others lost. Through this new and tremendous extension of the Russian power, the long silently-existing conflict between Russia and England has ripened to an open outbreak, and all attempts to patch it up will be useless. The proprietorship of this bone of contention, which will not be so speedily arranged, will be contested in the East, in Constantinople. England immediately took the part of the Porte in the most energetic manner against the pretension of Russia and of Austria in the fugitive question, and if later, in consequence of the unexpected change of affairs in France, the English policy seemed to retrograde, still this could not possibly be permanent—this apparent retreat only formed a bridge for the renewal of the contest in which France, to whom this momentary armistice was owing, must either definitely join the English policy, or become a mere satellite of Russia. Since Russia has become, through the result of the movement of 1848, the supporter and representative of the so-termed conservative policy on the Continent, England is forced to display revolutionising tendencies. With Austria, as the former focus of the conservative policy, it was possible for England to remain in alliance: with Russia she can only share advantages, but never keep up any political harmony. Hence it became a necessity that Russia should be driven from the field by the English diplomatists at Constantinople, and as it could not be assumed that Russia would yield without a blow all the immeasurable advantages it had gained in the last four years, a war was only natural, though no one can foretell when the first act of the drama will be over.

The protection of the Greeks, or the maintenance of the integrity of the Porte, and so on, is therefore a very secondary point; the real ques-

tion is the opposition between England and Russia, which can no longer be healed over, and which finally has led to a collision. England is constantly compelled to defend the sovereignty of the Porte, and to make the attempt whether a better social position of the Greeks is compatible with the endurance of the Osmanli empire, or not. On the other hand, Russia defends the interests of the Greeks, the majority of whom, it has been proved, are in no way ambitious to taste the Muscovite knout. The contest will hardly be carried on for any length of time under this pretext, as victory or defeat will be equally destructive to the Osmanli empire. The contest will not become genuine until the Turkish empire has yielded its fate, and the reconstruction of the Byzantine kingdom has to be effected. Then the struggle between England and Russia will become as exciting as it will be interesting to cultivated Europe; it is the contest of liberty against slavery, of civilisation against barbarism, of dignity against dishonour. In this contest the mighty humbug of the Russian preservation of civilisation will burst simultaneously with the feverish illusion that Germany and Russia must be first incorporated ere the Germanic spirit can burst forth again.

That the Turks are not only not adapted for cultivation, in our western sense, but fiercely opposed to it; that the Porte, in proportion as it yields access to western cultivation, gives up Islamism and destroys its own basis, without converting or extirpating the spirit of the nation, which will ever break out with the old fanaticism, whenever the Porte is engaged in a contest with real or so-called Christian powers—requires no proof. It is an Asiatic state, that is, a state without personal liberty, without law, without protection for property and labour, built upon coarse enjoyment and sensuality; and in its religious-national arrogance, an insult, if not a danger, for Europe. The reforms announced by the Turkish Government have been till now an immense lie, and will doubtless ever remain so, because they are impracticable, not only through the temper of the nation, but also through the national fundamental principles and regulations. It is another question, however, whether the mere overthrow of the Osmanli government, possibly through an insurrection of the Christian population, could improve the position of the Greeks; and a further question, whether this would be possible, by giving up the Holy Land to the Russians.

It is only too fully proved that the moral corruption of the Greeks is more extensive than that of the Osmanli; that the latter are honest, faithful to their word, and conscientious; while the Greeks lie and cheat without the slightest scruple. At the same time, the lower Greek population is not so much plundered by their Moslem masters as by their own co-religionists—their bishops and patriarchs. We cannot even say in apology, that these faults have only been developed under a foreign yoke; these were evident long prior to that event, and the Greek population has remained stationary for nearly 1000 years in its character and morality. It is impossible to assume that such a nation can be regenerated without foreign intervention, and the attempt which has been made in the southern portion of the peninsula of the Hæmus, is a clear proof of the truth of this view.

Still less, however, could any benefit be expected from the Russians obtaining possession of the country. Russia is powerful enough to sup-

port a party in Greece, but is not powerful enough to govern Greece, and govern it satisfactorily. The pride of antiquity would summon up a much more furious opposition against the new rulers, who received their religion and civilisation from this country, than would be developed against any other master; an opposition, of which, it is true, only little is heard, as long as the object is to struggle with their nearest and most immediate foes, the Turks. The privileges of ecclesiastical self-government, and the intervention of the Church in the civil administration, it would be impossible for Russia to allow, although it now pretends, when opposed to Turkey, to insist on their fulfilment; consequently the Greek Church would be almost immediately engaged in the most furious contest with the Russian government, and nothing would be left to the latter, in the barbarity of its measures, save a compulsory Russification.

These difficulties within would have to be modified and concealed by a development of strength without, and these Russo-Greek wars could only be directed against western civilisation. Even if Russia wished to implant internal cultivation after its own peculiar fashion, it would be forced to derive its elements from external sources, such as was the case with their importation into Russia. In short, we cannot consider the consequences of the cession of Greece to Russia, even if we could believe in the possibility, that such an unbounded extension of the Russian empire would not entail its immediate dissolution, without meeting with impossibilities and absurdities—the idea of a perfect destruction of our western cultivation, or a reduction of our countries to a level with the *Hæmus* provinces, *i. e.* their sinking into a state of barbarism, against which England, at least, can and will defend us, even if the Continent had not sufficient strength.

The cession of European Turkey, or merely of the Dardanelles to Russia, would be the subjugation of the West to the East, the dominion of Asia over Europe, the overthrow of long subsisting relations, which can only eventuate, when the Germanic world with all its branches is utterly worn out and exhausted. It is evincing the most *bornè* territorial policy, if Austria habituates herself to the notion of settling the Eastern question by a division between Russia and herself, in which Moldavia, Wallachia, Bulgaria, with Constantinople and the Dardanelles, would fall to the share of Russia. The interests of the West would be irremediably injured by this step, and Austria would not be strengthened, but weakened. If Germany is not able to exert an influence over the Greek lands in any other way than by tearing off a few shreds and tacking them on to Austria, it neither deserves, nor will it have a future in the East.

Nothing is so little and unstatesmanlike, but so truly *German-princely* as this policy, which announces an immense triumph, when it has succeeded in tearing away a patch of territory with a few thousand "souls," and "incorporating" it. Nothing proves more patently how far back Germany still is in its political development, than the barbarism and crudeness of this territorial policy, that must be first entirely overcome, and abolished within Germany, which is fancied to be firmly established again, before the Germans assume a position in the world corresponding with their national qualities and historical mission. From the very fact that Austria, spite of her universal monarchical traditions and velleities, never rises above this miserable territorial policy,

and seeks her strength, not in the culture of independent interests, but in the subjugation, incorporation, and regular reduction of all the elements to the level of the Hapsburg Absolutism—from this very reason—Austria, with her present constitution and her former traditions, will proportionally effect little in the solution of the Eastern question, despite of the favourable nature of her position.

This duty will devolve principally on England, who, because she has carried out her reform in a social point of view, and has got rid of *her* Hapsburger, has raised herself to the first rank among the Germanic nations, and advances as the representative of Germanity in Europe. Her interests, as well as the principles of state, and the nature of the people, throw the solution of this question into her hands. It may be a matter of regret that this part has been allotted to her and not to Germany, whose position should render the latter the protector of European liberty; but we must confess that Germany, from its own fault, is entirely incapable of effecting this, and should owe deep gratitude to the English, if they check the progress of Russia. If the people of the Grecian peninsula can be regenerated, this will not be possible by the inundation of a materially barbarous nation, even if united with them by a religious bond, but only by the intervention of a free nation, whose state is based on self-government, which promotes self-government everywhere, which protects and develops labour and property, and manages to open out and *exploiter* the national resources in every direction. After an impartial consideration, we must allow that the English, of all the great and governing nations whom Europe has seen during the course of a long history, are best adapted to govern foreign nations, dissimilar, or even opposed, to them in character. The simplicity of their political arrangements and principles of government, which they derive from home, and which are suited for every country and every nationality, because they care for protection of liberty, life, and property, and everywhere extend the spirit of self-government—the respect for foreign institutions, which the English suffer to exist without modification, while the French and the Russians are always eager for assimilation and transformation—the strength and manliness of their character; and, finally, their superiority in every description of productive cultivation,—all these qualities impart to their government, not the character of an oppressive despotism, but that of an institution fostering liberty, independence, and civilisation.

The English have succeeded in arousing peoples and countries of the most opposite character from the deepest sleep and political dissolution to new life, and in re-opening long-choked sources of prosperity and riches, without any sensible nation being able to deny them the testimony of the service performed to the land and people. A nation, however, which has so thoroughly exhausted life in all its phases, like the Byzantine, can only gradually rise from its slough by the influence of a race in every respect superior to it, by growing accustomed to new interests and their promotion, through the example of the in-flocking strangers, and by a limited self-government, that is to say, a government which is deprived of the power of destroying itself. In this sense will England have to develop her influence in the East, for her own sake and that of European

cultivation; and, in truth, things will follow this track, now that war has been once declared.

And as formerly the contest between England and France was not confined to the limits of both countries and their waters, but set the whole of Europe in motion; in the same way the struggle between Russia and England will not be fought out in the East, where the nations came into collision, but all Europe will be gradually drawn into the conflict. It is one of the most remarkable facts in recent history, that under a Napoleonic empire, a lustre after Trafalgar and Waterloo, an approximation—an alliance between England and France could become possible. It would be very foolish to believe in the eternal duration of such an alliance, to fancy that now the national antipathy existing for ages between the two nations, and increased during a long history, should be done away with, and both would work hand in hand, with disinterested love, for the propagation of civilisation. But it may be asserted, without danger, that the reconciliation between England and France must be a necessity, so long as the Holy Alliance exists: that is, so long as Germany only serves to strengthen the preponderance of Russia. The Napoleonic period of France, which accepted the contest with the whole of Europe, and from whose traditions, hopes, and apprehensions, the wise diplomacy of the Continent is liberating itself with such extraordinary slowness, was a sickly and spasmodic condition: it will hardly return—for even a new and successful French revolution, in which many still believe, would not augment the power of the state in such measure that France could again subjugate Europe—least of all will it do so under Napoleon III. France will have to accustom herself to a modest policy; she will have to become reconciled with her old foes, one after the other; and so long as Russia domineers over the German governments, she will be in alliance with England. If this condition is only transitory, still it will serve as the introduction to a new period in European history. The war between England and France is over: the war of England and Russia is commencing, and France can only take part in *this* war, while in the other it occupied a first rank. It is the great fact of our era that France has descended from her umquile elevation.

For the Russians, as it seems, the time is past, when they could take advantage of the hostility subsisting between the two great Western Powers, in order to quietly increase their own strength. Russia has now to defend her own cause, and prove the claims, which she has asserted, to the dictatorship of Europe. With her the *hic Rhodus, hic saltu*, is now true. She must show whether her nationality and her government, in junction with the sympathies of a portion of the East, will be strong enough to carry out the war against the West. It was by no means probable that she would rush headlong into this contest, but it was equally impossible for her to withdraw from it without permanent injury to her reputation. Let the decision be deferred, let the Ministry, which still manages English affairs, build a golden bridge for Russia's retreat: the battle-field is chosen, the combatants are drawn up—they may hesitate in commencing the war, but they can no longer decline it.

As far as we are acquainted with Russia, her nation, and her history, we cannot doubt but that the only possibility of her enduring the issue

of the struggle lies in her authority over Germany. As long as this unhappy state endures, her position is strong, if not to attack, still in defence. In Germany, therefore, the question must be decided; and if Germany persists in her present conduct, that country will again become the scene of sanguinary contests, in spite of all the nonsense about the impossibility of a war. In Germany the battles were fought which England waged against France: shall the struggle between East and West be decided on German soil, when the German nation only requires *one* decision and *one* deed to settle the question without bloodshed? But whenever German states entered into alliance with England or France, it was for the interest of civilisation that the alliance was formed, and the war, if for the moment ruinous, was followed by beneficial results. But what can induce Germany, who has not yet ended all her internal struggles, whose interests imperatively demand national unity and national policy, to join the Russians, or, which in the end would be the same thing, to promote their interests by her moral support, and so imperil her own future existence more and more?

The importance of the impending struggle for Germany lies in the fact that it places the antagonism of the national interests with those of the dynasties in the clearest light, and naturally gives rise to the question which of the two shall have the supremacy. The national interests imperatively demand an alliance with Western cultivation in opposition to the barbarism that menaces them from the East; the return of Russia to that position to which its cultivation and the character of the nation entitle it: the alteration of the present dependence of Germany on Russia, into that of the dependence of Russia, as the receiver, upon the West as the donor; the settlement of the question, whether the masses must rule over cultivation, or cultivation over the masses. The position of the world and the weight of England render it almost an impossibility for Germany to join Russia, while it is bound by all the fibres of its existence to English civilisation; but, on the other hand, the interests of the dynasties cause it to appear equally impossible for the princes to desert the cause of the Tzar. The impending struggle will entail the settlement of this important question, through which an entirely new order of things may be anticipated.

This the dynasties appear to comprehend more clearly than the nation, whose more intelligent representatives do not yet understand the full extent of the conflict—that the principles, which sought and did not find a settlement in Germany in 1848, have retired to the two ends of Europe, and here are opposed to each other. The struggle is inevitable, and no neutrality will be possible. But fruitless are the hopes that Russia will accept the intervention of the German courts, or be induced by them to withdraw or make any concessions. The brother-in-law of the Prussian king, the friend of the Emperor of Austria, would *perhaps* do so, but the Tzar of all the Russias cannot. The great politicians of Vienna and Berlin, who believed in the disinterested nature of the Russian assistance, must see this illusion vanish, and derive the conviction that the growth of power, which they have given Russia by their un-German policy, will turn directly against the interests of the West, which are based on a common foundation, and against those of their own countries, and bring into a clear and dangerous light the antagonism of the national and

dynastic interests. They must perceive, not merely that they have played into the hands of Slavonism, but that they are now incapable of checking its progress, and it is only the folly which seems to be peculiar to the defenders of a bad cause that tries to make the Palmerston policy responsible for the extension of the Russian power. ●

The majority of the intelligent Germans still delude themselves with the hope that Austria will have the power and will to represent the interests of Germany in this struggle. This illusion, which is the consequence of the apathy originating from the shipwreck of 1849, may possibly entail a multitude of misfortunes on Germany; but it is the last illusion which Germany will have to overcome. It is superfluous to prove that it is an illusion. The Optimists would not allow themselves to be convinced by arguments: facts, we fancy, will soon prove the truth of our remarks.

Those who are free from this illusion—and their number will rapidly increase—will await the development of affairs with the greatest apprehension. For if the opposition against Russia is not sufficient inducement to the nation to collect in a firm bond and attain a new national life, then this hope will for ever be a chimæra, and those were right who prophesied the dissolution of Germany and the extension of neighbouring states by the appropriation of her various components. Then the Continent will sink for ages into a death-sleep, and the dictum will be most rapidly and fully verified—that “the history of the world is hurrying towards the West.”

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#### HITHER AND THITHER.\*

THE late Mr. John Fitchett of Warrington, attorney-at-law, made it the great end and object of his life to produce as much blank verse, upon the subject of King Alfred, as would fill *six* closely-printed volumes, in royal octavo; and then died, leaving to his kind and talented executor the task, which he accomplished, of completing this awful labour in a forty-eighth book, of two thousand five hundred and eighty-five lines. We might seem to be quoting from some quaint fiction; but the facts are incontestable; for the mighty work (after two years had been consumed in passing it through the press) was actually published by Mr. William Pickering, *Aldi discipulus Anglus*, in the year of Grace 1842. It may be presumed that, with Mr. John Fitchett, this race of authors has become extinct. Men of talent and leisure can now find higher employment than writing forty-seven books of blank verse; and there are few persons so unoccupied as to read them. Our comfort as intelligent beings, as well as the proper economy of our time, is beginning to make it necessary that all books shall be kept within some reasonable dimensions. Three-volume novels must be abolished by act of Parliament; it might even be well to

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\* Hither and Thither; or, Sketches of Travels on both sides of the Atlantic. By Reginald Fowler, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Frederick R. Daldy, 10, Paternoster-row. 1854.



impeach Sir Bulwer Lytton; and, at a time when men are in the habit of merely adding their personal adventures to the facts of their predecessors, there is no class of books to which a statutory limit should be more rigidly applied than to Books of Travels. Travelling itself has undergone a revolution, and so must its records. Once it was otherwise. Though we have now been long accustomed to the useful Hand-books issued from Albemarle-street, there are persons still living who commenced their grand tour with *Reichard's Guide*; which opened, as they may remember, with one or two dismal chapters on the dangers the traveller was about to encounter, and the precautions necessary for avoiding them. He was recommended to have a servant who (not metaphorically, but literally) could bleed him. He was to have double-barrelled pistols, and was instructed how to carry them; but his valour was to be tempered with discretion, as he was informed that it was a very delicate question to determine when he should make use of them; and when he had escaped the dangers of the road, he was to pay as much attention to the locks of his rooms as to those of his double-barrelled pistols. In those primeval times, pages interminable could be filled with a narrative of way-side adventures. Every town that was passed through had its history and description, and every suspected imposition was treasured as an incident:

Wheresoe'er we turn'd our view,  
All was charming, all was new.

From many places we were so long excluded, that they were re-opened to us as undiscovered countries. It is now very different. The road from London to Naples is as familiar as the pavement of Piccadilly. The Overland route to India is better known than the country which lies between the Mansion House and the East India Docks. Intermediate distances are annihilated. The United States are explored during the Summer holidays. Greece and Turkey serve for a vacation ramble. Abyssinia has become common-place; and the far-off Himalayas are taking customers from the Alps. Still, however, even on the most beaten track, there will always be something to be observed and reported upon. The question is how it may best be done. Writers such as Mr. Curzon and Sir Charles Lyell travel with a specific object, and we receive their works without too minutely inquiring whether the attraction is in the subject or the author. It is the same with the Tours of Mr. Laing, and those of our botanists in India and China. They have a speciality. But the traveller whose object is self, in its various forms of health, amusement, economy, or notoriety, must conform to the plan of the writer whose work is now before us, and select, from his Note-book, only its more interesting portions. In this way—though with a title rather more odd than suggestive—Mr. Fowler has produced a very agreeable volume. We do not mean to say that he has at once achieved perfection; but when he thinks anything worth describing, he certainly describes it well.

After some "free-hand" sketches of Madeira, Lisbon, Gibraltar, Cadiz, and Seville—to which we shall again advert—he crosses the Atlantic. In his own words, he proceeds "from Rome to New York;" and though we are not aware of any such direct communication between the harbour of the Ripa Grande and the commercial capital of America;—and find,

indeed, as we proceed with the chapter, that it is merely an *ad captandum* mode of announcing a change of scene—we willingly follow him. To this portion of his volume we shall, on many accounts, give our chief attention. He describes the external aspects of the country with vigour and freshness; and he speaks, with a manly liberality of tone, of the people and their institutions. It may seem a paradox, but it is true of the older states, that during the last forty years America has undergone very little change. Lord Carlisle's description of its northern cities, or Miss Bremer's account of Carolina and Georgia, would have been as correct half a century since as they are now. New states may be created; new territory may be acquired; its cities may spread their limits; or their commerce may increase with "a potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice;" but the people are essentially the same. There is still (be the qualities good or bad) the same absorbing love of gain—of *acquiring* rather than *accumulating*—which was long since described as the centre of their social system; the same pride in their country and its form of government; the same political intolerance;—which often assumes the form of insufferable tyranny. In periods of excitement there is personal risk in differing with the majority; and a striking instance of it occurs to our recollection.

Shortly before the commencement of the last war between Great Britain and the United States, some articles appeared in a Baltimore journal strongly animadverting upon the conduct of the government, and the impolicy of the contest in which they were about to engage. As Baltimore was to be one of the principal ports for privateering, such opinions were unpalatable to the people, and the editor of the paper was threatened with their vengeance. He treated the threat with contempt; and they determined to show him they were in earnest by levelling his printing-office with the ground. He then prepared for defence, by barricading his premises; and his garrison was strengthened by a few friends; one of them an officer who had served in the revolutionary war, and another an Englishman named Thompson. Upon the first attacks of the mob they were fired upon and repulsed with some loss. But this only irritated them. On their next appearance they placed cannon in a street commanding the printing-office, and as the position of the besieged began to be desperate, overtures were made to the authorities of the city that they would give themselves up, and abide the decision of a legal tribunal, if they could, in the mean time, be defended from personal injury. The assurance was given; and with some difficulty they were conducted, amidst the yells and execrations of the people, to an apartment in one of the wings of the city prison. Shortly after nightfall a confused noise was heard outside the walls; and soon afterwards shouts and approaching footsteps sounded through the corridor which led to the room where they had been placed. It was a moment of horrible suspense; there seemed no possibility of escape, and there was little time for deliberation. The hero of the revolutionary war, "more like an antique Roman" than a modern citizen, produced a dagger, and proposed that they should successively stab each other, the last survivor inflicting the same fate upon himself. It was a proposal very coldly received; and a man of more practical wisdom suggested that their only chance would be to extinguish the lights, place themselves behind the door, and join and mingle with

the people as they entered. To this stratagem several of them owed their safety. But amongst those who were identified was the unfortunate Englishman. Wounded severely in the head during the scuffle, he was seized upon by the mob; and, a barrel of tar having been emptied over him, he was powdered with feathers from head to foot, and conducted in a cart, to the music of a hooting populace, through the streets of the city. To a less robust frame, the torture and exhaustion would have been fatal. At last he was recognised, at one of the halting places, by a friendly American (and we are bound to say that some of them behave nobly on such occasions), who concealed him in a neighbouring ditch, and he ultimately escaped; though, several weeks after, he might have been seen, on his way to England, with the wounds in his head still festering. Now it may be thought unfair to bring forward, as a trait of national character, an incident which occurred upwards of forty years since. We should think so too, did we not remember, in later times, the treatment of the Abolitionists; and that there are places where it would have been dangerous to have pronounced that the Cuban invasion was an act of piracy.

We will give another instance. The liberties of America are founded upon the following declaration:—*"We regard this truth as self-evident, that all mankind are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that amongst these are life, liberty, and the endeavour after happiness."* Where we at present write, we cannot refer to the document *in extenso*; we take it, therefore, as quoted by Miss Bremer; but we believe it is correctly given.

It is quite evident, however, that no animals in existence are created equal. From the first descendants of Adam to the present hour, we see, in every family, original differences both physical and intellectual; and, if they did not exist from the beginning, they would soon be formed by habit and circumstances. With this inequality, the wise and prudent will always govern, and the strong subdue; and no people can ever have *political rights* till they are so far advanced in civilisation and power as to acquire and maintain them. Nor have we a single liberty or right which is "inalienable." All civilised society is formed by a relinquishment of rights. It is scarcely possible to conceive a clearer right than that of freely going into and out of the place where we reside. But the public safety may require that the gates should be closed at a certain hour, and the right is, without any injustice, alienated. To class "the endeavour after happiness" as a "right," is merely, perhaps, a loose mode of expression. Yet there is not a single city in the Union where all this might be strongly and publicly expressed, or the nonsense of the passage be exposed, without the risk of personal insult, or deadly arbitrement.

When the present Chancellor of the Exchequer was conducting one of his measures through the House of Commons, he was somewhat peremptorily contradicted by a member on the opposite benches. After a short explanation, he inquired if the honourable gentleman still held the same opinion, and was answered, "Yes, I do." "Then," said Mr. Gladstone, "I can only say that *I don't agree with you.*" We hold that no difference upon a public question should ever go beyond this. When it comes to bowie-knives and revolvers—with every wish to be courteous to our Anglo-Saxon brethren—we cannot admit that free discussion any longer exists. There is as little liberty of opinion, under such a system of

terrorism, as under the most absolute despotism in Europe; it is a blot on their national character; and, in dismissing one of the few points upon which we would speak of them unfavourably, while we admit, as regards this heavy sin, that they have "reformed it indifferently," we would add, as Hamlet did, "Reform it altogether." The sketches of Mr. Fowler will, we know, be more agreeable to them than the tone of these remarks. He has done them full justice; and, as a specimen of his manner, we extract a description of the passage from New York to Albany:

The Hudson is a noble stream. One bank, for some miles after leaving New York, is covered with country houses and their pleasure-grounds; the other is bounded by a flat ridge of rocks, rising to a height of about 500 feet, forming a strong contrast to the gently sloping shore of the opposite bank. Above this the river expands into a broad sheet of water called the Tappaan Zee. Next, the boat rapidly glides through a succession of apparently small lakes, twisting and turning through abrupt, precipitous, rocky hills, but covered with small timber to the water's edge. This is the most beautiful part of the stream. Like the Rhine forcing its way through the Tannus range of hills, the Hudson is here compelled to yield to the nature of the ground. Beautiful, indeed, are the little lake-like expansions which here form the river. West Point, situated on the shore of one of them, is a little Eden; and some care has been judiciously exercised in not defacing this retired nook, more than is absolutely necessary, by the buildings of the well-known Military Academy. West Point has been so often described, that it is unnecessary for me to dwell upon it here. It is the only military training school the United States possess, and is regarded by the mass of the people with great jealousy—some difficulty being generally experienced in passing the annual vote, for its support, through Congress. The discipline maintained is very strict. Very many of the students leave before their course of study expires. Most young men are, in all countries, impatient of restraint, and they are particularly so in America; added to which, the military profession does not hold the same rank in society as in other countries: it is simply tolerated as a necessary nuisance. The army is very small (about 9000 men), and is chiefly employed in small detachments in the thankless, dull, inglorious duty of guarding the extended frontier of the Union against the Indians. The irregular force looks down upon the regular; the colonel of militia is a greater man than the colonel of the regular army. The soldiers are almost all Irish or Dutch, with some few deserters from English regiments quartered in Canada. Few native Americans will enlist—and they are right; no career offers so little inducement. The officers are so scattered that they have no "mess," which, in most services, promotes *esprit du corps*, and gives a higher tone both of manners and feeling. Above this, the stream flows through a level country, abounding in clean, snug little towns, and here and there a residence of the better class perched on some knoll, or on the shore of a green little bay. These houses have invariably some attempt at architectural beauty, and none are without wide sweeping verandahs. At Kingston the Kaatskill mountains, the scene of Rip van Winkle's twenty years' nap, come into sight. This range is thickly timbered throughout, and is some distance from the river; the intervening space being a level plain of about ten or twelve miles broad, only partially cleared, and thinly inhabited. The banks gradually become more tame, the stream narrower, the current more rapid; and the navigation, for vessels of any burden, ceases at Troy; about five miles above Albany. As far as Albany the average width of the almost currentless stream is about a mile; and I myself saw a square-rigged ship of about 400 tons burden lying off a wharf more than 100 miles from New York. Its capabilities for navigation may therefore be imagined. On my return from Canada I landed at this part of the river to pay a visit of a few days to the

far-famed Pine Orchard Hotel, situated on this range of mountains, 3000 feet above the level of the sea. The ascent of the mountain offers most lovely views over an immense extent of country; and the spot on which the hotel stands is one of the most striking in the world. A small space, at the very brink of a precipice 1500 feet deep, has been cleared; on this, within a few yards of the edge, stands the hotel. The view is magnificent. An immense tract of country lies below you, through which the white stream of the Hudson flows like a silken thread. The dark foliage of the trees, and the little towns on the margin of the stream, enable the eye to trace its course mile after mile—until to the south it is lost among the high lands about West Point, and to the north among the hills of Connecticut. The view extends at least 100 miles in every direction, presenting a most exquisite panorama of a large part of the states of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Vermont. One cannot help being struck with the immense quantity of forest still standing, the small part of the country which is under arable cultivation, and the apparent sparseness of the population in so old settled a district, and so near a city which may be said to be not only the capital of the state of New York but of the whole Union.

We have given so long an extract, because with this description, and the frontispiece to Miss Bremer's second volume before us, the appearance of the Hudson may be as distinctly conceived as if we were actually upon its banks. Mr. Fowler also confirms what we have said as to the little change which has taken place in the character of the older cities. "In New York," he observes, "there are so many persons who have been accustomed to the gaiety and light-heartedness of a continental life, that this city is, undoubtedly, the most agreeable in America, with the exception, perhaps, of St. Louis or New Orleans during the proper season. At Boston one acquires a decided dislike to Puritanism, and learns to consider a 'blue' lady a bore; at Philadelphia, the primness and propriety of the Quakers, and the rectangular construction of their city [and of themselves] are almost painful. Baltimore is a little more south, and therefore less straitlaced; and Washington is, of course, interesting to a traveller, from being the seat of government; though in itself a melancholy skeleton." All this would have been equally correct if written immediately before the last war. To the character of American society he does more justice than the generality of English travellers. He reminds them that "to seize upon any peculiarity, and exaggerate it, is easy. To represent, as characteristic of a whole people, manners which are to be found in a mere section of it—to dress them up and present them to the reader in amusing language—may flatter national vanity; but it is highly unfair. . . . I mixed during several months (he says) in every class of American society. The highly-bred English or French gentleman, accustomed to the best and most refined, is not to be found. . . . But you will find, with this exception, most native Americans (I use this term advisedly, because the states are deluged with people from other countries, who are the loudest talkers and most obtrusively ill-mannered) superior in intelligence and manners to persons filling the same position elsewhere." This is not Mr. Fowler's best-constructed sentence; but he continues to remark, with great truth, that "really good society is not easy of access to a traveller in the United States; he must not only come well recommended, but must linger long upon his road." The writer of these pages is gratefully sensible that

had he not taken letters from one who was honoured as much in America as at home, as a philanthropist and man of genius, he should not have been able to appreciate as he does the best of American society. "All society in a city like New York cannot be good; neither have I found it so elsewhere. Take class for class, and it need not blush by the side of its European competitors." "To know the Americans," he adds, "you must visit them. No written description will be just. Like a rule relating to the gender of French nouns, the exceptions will be so numerous, that in the end the rule itself will be forgotten. Every climate, from tropical heat to Siberian cold; pursuits the most various; the wealthy luxurious city, and the newly-planted log-hut, whose inhabitants see but the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, must and do present striking contrasts."

From the United States, Mr. Fowler proceeded into Canada. He describes its scenery, especially his voyages on its lakes and rivers, with his usual clearness; and he gives a striking instance of the folly of retaining in emigration a taste for the luxuries and amusements which the settler has formerly enjoyed. To disappointed expectations he attributes the general disposition of the emigrants to sell their farms. "Nearly every farmer appeared to be not only willing but desirous of parting with his land—if a purchaser could be found—denoting either that farming is unremunerative, or the farmer extravagant, and, therefore, involved. The truth is, that people come to the colony with small resources and old-country habits, and soon dissipate whatever capital they bring with them. Discontent, neglect of their business, and reckless improvidence follow. Too much is expected from a small capital; and it is only when too late, that emigrants find out the real truth, that none but hard-working, careful people, can succeed here—unless backed by an income drawn from other sources than their farms."

Mr. Fowler shrinks from a description of Niagara. He says that language cannot be made to rise to such majesty; that it is without a parallel in nature. "The mind can only grasp it through the external senses; it must be seen and heard—not frittered away and toned down through the cold medium of a string of expletives and superlatives. There is, besides, something almost sacred in the thoughts and feelings to which the scene gives rise: he who feels it most will say the least. You cannot prattle in the face of such sublimity." This seems a repetition, in word-painting, of the artist who concealed one of the principal faces in a group because he was unable to give it adequate expression. Yet we do not remember to have had the scene more satisfactorily brought before us than in the pages which it prefaces. If satisfied with the society of New York, with that of Montreal he was delighted. He describes it as "most excellent, and the hospitality and kindness of the resident French Canadians unbounded. All (we are told) who have visited the city will bear willing testimony to this, and to the mild, lady-like, winning manners of its fair inhabitants. The change from the abrupt rusticity of the greater part of the upper province strikes a traveller forcibly. He passes at a bound, as it were, into an entirely new social atmosphere, which recalls to his mind the never-to-be-forgotten charms of a French drawing-room. The French Canadian has retained

the suavity, and, in a great measure, the ideas, both social and political, of the ancestors from whom he sprung; and who quitted their native land about the time of Louis Quatorze."

Our notice of the European portion of the volume must be brief. There are some very sensible remarks upon the religious dissensions amongst the English at Madeira; and the account of Gibraltar takes us to the place itself. We wander about its rock; shudder as we contemplate the slow torture of its military prison; and make excursions to Campo and S. Roque; and, through the cork wood to Almoraima; with something like a vague belief that we once were there. We will spare the ladies of Portugal his description of their *personal attractions*; though it only confirms what we have formerly heard from their countrymen—by way of contrast—when descanting with rapture upon the beauty of Englishwomen. It might reconcile them to our author's opinion to know that even the fair dames of Cadiz fail to satisfy his fastidious taste. "Do they deserve the praise so lavishly bestowed upon them?" he asks. "I think not. Dark and carefully-arranged hair, and bright piercing eyes, are their chief beauty. The features are not very regular, nor is their complexion good. Their walk is unrivalled." Yet if we strike a balance upon such items as these, the result will still be in favour of beauty: and the possessors of such attractions would not, we should think, lessen the pleasures of a Spanish supper. "About eight or nine in the evening comes the really social meal. Then the family meet, friends drop in, the girls bring out the guitars, and music and dancing are kept up till midnight. This is the time to see a Spanish family in good humour, and to the greatest advantage; for these four or five hours are the enjoyment of the day. When once admitted on terms of intimacy, you may run about their houses at all hours like a pet dog. Even the women will not run away from you, although they be in morning deshabille; and no servant (when your face is known) will ever trouble himself to announce you; he simply admits you, and leaves you to wander over the house when, where, and how you like."

Agreeable as this mode of visiting seems to be, it may be doubted whether it would be much relished in England. Mr. Fowler's next chapter is of Malta, which offers little that is new. The quality that gives life to his sketches is less a graphic power than an evident sincerity. A total absence of exaggeration:—in a word, Reliability. We abstain from further extracts. It is unnecessary to cut into fragments what is already so brief. We may do so to exempt from the necessity of reading more ponderous works; but, in Mr. Fowler's case, the volume itself will amply repay the time which it may occupy. He never tires; and has given us a pleasant and readable book.

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## DIARY OF A FIRST WINTER IN ROME—1854.

BY FLORENTIA.

Audience of the Pope—Villa Doria Pamfili.

I AM just returned from an audience of the Pope, and sit down to write with all my impressions fresh on my mind. Two days ago a French dragoon made his appearance at my door very early in the morning, before I was up, to the infinite alarm of my Italian *servitù*, who thought he had come to arrest me, I believe. He only bore, however, a very peaceable intimation, printed on an extra large sheet of paper, notifying that I was to make my appearance at the Vatican, dressed in black, on the following Sunday at three o'clock.

Sunday came, and in the morning our English service, where 700 so-called "*heretics*" offer up their prayers in every variety of fashionable silks and satins, with unmistakable Parisian bonnets *en suite*. The walls of the "upper chamber" appropriated by the "Protesters" of the nineteenth century are painted in glaring frescoes, looking as little like a church as possible. Everybody stares with that insolent knock-me-down air, considered indicative of high *ton* by English *alone*, every other nation increasing in courtesy precisely in proportion to the rank of the individual. In good sooth we are fearfully and wonderfully made, specially on the Continent.

By three o'clock I had dressed myself *selon les règles* for presentation to the head of the rival establishment, viz., in black, with a veil over my head à l'*Espagnole*, a very becoming coiffeur by the way, which must, I think, have been introduced by Lucrezia Borgia or some other ecclesiastical belle, as being the prettiest and most taking costume their fertile imaginations had hit upon. Up we drove to St. Peter's, where those glorious fountains shoot up in masses of molten silver towards the bright sun, typical in their transparent purity of the faith which martyrs on that very spot have sealed with their blood. I was afraid I was late, and hurried along the marble corridor and up the regal staircase, extending from the colonnades to the interior of the Vatican. The quaint Swiss guard were lounging about and talking some utterly unintelligible patois. These men are regular "bestie," as the Italians say, and cannot be classed under any denomination of Christians; they have scarcely the attributes of humanity, and only understand "*la raison de la force*," being gifted with particularly sharp elbows, as every one has felt ever jammed into a church-crowd in St. Peter's or the Sistine Chapel. At the top of the steps stood a servant in crimson uniform; a little further on, another. All things have an end—so at last had the climbing up stairs. I found myself landed in the first room of the picture-gallery, where San Romualdo and his companions are represented as ascending still further *en route* to heaven, in voluminous white dresses. I was so out of breath I don't think I could have followed them had I



had a chance—perhaps, after all, they mistook the way, and landed—*chi lo sa—?*

Next to this empty *sala* is a room furnished with a brass scaldino in the midst, and some chairs—a perfect specimen of Italian nudity. Round the walls were ranged about twenty persons, waiting like myself the good pleasure of his Holiness. As we miserable schismatics and sinners were kept waiting at least an hour, I had abundant time to observe them. There was a group unmistakably French—two ladies as coquettishly dressed as black would allow, with veils more exposing than hiding their faces. With them were two gentlemen, who fidgeted incessantly, used their handkerchiefs like minute-guns, and took snuff by handfuls. The ladies rattled away incessantly, like true Frenchwomen. Bless their souls, how they must talk in their sleep! Next to them was a party as 'decidedly English; they laughed and nudged each other, and made fun of everything, were very ill-dressed, and seemed utterly out of place. Then came a whole circle of French again, with two abbés and a small, round boy, coloured in the face like a rosy pippin. These people had brought some excellent jokes along with them, and laughed so long and loud the walls must have been scandalised, the priests heartily joining in the fun. Certainly the vicinity of the Holy Father had no effect upon them, nor were they sobered by the presence of two nuns or pilgrims, who sat motionless beside them. These were two young creatures of most interesting appearance, with white cloths wrapped closely round their faces, precisely as the early masters, Perugino and his predecessors, represent the Mater Dolorosa. They wore dresses of dark brown stuff, with girdles of coarse, knotted rope; a cross lay on their bosom, and coarse sandals bound their naked feet; in their hands they held broad-brimmed straw hats. 'I understood that they were destined to some mission in North Africa. Poor things! what devotion such a life requires! Immovable they sat, like monumental effigies, and as the deep shadows fell on the delicate face of the younger of the two, and a slight hectic colour flushed her ivory cheek, she looked like some pre-Raphaelite saint listening to the preaching of an Augustine or an Ambrose! I wonder what they thought of the world and its vanities in the person of the French lady, flourishing an embroidered pocket-handkerchief and rattling her jewellery?

Dr. Johnson says, "An hour may be tedious but never can be long"—a proposition I utterly controvert, for I found that division of time allotted to waiting exceeding lengthy. I grew so cold and chilled I felt actually turning into stone—still no summons came. I looked at the pictures; opposite to me was a large fresco representing Sixtus IV. giving audience to some mediæval gentleman devoutly kneeling—a delicate hint to Protestants present "to go and do likewise." I got quite angry with a bonneted Doge of Venice, by Titian, simply because I could not help staring at him, and, in fact, hated all the *chef-d'œuvres* around, being in a very sulky humour. When hope seemed quite vain, and after even the pilgrim nuns had moved the quintessimal part of an inch, steps were heard approaching; the curtain over the door was drawn aside, and Monsignore Talbot, a member of the Malahide branch of that ancient line, private chamberlain to Pius, advanced into the room bare-

headed, magnificently attired in light purple robes, with a great cross embroidered on his breast. Grand and courtly in bearing, with a dignified address, lending importance to his fresh and handsome face, he might have sat to Titian, and been admired as one of his happiest subjects. Making a general bow to the assembled company, who rose at his entrance, he pronounced the name of the French party and retired, they following him. Next were summoned the noisy priests, quite quiet now, and the little boy cowed into good behaviour by the apparition of Monsignore. Next my "*rispettato nome*," as the Italians have it, was uttered, and I exit through two or three empty rooms. Before entering the audience gallery, called Degli Arazzi, from the glorious tapestries that hang along the walls, designed by Raphael, Monsignore Talbot instructed me how to behave, and made me take off my gloves, which are never worn in the presence of papal royalty. Beside the door stood another valet in crimson; a bell rung, and I was signed to advance. Pius stood at the top of a long gallery. On entering I knelt; on advancing to the middle of the room I knelt again; and at last, on arriving before him, a third time I knelt. All this is difficult to execute decorously. The aspect of the Pope is extremely benignant and pleasing; a halo of kindness and benevolence hovers around him, and the sweet smile on his calm, composed features immediately prepossesses one towards him. As I made the allotted genuflexions, he seemed to wave his hand as though deprecating the formality, and bidding me freely advance. He looked almost pained at being approached so ceremoniously. On reaching his feet, at the third kneel, he presented me his bare hand, and I kissed a splendid ruby ring which he wears. Gregory, the late Pope, desired and submitted to having his foot kissed, the orthodox salutation in papal audiences; but the amiable Pius prevents even such an attempt, by frankly stretching forth his hand at once. He was dressed entirely in white, with a small cap on his head and shoes of red, bearing a cross embroidered in gold, and stood beside a table at the top of the room. His white robes hanging in heavy folds around him, the tapestried walls of the gallery, his grave and immovable attitude, one hand resting on the table, altogether conveyed the idea of an historical picture more than an actual scene. He addressed various questions to me respecting my own family affairs, and listened with interest to my replies, first asking me in which language, French or Italian, I could most easily express myself. His voice is soft and musical, as all know who have heard how sweetly he chants the high mass at St. Peter's; and his manner full of paternal kindness and affability. "*Nella gioventù*," said he, "*c'è sempre vanità, le tribolazioni ci vengano da Dio, pregiamo dunque che siano santificati per voi.*" ("Youth," said he, "is full of vanity; misfortunes, though grievous, bring us nearer to God; pray, therefore, that your own may be sanctified to you.")

After some further talk, during which he spoke emphatically of H—ry M—g\* with high praise, he raised his hand with a sweet smile,

\* There was a sermon preached by H—ry M—g at San Isidoro, on St. Patrick's Day, none who ever heard can forget. But beautiful as was his discourse, it is himself more than his words that I admire. He has studied the lives and appropriated the virtues of the great Fathers of the Church, until the inner

and said, "Figlia mia io ti benedico;" upon which he again gave me his hand, which I of course received and kissed kneeling, as is the etiquette, and forthwith retreated, the Pope sounding a small hand-bell, on which the closed doors were swung open. It is an extremely nervous operation to retire backwards, as one is in full view the whole time.

I returned with the most agreeable impression of his Holiness, and quite able to understand what Count L——, of the Guardia nobile, felt when he said—"I love Pius far more than even my own father."

Among all the villas I have seen, none have charmed me like the Doria Pamfili, now a desolate, forsaken wilderness of sweets. As the grounds were the very *campus belli* of the French soldiers and the republicans during the siege, and the villa was taken and retaken over and over again, all neatness and order are gone. But it is this very circumstance that makes the grounds so delicious, and lends them the appearance of some enchanted garden, such as Armida created to retain Rinaldo. On entering the great gates, three separate roads diverge in different directions, through dense avenues and woods of ilex. In a dreamy and melancholy state of mind—for I had been vexed in the great city below—I chose the central one. I went on until I found myself in an open park, undulating in graceful lines, and rising into rounded heights crowned with wood, from which descended little valleys and deep nooks, black with shade, all backed by great weird pine-trees, whose

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man has become so purified and illuminated, that the outward man bears unmistakably the seal of the great ecclesiastical school to which he belongs—that school of love, resignation, heavenly-mindedness, faith, fervent prayers, watchings, fastings, and unwearied labour in the great harvest of our Lord. When he stands in the pulpit, clothed in the white stole, that pale angelic face, beaming with chastened intelligence and spiritualised intellect, looks actually transfigured. The moral influence that man exercises here is unbounded, but to those who know him perfectly, comprehensible power goes out from him as from a prophet of old, irradiating all within his sphere. He is all goodness, humility, and meekness, and yet wields an intellectual strength so powerful, that he has but to raise his voice, and the attention of all, Roman Catholic and Protestant, is riveted. He has suffered much from the unkindness of friends since his change, and sorrow is indelibly written on his countenance; but it is that sorrow which our Divine Saviour tells us shall be blessed. If aught can reconcile that gentle soul to the wrongs a rough, unfeeling world have inflicted, it is the extraordinary moral influence he is permitted to exercise, and the almost devotion he excites in all here who know him. No one this winter has made so many converts among both the English and Americans, the number quite incredible, and yet his influence is far from being confined to Catholics, for he seeks to make all who approach him, whatever be their creed, holier and better. Like the pale rays of the chastened moon, he sheds a mild, luminous light around him, as antagonistic to the fervid glare and garish brilliancy of the day, as is his soul to the vain scene of fully moving around him. Is any sorry?—he has advice and counsel, and solid, quiet wisdom. Is any oppressed with sin?—ah, how he leads the sorrowing soul out of the mire and the filth contracted in the passage through this defiled road of life on to those hopes and aspirations he can paint so well, because for them alone he lives. Long may he be spared to comfort the mourner, to admonish the sinner, and to present to the degenerate century the perfect pattern of a priest, as sanctified as any mediæval saint the Church has canonised, and honoured with altars, magnificent shrines raised to their names under lofty domes, in solemn churches. The altars raised to our saint are in the hearts of those who know him, and as long as they bear his name will be venerated and his help invoked.

brown and naked trunks stood out clearly against the blue sky ; for it was a mellow, bright day in the early spring. Tracks, rather than roads, broke the verdant grass carpeting all around. From the summit of one hillock, and under the shadow of the overarching ilex branches, a sweet prospect opened out towards Albano, with the long solemn line of the Campagna stretching away to Ostia, and that now-untrodden shore where once the mighty vessels rode superbly at anchor, bearing the Roman or the Carthaginian warriors, whose footsteps trod in blood. From the hill I perceived a garden beneath me, and the casino, or house with its high terrazzo, or topmost gallery. I descended into the garden, and wandered about as if under a magic spell, for not a soul, not even a dog, was to be seen, and no sound broke the murmur of the low splashing of the fountains falling into broken marble basins. All was ruin ; yet, oh ! how beautiful in decay ! Great plots of ground filled with waxy camelias, some pure white, others rosy red, peeping out from the rich shining leaves ; beds of violets of every hue made the very air heavy with their sweet perfume—odours all of Araby the blest ; beside them grew long rows and plots of oranges, laden with that same glowing fruit which must have tempted our first mother, rather than the pale apple, in the gardens of Paradise. Ruined conservatories edged the grass-grown walks, where the flowers still blossomed and wooed the loving breeze that fanned their leaves. Anon I mounted a double flight of steps, by a great stream spouting out from some marble devices of dolphins and sea-gods, and reached an upper terrace-garden immediately under the casino. The sun's rays here, in January, were oppressive, and the thousand orange-trees, dotted about and ranged against the baking walls, rejoiced in the heat, opening their golden bosoms to be warmed by Phœbus himself. I drank in deep draughts of beauty with every breath. Glorious land ! When the great Creator counts up his jewels, shalt not thou be esteemed the brightest and the best ? In the depths of the wall were cool seats, and purling fountains dashing down through creepers, and moss, and plants, and disappearing one knew not whither ; still the only sounds reminding me that I walked not in a dream. Hard by, long flights of steps led from the hill above down lower than the garden where I stood. Along the ridge of the hill grew the sacred ilex trees, devoted to mystery and midnight deeds ; in the town-garden were the flowers, and as their sweet breath uprose to greet me as I leaned over the stone balustrade, visions of angels radiant with celestial brightness, ascending and descending, seemed to glide before me. Alas ! those early days of legendary innocence are fled, and spirits *now* are but delusions of the fiend.

I left the solitary garden where Nature reigned supreme, and reached a large green plateau occupying the summit of the gentle eminence. Here the pine-wood stretched away into dells and vales far beyond, leading the eye through perspectives of unspeakable beauty. The grass was dotted with the loveliest flowers, anemones of all colours, the snowy leaves shading into red, and purple and pink petals ; star-like crocuses, with yellow hearts ; pink hepaticas ; and bold stalwart daisies, like young sunflowers, courting the invigorating heat—a carpet fresh from the woofs of heaven, embroidered by Nature alone, and scented by the spirit of morning with her balmiest breath.

Within the house, which is desolate and despoiled, are some solemn statues, but above, in the terrazzo, where we were led by an antiquated crone, is the most wonderful panorama that ever greeted human eyes. Below stands the great Basilica, within whose walls one loves to think repose all that is mortal of that often erring, but attached disciple to whom Christ entrusted the spiritual keys. Its colonnades—its fountains—its courts—its pillars—its vast dome—revealed in all their immense proportions, white and chaste as the pure bride who waits the coming of her lord—typical of an unsullied church. Heavens! what a noble sight! Behind uprose the stern solemn line of Mount Soracte, standing alone, like an island on an earthy ocean—disdaining its Alpine fellows, who cluster and crouch together on either hand, leaving it in solitary grandeur. Then there was Tivoli wrapt in the Sabine Hills as in a mantle, their summits covered with snow, glistening in the sunshine far up in the azure sky. Then came a deep valley, and further on lay Albano, and Castel Gondolfo, and Rocca di Papa, and Frascati—each like a white blossom nestling in the purple mountains; and then the long straight line marking the sea-shore, and beyond the pine-woods—what a circle of loveliness, a very zone of beauty. I felt that “it was good for me to be here.” Such a scene is a manifestation of the great Eternal to us poor worms in his softest and gentlest attributes; for shall not the Creator, who bids such scenes arise out of chaos for our enjoyment, be full of mercy?

Afterwards the hobbling old woman led us to some Roman tombs in a sequestered grove beside the Casino—Colombaric, deep underground, where the ashes of the dead repose in little apertures carved in the wall, like pigeon-holes, green, damp, and decaying, full of corruptions and the rust of centuries. Ruins were heaped around, among dark shrubs, and wild roses with pale blossoms waved over the tombs of the past.

Through a long, long vista was a modern tomb, erected by Prince Doria to the French troops shot in these grounds. Perhaps it is the spirit of these unfortunates that sheds such a melancholy over the scene, for here death reigns rather than life, and tombs are more numerous than the living; save the old crone no mortal appeared.

I came to a deep green dell, shut in by ilex woods and rising hills, where three separate fountains sent forth their silvery streams in varied devices of tiny, bright, threadlike jets, or in large, gushing, echoing volume. There they gurgled and splashed to the spirits enshrouded in those mysterious trees, and the moss grew unchecked over their marble basins. Lower down was a river formed by the accumulated waters, on whose banks the willow grew, sweeping their trailing boughs into the still water.

## QUINTIN BAGSHAW'S DUEL WITH MAXWELL.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

DUELLING disappeared from England in the woods of Esher, put to flight by the "Cock Pheasant" of the *Times*; but there are many yet living—it is true they are somewhat in the sere, the yellow leaf—who remember when a duel was a thing of every-day occurrence, nor does it require any very great effort of memory to instance a score or two of affairs of honour that have made a sensation within the last five-and-twenty years. These encounters are known to all the world and have become matters of history, but the duel of which I am about to speak is as yet unrecorded. When I call to mind all the circumstances that attended upon its getting up, and consider what was the issue, I do not think I should be warranted in withholding from the public all I know about it.

The event of which I am the narrator came off about fifteen years ago, a period when it was still a part of every gentleman's creed that the proper way to repair one wrong was by the commission of another. The actors—but, as I am only bound to describe that of which I am personally cognisant, I should rather say *the principal actor* in the affair, was an individual with whom I had long been acquainted; of the other party I know nothing, except what I derived from the information given by a third person.

To do justice to the case it will be necessary that I should enter into some detail respecting "the man so-called my friend."

Quintin Bagshaw,—that was his name—one better known than trusted,—ought to have been the eldest son of his very wealthy father, for he possessed the faculty, common to a great many beside, of being able to get through any given (or borrowed) amount with as much facility as if he had been born to a large succession.

While a distinguished nobleman now living, who has always been honoured for his princely munificence, was yet in his minority, his liberal expenditure gave some alarm to the steward of his father's vast estates, and the man of business thought it necessary to represent the fact in the proper quarter. "I am sorry," he said, "to be obliged to inform your grace that Lord H—— is spending a great deal of money!" "Is he?" returned the duke; "I am glad to hear it, for he'll have a great deal to spend!"

Now Quintin Bagshaw when he was in his minority very much resembled Lord H——; but, unluckily for him, old Mr. Bagshaw had no such answer to give to the numerous applicants who sent in their little bills. He settled them, it is true, but with the customary parental reluctance and the customary parental objurgations, neither of which were much cared for by the parties most immediately concerned. But every time Mr. Bagshaw paid Quintin's debts, he gave him and his creditors "distinctly to understand" that "it was the very last time he intended to be guilty of such a weakness;" and, as a matter of course, Quintin always promised that he would "never again, under any circumstances whatever, exceed his allowance." When Quintin Bagshaw forgot his vow, which generally took place

the day after the whitewashing process, he used to justify the act by the following argument: "I know I gave my word that I wouldn't get into debt again, but hasn't the governor sworn over and over that he'd never pay another shilling for me? Well, he broke *his* promise, and I don't see why I shouldn't break *mine*! If he sets me a bad example he can't blame me for following it."

So decided was Quintin Bagshaw's propensity for getting into everybody's books, that he never seemed happy at the idea of being out of them. Whether or not he studied Rabelais while he was at Oxford is a question, but at all events he understood and practised the philosophy of the Sage Alcofribas.

"But," demanded Pantagruel, "when will you be out of debt?"

"At the Greek Kalends," replied Panurge; "when all the world are content, and you become your own heir. God keep me from ever being out of debt! Nobody then would lend me a penny!"

It was impossible for any one to understand the art of robbing Peter to pay Paul—"versurum facere," as his tutor at Christ Church said—better than Quintin Bagshaw. The system of "bill-transactions" seemed to have been invented on his account: the more he gave the less he got, and he was always giving. You may easily imagine, then, what kind of balance-sheet he exhibited by the time he had finished his University career and had lived "about town" for two or three years. Accustomed as he was to Quintin's extravagance, old Mr. Bagshaw opened the eyes of astonishment when he found himself called upon once more to pay his son's debts to an amount which appeared to him the aggregate of all he had paid before,—the ghosts of the old bills not yet laid and clamorously walking. Silas Bagshaw, Quintin's elder brother, as prudent as his junior was improvident, in a truly fraternal spirit counselled the Insolvent Debtors' Court; but old Mr. Bagshaw's pride was too much for that, and as to Quintin, when he heard the friendly proposition, he declared that "he would rather earn his bread, for the rest of his days, by breaking stones on the road." Up to that time he had never earned so much as would pay for a penny roll, and his habits of life were more likely to break hearts than stones, though fathers, it is said, have flinty ones, which are not easily broken. The practical character of Quintin's determination was not likely, therefore, to be very useful; but he was spared the necessity of making his words good. His debts were once more paid, and really before he had time to incur fresh ones he was married to a lady of good family and some fortune; while, to keep him straight, a handsome addition was made to his former allowance, so that, at four-and-twenty, he was the possessor of a very respectable income, with expectations in store in the event of good behaviour.

How long that "good behaviour" lasted—though the "expectations" were never lost sight of—it is scarcely worth while to inquire. Without going through the particulars, which would involve no very pleasant task, it may suffice to describe his position at the end of six years. He was ruined; but that you have anticipated. His wife had gone back to her family; his children had been "taken" by their paternal grandfather; and a second Mrs. Quintin Bagshaw presided over his establishment in Brussels, which, considering the ruin that had overtaken him, was kept up in a style truly surprising to those who were aware of the real state of the case. To those, however, who were not, it was a very simple

matter. Here was a Milord Anglais who had a large and first-rate set of acquaintance—as far as that goes in a place like Brussels,—who kept horses and carriages, gave splendid dinners, and carried everything off with such a *grand air*, that not to have supposed him a man of fortune would have disturbed some of the most agreeable illusions that self-interest ever nursed.

"I tell these fellows," Quintin used laughingly to say to a friend, now and then, in the presence of the people where he dealt—"I tell these fellows they'll never get their money; but they won't believe me!"

The time, however, came when they were not quite so hard of belief. It happened when, Brussels being completely *exploité*, Quintin Bagshaw betook himself without beat of drum to one of the German baths, and left neither effects nor address behind him; that is to say, he left only moral effects, and the recollection of the address with which he had "done" everybody.

It is not so easy to get into debt at a German bath as in a large capital, though money disappears at the former quite as quickly. Somehow or other Quintin Bagshaw contrived to accomplish the difficult feat; but what he did in that way he looked upon as a *bagatelle*; it was merely a trifle for three months' board and lodging at the Golden Sun, the price of the carriage in which he drove away, and some forty Napoleons borrowed of Herr Dummkopf, the landlord, to whom he gave a "Wechsel" for the whole amount, having, as he said, been cleaned out of all his "ready" at the *Redoute* (which was true enough), and not expecting a fresh remittance in time for his departure (which was equally true). How much the landlord of the Golden Sun gained by this transaction I never knew; in all probability it did not enable him to build a new wing to his hotel, unless he too was in the habit of giving bills, for the "Wechsel," after more than one fruitless journey across the British Channel, may still be seen under a glass-case in Herr Dummkopf's bureau, with the ominous word "*Zurückgewiesen*" stamped on the face of it.

To say that Quintin Bagshaw afterwards flourished in Paris, himself the best dressed man on the Boulevard Italien, and Mrs. Q. B. (*Secundus*) the gayest lady there, is only to describe the natural course of such a career as his. It will appear less natural if I add that this "renewed existence" was not extinguished by any violent *contrecoup* on the part of unsatisfied creditors. I cannot explain the phenomenon—but, as far as I know, Quintin Bagshaw was never in *Ste. Pélagie*, never sold up, nor Mrs. Q. B. (*Secundus*) an object of commiseration (and subscription) to the English residents in Paris. What his secret was, he kept to himself, but it seemed as if, in a mild way, he had discovered the philosopher's stone. He was hospitable, gave better dinners than when he lived in Brussels, was always to be seen where people "most do congregate," in the Champs Elysées, the Palais Royal, the Garden of the Tuileries, at the Vaudeville, the Français, the Bal de l'Opéra, at "good men's feasts"—at every place, in short, where those who are fond of pleasure and can afford to pay for it are to be found. Perhaps he exercised his powers of persuasion on a grand scale, and lived on *post obits*; perhaps he paid a little and promised more; perhaps—to use a common but expressive phrase—he contrived to "milk the ducks" belonging to his rich old maiden aunts,



who, in spite of all his peccadilloes, never turned their backs on him ; but, in any case, *there he was*, enjoying Parisian life as perfectly as if his actual income of six hundred a year had been the six thousand which some gave out he was heir to.

It was at this period of his existence that I became acquainted with him. He was what the world calls "a capital fellow," with a good person, a frank, jovial air, and certainly a very winning style of conversation; his manners were excellent, and, as far as external appearances went, his proper place was good society. Not, however, that he was always to be found there; but this was a failing which he shared, or shares, with greater men than himself. He had another failing, too, but this I did not discover till later. It will develop itself before I have done.

After the revolution of 1830, a considerable clearance of the English took place in Paris. I was amongst those who, after setting up my tent in other parts of the Continent, finally returned to England; but Quentin Bagshaw stuck as firmly to the *Quartier d'Antin* as a limpet to a rock. Indeed he united himself to France by still closer ties than those of residence and expenditure: without actually naturalising, he took advantage of a permission which was generally accorded, and enrolled himself amongst the defenders of the French capital. In London, in the hour of emergency, Louis Napoleon took up the staff of special constable; in Paris, after the excitement of the Three Days, Quentin Bagshaw sported the uniform of a Lancer of the National Guard; he was a private only, but, having once "served" and retired, it was not difficult afterwards to assume the rank of colonel.

But although Paris continued to be his head-quarters, Quentin Bagshaw paid frequent visits to England, and on one of these occasions I accidentally met him in London, an interval of two or three years having elapsed since our last meeting. He manifested the same *empressement*, the same hospitable feeling, but did not appear quite so much at his ease in London as had been his wont in Paris. There was a good reason for this, and it was not very difficult to divine it when I observed that, at every fresh visit to London, he invariably dated his notes of invitation from a different part of the town to that in which he had previously resided. Thus, the first time I encountered him he had taken up his quarters at an hotel in St. Paul's Churchyard; on the next occasion, he was lodged at the western extremity of Oxford-street; on the third, at an hotel abutting on Westminster-bridge; on the fourth, in Rathbone-place; on the fifth, in Pimlico; and so on. No credit, however, was due to me on the score of sagacity, in having guessed the cause of these changes, for he "frankly"—it was a favourite phrase of Quentin Bagshaw's, and he looked so very honest when he used it—"frankly" confessed that a certain process called "outlawry" having taken place, by which the capture of his person became an object of interest to more people than one, it was desirable for his safety that he should never remain long in one place, or ever return to the same neighbourhood.

Having once broken the ice, Quentin Bagshaw became extremely confidential, and related many of the occurrences of his past life, which, in his mode of telling them, appeared to be as full of "moving incidents" and "hairbreadth 'scapes" as that of Othello, though they were

not exactly in the same line. He had, of course, been "cruelly treated"—all spendthrifts are—by friends, creditors, and relatives. If certain persons "whom he forbore to name" had not "goaded," "suspected," "rebuffed," "calumniated," "harassed," "wronged," and "persecuted" him, he might at that very moment, he said, have had one of the finest estates in England, have commanded a regiment, been a member of the House of Commons, perhaps, with his interest, in the ministry, and the happy husband of one of the loveliest women in the three kingdoms! At this point of his narrative, the recollection of the past, assisted by a good deal of hot brandy-and-water, usually overcame him, and he was in the habit of shedding tears. He would recover himself, however, and be more communicative still. All the misfortunes that had befallen him, ever since he went to Oxford, had been caused, he told me, by the conduct of *one* person. But for *her* his prospects would never have been blighted, he should never have owed any man a shilling, his father and brother would never have quarrelled with him, he should never have lived the life he did, his path would have been strewn with nothing but roses, and "the malice of others" would never have succeeded in making him the "miserable being" he now was.

There were some things in this statement which I found difficult to reconcile, and when I looked as if I thought so, Quintin Bagshaw explained. The fatal fair one of whom he spoke had not literally presided over all the untoward phases of his career, but, "*in his own mind*," he attributed everything that had happened since he arrived at man's estate to the fact of her having married another, heedless of the oaths which she had sworn to be his—and his only. At eighteen, as he averred, a seared heart smouldered within his bosom; the volcano was extinct; the lava-current had ceased to flow; its course from that time forward imaged nought but desolation. For this cause he had—at eighteen—thrown himself headlong into all the dissipation of the University. It was to unrequited love that he ascribed the first occasion on which he cut chapel,—the first time he neglected to cap the proctor;—to that he attributed his first dog-cart, his first boat-race, his first tailor's bill; the first town and gown row he ever joined in,—the first wine party he ever gave (when for the first and only time he ever, *really*, became intoxicated)—the first prize-fight he ever attended.

"Ah, my dear fellow," Quintin Bagshaw used to exclaim, "if that woman could only have foreseen the fearful extremes to which her perfidy afterwards drove me, I cannot conceive—in point of fact, I don't think—she would have behaved as she did."

She had, indeed, according to his showing, incurred a fearful responsibility. But for her he should never have got into debt, never have kept hunters, never have played at hazard, never have forgotten his own wife, nor run away with another man's. She it was who had shaped his destiny and made him do all these things. Becoming poetical on the subject, he generally wound up in the following strain:

"The fact is, though he does not mention it in his works, it was me that Moore meant in the song when, you know, he said all that about the fatal affection the sorrow that throws its black shade alike o'er our joys and our woes to which life nothing darker or brighter can bring to which joy adds no balm and affliction no sting,"—and here, out of breath with

the exertion of repeating so many words without making a single stop, he always pulled up, looked as sentimental as he could, and flooded his misery with hot brandy-and-water, for which beverage he would never have acquired a taste if it hadn't been for the author of all his woes.

Without being over-well skilled in the art of reading character, it yet appeared evident to me that Quintin Bagshaw was either the victim of a considerable amount of self-delusion, or that a slight tendency to romance was amongst his peculiarities. By degrees the latter opinion gained ground, for as our familiarity grew he opened out still more, accompanying each confidential stride by a fresh demand upon my credulity until I scarcely knew when to take his revelations *au sérieux*. I may observe, *en passant*, that, for a miserable man, the victim of an overwhelming fate, I never saw anybody who carried off his sorrows in a jollier or less repining way : to judge by his personal appearance one would have said that he throve upon them.

But this state of things, it appeared, was not to last.

One morning, while I was sitting at breakfast, the following note was placed in my hands, which had just been brought by the porter of an hotel in Covent Garden :

"MY DEAR FELLOW,—I arrived here from Paris yesterday. For God's sake come to me directly. I have something of the greatest importance to communicate. Don't let a human being know that I am in town.

"Yours,

" Q. B."

I at once obeyed the summons and hastened to the hotel indicated, where I found Quintin Bagshaw looking quite unlike himself. His cheeks were hollow and careworn, his eye was troubled, his voice had lost its cheering tone, his hand trembled, and his whole bearing was such as to leave no doubt in my mind that he had got, at last, into some very unpleasant fix.

"Devilish glad you've come," he exclaimed as I entered ; " what will you take ?"

" Nothing, thank you," I replied ; " I've only just breakfasted. What's the matter ?"

Instead of replying at once to my question, Bagshaw walked towards the door, opened it, thrust out his head, withdrew it, closed the door again, and then coming close up to me, whispered hoarsely in my ear, " I'm in for it."

" In for *what* ?" I asked,—there being so many things that he might have got into.

" The fact is"—he began, but, stopping himself, he inquired, " Is Blunt in town ?"

I replied in the affirmative. Blunt was a mutual friend.

" I want you two to dine here to-day ; not later than five, for I must be off at half-past seven. Do you think he could come as early as four ?"

I had no doubt of it.

" Well," said Quintin, " that's a load off my mind. If I couldn't have

got you two fellows, I don't know what I should have done! Now then," he continued, sitting down at a table on which were writing materials and a glass of cold brandy-and-water—"now then, you shall know all about it."

He fortified himself by an appeal to the tumbler, and resumed: "You have heard me speak of a Mrs. Maxwell? That beautiful woman, you know, who was on board the steamer the last time I came over,—from Calais to London?"

I remembered. "You called upon her afterwards, you said, somewhere near Portland-place,—Devonshire-street, wasn't it?"

"Don't speak so loud," he said; "I wouldn't have her name and address known here for the world;—it's the same. Well," he continued, after a pause, "I *did* call upon her; more than once too, and—the fact is—we have corresponded since."

"But isn't she married?" I inquired. "I thought you mentioned something about a Colonel Maxwell."

"So I did; but, married or not," he said, with a smile which for the moment completely banished all the gloom from his features, "she took a tremendous fancy to me. I could show you letters of hers—only I make a point of never doing that,—but you can understand. Well, sir, I came to town yesterday, as I told you in my note, and after dinner I took a cab and drove up to Devonshire-street. She was at home; indeed, she expected me, for the day I left Paris I wrote to say when I should call. I can't tell you how handsome she looked!"

"And her husband?"

"Oh, I knew beforehand that he was at Nottingham with his regiment; he commands the Tenth Dragoon Guards. Well, sir, after tea we had some music. I sang that song I wrote at Oxford—'The Night-blowing Cereus,'—Tom Moore has often said he'd rather have written it than all the melodies put together. I was in capital voice, and she accompanied me on the harp. What a splendid figure she has,—such an arm, too!"

"A delightful evening!"

"Heavenly, sir, as far as it went; but—the fact is—it was spoilt; spoilt by the sudden arrival of that infernal fellow Maxwell. I was just striking up 'A te ô Cara!' when in he came, looking daggers. Madame introduced me; but, without taking any notice of the introduction, he came straight up to where I was standing and desired me to leave the house. 'When Mrs. Maxwell, whose guest I am,' I answered coldly, 'requires me to do so, I shall obey her commands.' 'I am the master here,' he thundered, 'and I order you out.' I folded my arms and smiled contemptuously. He was foaming with passion, and cried: 'If words are of no use I must try force,' and he advanced to seize me. I don't know if you have ever seen Maxwell, but he is a man at least six-feet-four, and stout in proportion. I am, perhaps, not so tall by nearly three inches; but when I tell you that I have tumbled over Jack Spring in a fair stand-up mill with the gloves, you may fancy I am not one to be turned out very easily. Well, sir, he came at me. I fell back a pace, saying calmly, 'In a lady's presence I strike no man, except in self-defence. Have a care!' He was deaf and blind with passion, and made a desperate attack. What did I do, sir? With my left hand I parried the blow he aimed at me, and then, grasping him by the collar of his

coat, I whirled him round with such violence that he flew right across the room and pitched head foremost into the tea-tray, coming down amongst the broken cups and saucers with a terrific crash. There he lay quite stunned. 'Fly with me!' I exclaimed to Laura,—that's her name,—but she had fainted. At this moment the butler and two footmen rushed in. It was useless for me to remain any longer. 'Be kind enough,' said I, as coolly as if nothing had happened, 'to give this card to your master when he comes to himself again—send for Mrs. Maxwell's maid—and pick up the crockery!' I longed to have bestowed a parting embrace on Laura,\* but I would not compromise her before menials, and putting on my hat and gloves I slowly walked down stairs,—of course without further molestation."

"What a tremendous scene. I guess the rest. You have had a message, and want a second."

"You are right about the message. A friend of Maxwell's,—Major Brown, of his own corps, was with me this morning by daylight. Personally, I care nothing about the matter, but when I think of Laura—," he paused, drove his fist against his forehead, had a pull at the cold brandy-and-water, took a turn across the coffee-room, and then sat down again.

"Yes," he said, "it is all settled about the meeting."

"What!" I observed, "settled between second and principal! That can't be!"

"Yes, it is though. The fact is, owing to that late affair between Lord C—— and Capt. T——, Maxwell is afraid of losing his commission if anything takes place in England, and we are to meet on the beach at Ostend the day after to-morrow. Now I don't ask either you or Blunt to go there with me, for I know how inconvenient that would be, so I have written off to my brother-in-law, Baron von Schamp, who happens just now to be at Ostend, and, as I said before, there the thing is to come off. I shall go down to Dover by the mail to-night, cross over to-morrow, and the next day, I flatter myself, Maxwell will get his gruel. Now, what I want you, like a good fellow, to do, is to come with me and get a case of pistols; we can have an hour or two's practice at the gallery in Leicester-square; we'll come back here at four,—I shall get you and Blunt to witness some papers for me,—we'll then dine quietly together,—I needn't say more,—I'll tell you the rest by-and-by. And now," said he, with a cheerful air, "pull the bell, I'll order dinner. We must have a good one—it may be the last we shall ever eat together."

The waiter came,\* the bill of fare was produced,—Bagshaw gave particular directions, especially with regard to some choice old hock for which, he said, the house was famous, and while I disappeared for half an hour to arrange with Blunt, whose club was close at hand, Quintin resumed his writing.

On my return I found him in much better spirits than before. "I have made short work of it," he observed, pointing to some sealed letters that lay on the table,—“it doesn't do to say too much on these occasions. I shall give you them\*by-and-by.” He then locked the letters in his desk, and we went out to get “the marking irons,” as he called the pistols. We drove to a gunsmith's in the Strand.

"Has Colonel Pooter of the Guards," said Bagshaw, on entering the

shop,—“has Colonel Pooter of the Guards—he’s a cousin of mine—sent a rifle to have something done to it?”

The shopman believed he had, but would inquire. It was found to be the case.

“Ah,” said Bagshaw, “I thought so. The fact is, I want one exactly like Pooter’s; just the same weight and length; you could get one up for me I suppose,—in what time now?”

A period was mentioned; Bagshaw wanted it a little sooner; however, if it was well finished, he shouldn’t mind waiting. After a little discussion the order was booked, and Bagshaw moved towards the door, when suddenly stopping, he said to me: “By Jove, I forgot the very thing I came for. Let me see some pistols.”

Several pairs were brought, and while Bagshaw was looking at them, he interspersed his examination with frequent references to his cousin, Colonel Pooter, what a good shot he was, and so forth, and finally selected a very handsome pair, which he thought would do. They were ordered to be sent to the hotel in Covent Garden, with a supply of powder and ball, and all things needful for immediate use. Bagshaw wrote a cheque for the amount, which he carefully crossed, asked for a receipt for the same, and deposited it in his pocket-book, and taking me by the arm, walked out of the shop. We directed our steps towards Leicester-square. On the way there I asked him if it was quite correct to practise before a duel?

“Why, the fact is,” he replied, “all I want is just to bring my hand in. I’m told that Maxwell’s a dead shot, and I mustn’t be taken at a disadvantage. Of course I wouldn’t practise with my own pistols, but all’s fair at a gallery. I may amuse myself there as well as anywhere else. I used to hit the ace of diamonds at twelve paces, nine shots out of ten, but I dare say I’ve fallen off.”

He evidently had, for during the couple of hours that we stayed in the gallery he only once hit the target, and I began to tremble for my friend when set up before the weapon of the deadly colonel. But “the fact was,” he observed, that he wanted a glass of brandy-and-water to steady his nerves: he should be all right, however, when he had got something real to shoot at. I trusted so, for his sake, though now and then a doubt would arise, whether society might not be benefited by Bagshaw’s removal from it.

At four o’clock Blunt met us at the hotel; we were closeted in Bagshaw’s bedroom; the desk was reopened, and Bagshaw drew forth a paper. It was his last will and testament: its contents surprised me, for I had not imagined that so much personal property as was named in it was his to dispose of. Blunt and I duly witnessed the document. Bagshaw sealed it up in a sheet of foolscap, which he addressed to his solicitors, a well-known firm in Lincoln’s Inn-fields, and requested me—“*in case he fell*”—to forward it to its destination, together with the letters which he had previously written. He then went to his dressing-table, took up a pair of scissors, cut off a lock of his hair—he had a very frizzly head—folded it up in a piece of silver paper, enclosed that again in an envelope, and having written upon it simply the name of “Laura,” placed it without speaking in my hand, and threw himself on the bed, burying his face in a pillow. In a few moments he rose, flushed in

countenance, but apparently calm, and we descended to a private room to dinner.

I never knew a man who got over painful emotions more rapidly than Bagshaw. He had a power equal to that of "The Duke" in banishing unpleasant thoughts from his mind, and on no occasion do I remember him in a merrier mood than during this dinner. We had everything in season, the hock was first-rate, and Bagshaw told some of his best stories better than usual, for though they related to personal adventures which we had heard before, they were so altered in the telling as to appear quite new. But the moment for separation came, and in the friendliest manner—dashed, it might be, with a touch of sadness—Bagshaw wrung both our hands, and uttering only the word "Remember!"—I knew what he meant—got into the cab which was to carry him to the Dover mail, leaving Blunt and I to talk over the singular circumstances under which our friend had been involved in this duel.

On the morning of the fourth day after Bagshaw's departure, I received a letter, bearing the Dover postmark, the address of which was so badly written that I wondered how it ever reached me. Not knowing the hand, my first thought was that it came from the Belgian baron, Bagshaw's brother-in-law, and I feared the worst. On opening it, however, my fears were dissipated by the sight of the initials "Q. B.," though they bore very little resemblance to Bagshaw's usual signature; the letter itself, too, was a terrible scrawl. It ran thus:

"Ship Hotel, Dover, Friday.

"Here I am again,—safe, if not sound,—for M.'s third ball passed through my right arm just above the elbow. It is only a flesh wound, but I am obliged to write with my left hand. I dropped him too,—but, I am thankful to say, he is not dead. After he was down he made me a complete apology, so my honour is restored. I hope to reach town to-morrow night, unless fever supervenes, and keeps me in bed. Come to me at Ruddell's Hotel in the Blackfriars-road and ask for Captain Battersby. I am obliged for the present to remain *incog.* till I know for certain that M. is out of danger. Bring Blunt with you.

"Q. B."

I communicated the contents of this letter to Blunt, and we mutually expressed our satisfaction that nothing worse had happened. At nine o'clock that evening we went to Ruddell's Hotel, and learned that "Captain Battersby" had arrived. We found him—that is, Bagshaw,—in a small, private room, lit only by one lamp, which was covered with a green shade and shed a sickly ray. Bagshaw had just dined, but a glass of brandy-and-water was before him; he seemed very pale—quite chalky in fact,—as if he had lost a good deal of blood, and his right arm was in a sling; his voice, too, was much subdued, and he smiled in a ghastly kind of way.

"Glad to see you—my dear fellows," he gasped—"take care—of this arm—I've still got—a hand for you—though—not one—apiece. I'm afraid—the journey—has—been a—little—too much for—my strength

—but I—dare say—I shall be—better—presently—what—will you—take?”

We urged him not to excite himself, and by degrees he began to rally. There was no fever, he said, only weakness—and he felt that the brandy-and-water did him good. Its effects, indeed, were quite marvellous, for in less than half an hour he appeared quite himself again; his voice had resumed its usual tone, and he was able to relate some of the particulars of the duel. He did not, however, add much to the account which he had written, but told us that he had received a letter from Van Schamp that morning, before he left Dover, to say that his late antagonist was much better.

“I perfectly exonerated *her*,” he said, “and Maxwell was quite satisfied that my visit was a purely innocent one, but, of course, under the circumstances, I can’t see her again. Indeed, it would be of no use trying to do so, for she has taken refuge in a convent. The fact is, she is a Catholic! You can give me back that letter—and the others. If I can stand the journey I shall go down to-morrow to my father’s in Wiltshire. I haven’t been on very good terms with the old gentleman lately, and that thought haunted me a good deal while I was at Ostend.”

This show of feeling was creditable to him, and both Blunt and I looked as if we thought so; not to fatigue him we then took leave, promising to see him off next morning.

We breakfasted accordingly at Ruddle’s; Bagshaw seemed much better, the colour had returned to his cheeks, and his arm, he said, was going on very well. He had a narrow escape, however, of being thrown back again, for just as he was stepping into the Wiltshire Telegraph an awkward porter ran against him with a heavy carpet-bag, striking him on the right shoulder. I expected to have seen him drop, but he took no notice of the accident, his attention being, apparently, absorbed at the moment by a very pretty girl at the bar of the hotel, to whom he was in the act of kissing his hand.

“How uncommonly well Bagshaw bears pain,” I remarked to Blunt, as the Wiltshire Telegraph drove off.

“Uncommonly!” said Blunt, drily.

Well he might say so; for, about six months afterwards, we both discovered, what various circumstances had led us to suspect—that there was nothing the matter with Bagshaw’s arm.

To use his own words: “the fact is,” there had been no duel—he never went to Ostend—but had run up a bill at Dover instead—Laura was a creature of his imagination, and *there never was such a person as Maxwell!*

How this all came out arose from the fact of my being applied to, to pay the cheque which was returned to the gunsmith, with “no effects” written across it. The pistols, I suspect, found their way to the pawn-broker’s.



## SHALL THE RUSSIAN REACH THE BALKAN MOUNTAINS?

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

ON Hæmus' hills of ancient fame we stand\*—  
 Grand towers and ramparts reared by Nature's hand,  
 To bar from Northern hordes, whose savage ire  
 Would waste the blooming South with sword and fire.  
     Night caps each pinnacle of snow,  
     On which the moon doth glory throw,  
     Like beams wreathed round the sainted head,  
     Most meekly, purely, softly shed;  
     And stars, still sentinels, are keeping  
     Watch o'er the giant mountains sleeping;  
 No sound to break their slumbers, save the dash  
 Of yon wild torrents that, like diamonds, flash  
 Down the steep toppling crags, while echo still  
 Waits back their voice from each dark hollow hill.  
 No more from clouds the eagle sends his shriek,  
 But folds his wing on yon high splintered peak.  
 Through chasms and gulfs the night-winds faintly sigh,  
 The moveless pines stand sculptured on the sky;  
 Below, Maritza trails its silvery line,  
     While, shimmering 'neath the moon,  
     Like a still smooth lagoon,  
 Far to the East the Euxine's waters shine:  
 There Gaul's and Albion's guardian fleets are riding,  
     Though nought the ken descries,  
     Save, hung 'twixt waves and skies,  
 Some star-lit sail, like a white spirit, gliding,  
     Along the blue flat sea,  
     All slowly, silently.  
 Grandeur and Solitude on these vast steeps  
 Have made their throne, and hermit Quiet keeps  
 His vigil here, and Night, nor sad, nor dull,  
 Crowned with her stars, makes terror beautiful.  
  
 And shall the Invader reach this mountain mass?  
 And through these gates shall Russia's myriads pass?  
 Fancy beholds them now—their legions come,  
     Like the thick Persian host,  
     That blackened Græcia's coast,  
 And sent from hill to hill its bee-like hum.  
 Men bold of heart are here, and strong of hand,  
 As those in Sparta's ne'er-forgotten band;

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\* The Balkan range—the Hæmus of the Greeks.

But different shall their doom be ; Britain, Gaul,  
And Othman's children, do not fight to fall :

No slain Leonidas,  
No sad three hundred brave,  
Shall choke this rugged pass,  
Or fill a gory grave ;

For power, as well as valour, on our side,  
We'll crush the Vandals, bow the Northmen's pride.  
See ! late so lone, each rock is swarming now  
With dauntless warriors ; on the crag's tall brow  
The cannon bristles, ready to give breath  
In deep-tongued thunder, and to belch forth death.  
Back, Northmen ! to your wilds, nor tempt your fate ;

For if ye enter here,  
Blind, rash aggressors ! it will be too late ;  
Few shall survive to tell the tale of fear.

How changed the scene ! peace, solitude, no more  
Brood o'er the Balkans ; far and wide the roar  
Of red-mouthed cannon sounds through each defile,  
Alive with fire seems each high craggy pile :  
Here from black pines a column swift advances,  
There a long hedge of glittering bayonets glances ;  
The cheer of Gaul and England, the loud cry  
Of Islam's followers, wildly mix on high :

The startled wolf hath fled ;  
War's clouds around are spread ;  
The stream, so pure before,  
Is running stained with gore,  
And Death and Havoc close  
Alike o'er friends and foes.

Shall Stamboul fall, and savage Cossacks ride  
Through Europe's garden on their steeds of pride ?  
Right yield to Wrong ? fair Civilisation bow ?—  
Thou God of battles ! smile, decide it now !

The wall of brass that England rears,  
Scotia's claymore, the Moslem's spears,  
Gaul, active, skilled, with guns that make  
The mountains and our foemen quake,  
Have foiled the myriads there !  
Let shouts now rend the air,  
As back from Balkan passes,  
In broken, bleeding masses,

The vanquished Russians swift retire ;  
Up ! on their flying squadrons fire !

Drive them to whence they came—the land of bears ;  
The Eden of the South shall ne'er be theirs :  
Tell them and him, the guilty cause of all,  
Aggressors thus shall bow, and tyrants fall,  
Insulted Europe thus hath vengeance hurled,  
And thus shall Justice triumph in the world.

## REVELATIONS OF THE FRENCH OPERA.\*

THUCYDIDES has written that she is the most virtuous woman of whom the least is said. The ladies of the Opera are, according to M. Véron, *ancien directeur* of the French Opera, those of whom the most is said. It is to them in particular that he tells us the unjust and ungallant definition of a woman, "*La femme est une créature humaine qui s'habille, habille, et se déshabille,*" applies itself—a definition which, unlike the fair ladies in question, would manifestly lose by translation, as the play upon the words could not be preserved.

Are the ladies of the Opera then modern illustrations of the wisdom and truth of the Athenian's apothegm, or do they contradict a saying only true some 400 years ago? If much was said in those times of the Glyceras, the Lais, the Phrynes, and the Aspasias, does it at all follow, because much is said in modern times of the Taglionis, the Elsslers, and the Duvernays, that they in any way resemble their antique predecessors? M. Véron will tell us. He is in the humour for revelations. In whatever position of life he has been placed, he says, he has been assailed and calumniated. He will reply to these attacks by exposing the system. Not that he pretends to have come off scathless. "In France," the Director tells us, "most of our statesmen manifest, matter how old they are, a certain taste for gallantry. The position of minister is more especially sought for in order to dazzle the vanity and the hearts of the fair sex, or to carry by assault the beauties of the *coulisses*." Most worthy object of ambition! the height of political success is to be temporary master of a pair of legs or of a melodious throat! We can fancy the sneer that would curl on a Guizot's or a Martignac's lip. Even a director is not invincible. "Opera directors," M. Véron tells us, "have hearts like other men, and all the resources of coquetry are brought into operation to become master of the place. The love of a director meets with a constant excitement in the successes of her whom he prefers, and in the decent reserve which is imposed upon him in the presence of people at once curious and fond of scandal."

Such preferences might possibly be kept secret from the eyes of men, but they would never be lost to rival choregraphists. The director was upon one occasion rendered sensible of this fact in a remarkably ingenious manner. It was not customary to give benefits at the Opera, but when benefits were given at other theatres, to the Mars, the Duchenois, or the Branchus, the artists and the repertory of the Opera were placed at their disposal. One day Madame Pradher had a benefit at the Opera Comique. After having asked from the Director the services upon that night of Nourrit, Levasseur, and Madame Damoreau, she added, in the most innocent manner possible, "That is not all; you have a charming dancer, who in my opinion has almost as much talent as Mademoiselle Taglionis; I hope you will allow her to dance at my benefit." "She then named," says the Director, "confidentially, the one who obtained my more or less secret preferences, and more or less discreet attentions. I

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was thus made to find in these praises and this admiration, more insidious than really deserved, an excuse for my weakness. Madame Pradher had surprised the secret of an attachment which I struggled against without hopes of conquering it, and she at once gratified my self-love and cheered my heart. Madame Pradher won her suit; I refused nothing that she asked me, so delighted was I to find my *protégée* placed upon the same footing as the great artists of the Opera."

Doctor Véron, director of the Grand Opera, met with great successes, and, with the modesty peculiar to Parisian life, he does not fail to let us hear some of these *bonnes fortunes*. "Faithful," he says "to the traditions of the old Opera, when Vestris believed that I had taken a fancy to one of his pupils, he used to run for me in a state of great excitement, his hair floating in the wind, his toes turned out, his hands in his pockets, to say obligingly, 'She is there without her mother!' I honoured," adds the director, "the old age of this Nestor of dance with some *disinterested gratuities*." Strange inconsistency, the same communicative historian of the Opera says, almost in the same breath, Vestris took particular interest in the education of two young and charming women: the wild, joyous Pauline Leroux, and the melancholy Pauline Duvernay; nothing could be more coquettish than their costume for study. They had during their class hours no other tutor than Vestris, to whom they were confided as to a father: *c'était des filles bien gardées*. Mademoiselle Leroux was always laughing. Mademoiselle Duvernay often wept; Vestris used to grieve at her sorrow, and, to win me over to his pupil, would show me some drops of water on the floor, and which had been projected from a miniature watering-pot. "Look," he would say; "see her tears!" In the *coulisses*, from morning to night, with or without appropriate costume, everybody is playing a part. The director monopolising the fatuity.

The greatest triumph is recorded in the following words. We give the author's own words, for several reasons. First, for the mock-modesty of the exordium, which forms a kind of apology for he, the director, being favoured by the preferences of so distinguished an artist as Taglioni—he for whom Leroux had smiled, and Duvernay wept in vain; secondly, for the mystical manner in which the whole is told; and lastly, because it is fitting and proper that the director should speak for himself:

Mademoiselle Taglioni was not wanting in intelligence; she took great pleasure in quizzing people. Certain of acquiring wealth by her talent, her heart only sought in those whom she loved elegance, distinction, a good figure, and claims to a noble descent; she has never experienced any real passion except for men little protected by fortune; she was, indeed, a good and honest person. There never occurred between her and my directorate but light and fugitive clouds. When I left the Opera she had still a year's engagement to go through with M. Duponchel. Almost immediately after my departure Mademoiselle Taglioni was laid up with a pain in her knee; all the physicians and surgeons, ordinary and extraordinary, of the Opera, were summoned to a consultation: my friends, De Guise, Roux, Marjolin, and Magendie, were there; the consultation was long and serious; there was no swelling, no redness, but touch the knee howsoever slightly, and the dancer's physiognomy expressed the greatest agony. Whilst the surgeons were discussing with great warmth all the varieties presented by neuralgias and sprains, M. Magendie and I were laughing in our beards. Mademoiselle Taglioni remained some

months without dancing. ' Three or four years afterwards my friend Adam went to St. Petersburg as composer. Going into the apartment of Mademoiselle Taglioni, who was at that time first dancer at the Imperial Theatre, a charming little girl ran towards him. "To whom does this pretty little girl belong?" inquired the composer. "That," replied Mademoiselle Taglioni, with a smile—"that is my pain in the knee!"

Notwithstanding these weighty responsibilities of the directorate, M. Véron assures us that he recovered at times all liberty of mind and reason. "A director," he tells us, "who allows his baton to be transformed into a distaff is at once the dupe and the victim of his blind impulses and ill-regulated passions. The artist who is the object of so many protections, and the cause of so many acts of injustice, is soon surrounded by enemies; the public deprives her of his favour and his applause, and as it perceives that every occasion is taken to overrate her talents, it even refuses to do justice when deserved. This queen of the theatre keeps greater talents away, for they dread being sacrificed to the favourite. The artist and the director sink together, and their passion only increases by all the sacrifices, by all the mutual devotedness into which they are led. During my direction, I always reigned and governed alone at the Opera!" This peroration is great—*l'état c'est moi*—and all the great sayings of antiquity have nothing to compare with it. Leroux smiled, Duvernay wept, even Tagliopi capitulated to elegance, distinction, a good figure (this was before the expanse of white waistcoat had obtained renown at an Imperial court), and claims to noble descent—that is the nobility of letters patent given to artists of the Opera; but the director was impartial, inflexible: he always reigned and governed alone at—the Opera.

M. le Docteur Véron entered upon his duties as director of the Opera after the revolution of July, and the rise to power of a citizen king. He looked upon his position accordingly. "The revolution of July," he said to himself, "is a triumph of the *bourgeoisie*: this victorious *bourgeoisie* will wish to rule the roast, to amuse itself a little; the Opera will become its Versailles, it will crowd there to usurp the places of the noble lords and courtiers exiled from the capital." He resolved, therefore, upon giving to the Opera a character of popularity as well as brilliancy.

The preliminaries were not got over without much trouble and anxiety. There was the budget; in 1829 the Theatres Royal had cost Charles X. 966,000,923 francs, 84 centimes, nearly a million of French money! Louis Philippe sought for a director who would carry on the Opera at his own personal risk and expense. Then there was the guarantee, in which M. Véron was assisted by M. Aguado. M. de Montalivet was at that time Minister of the Interior, and the affair was settled at the bewitching hour of midnight.

This arrangement, and what M. Véron calls the *cahier des charges*—the minutes of ministerial instructions—underwent many vicissitudes. In May, 1831, all the theatres were placed under the Minister of Commerce and Public Works, and the Count d'Argout hastened to add a supplement to the instructions, with what was more satisfactory, a grant of 100,000 francs, towards internal improvements and bringing out *Robert le Diable*. This seems to have been the chief thing the minister had at heart. A commission of surveillance was named at the same time, and

misunderstandings and conflicts soon arose between the two antagonistic powers. M. Véron was fined a thousand francs for bringing out *Le Serment* with old decorations. But still the Opera went on, and that so successfully, that M. Thiers thought it was high time to add another supplement to the "instructions," which reduced the annual subsidy to 670,000 francs. This was in 1834. The next year cholera broke out, and M. Véron asserts that he lost 356,000 francs during the seven months that the epidemic lasted. Still the prosperity of the Opera was so great, that M. Thiers brought forward another candidate for the directorate. It was at length decided that M. Véron, M. Duponchel, and M. Loëwe Weimar should act conjointly. This was after a sole reign of four years and a few months. The result was that discussions took the place of administration, and soon M. Véron was glad to give way to M. Aguado upon receiving a sufficient indemnification, whilst M. Loëwe Weimar obtained a mission to Russia, an insight into human nature, as obtained in the *coulisses* of the Opera, being apparently considered as a proper qualification for ambassadorial functions at the Court of the Autocrat.

When M. Véron took possession of the *cabinet de direction* of the Opera, and which he tells us was very meagrely furnished, he did not find that he had to do with a society which was easily satisfied. One of the orchestra said to him, "You are a doctor, sir; you are not a musician; how did they come to make you an opera director?" Another said, "How can you think, sir, of diminishing my salary—I who only a few years ago selected you for my doctor—I whom you have actually bled!" M. Véron did not wish to bleed the artist for a second time, and she (for it was a lady of the ballet) escaped.

M. Véron tells us that it was M. Duponchel who imagined the scene of the nuns arising from their graves in *Robert le Diable*, and that Meyerbeer was anything but pleased with it. "All that is very fine," said the *maestro* at the rehearsal, "but you do not believe in the success of my music—you seek for success in your decorations."

It appears that, notwithstanding his efforts to bring out *Robert le Diable* in an effective manner, and the felicitous changes which M. Véron lays claim to having introduced into its performance, that it has been frequently laid to his charge that it was against his own wish and feelings that the said piece was ever produced at all. In order to vindicate himself from these charges, M. Véron prints a letter from Meyerbeer, dated Paris, February 9th, 1854, and written since the publication of the two first volumes of the Memoirs:

Sir,—I have made it a constant principle, an invariable habit, not to correct the false reports spread about in reference to myself.

Nevertheless, I acknowledge that my conscience has often reproached me for not having broken the rule in a circumstance in which not only I myself was concerned, but in which, in reference to one of my works, an injury was inflicted on one, of whom I had nothing to say except in praise, and who merited on my part a reciprocity of good feeling: I allude here to the false reports, accredited by a host of papers, that you did not get up the work of *Robert le Diable*, except against your own feelings and wishes, and according to which I was obliged to pay from my own purse the expenses of the organ used in the fifth act of that work.

My conscience often troubled me for not having contradicted these misre-

presentations in the papers, but time moved on, years passed, and I feared it would be very late to awaken the memory of a thing long gone by.

But now an opportunity presents itself, and you offer it to me, sir, by publishing your Memoirs, in which no doubt a few lines will be devoted to the work of which you made one of the events of your brilliant direction. I willingly avail myself of the opportunity, declaring that the facts in question are completely false.

The organ was paid for by you, provided by you, as well as all other things requisite for effectively getting up *Robert le Diable* for the stage, and I must declare that, so far from restraining yourself to what was strictly necessary, you far exceeded the ordinary obligations of a director towards the author and the public.

I shall never forget the great service which you rendered me by changing the personification of the part of Bertram, which I had had the weakness to give to an artist in other respects of most praiseworthy abilities—to Dabadie, —and had not the courage to take away from him. You luckily had the resolution which failed me, the negotiation succeeded, and the part was entrusted to Levasseur. Massol, a distinguished artist, was charged by you with only the flag-end of a part—he was actually converted into a herald-at-arms.

The pupils of the Conservatory, summoned by you, came every evening to reinforce the choruses: no effort, indeed, was spared to bring out the piece effectively in so far as regarded scenery, costumes, or other accessories. If I bring these facts forward, it is to acknowledge them, and to recognise publicly, as far as it is in my power, the great, intelligent, and devoted part, which you took in the success of *Robert le Diable*.

What I regret most not to be able to bring also forward again, are the thousand ingenious cares, the delicate attentions, which addressed themselves to the composer as well as to the work, and for which my gratitude would not be the more lively or more profound even if the public could appreciate them as I do.

Receive, sir, the expression of my most respectful feelings.

G. MEYERBEER.

During the run of *Robert le Diable*, Madame Damoreau, who had threatened the director with her absence after the first month unless her salary underwent a very considerable increase, was taken suddenly ill. A Madame Pouillet, of the Odéon, consented to take her place as the Sicilian princess. This lady was separated from her husband, who was attached to the Opera. M. Pouillet, not being aware of the change, went before the curtain was drawn up to pay his respects to Madame Damoreau, and, lifting up the veil that enveloped the princess, found himself in presence of his wife. The compliments which he had intended for Madame Damoreau were, we need scarcely say, omitted upon this occasion.

In 1834 (M. Véron relates) I made a journey to London; I met there Mademoiselle Fanny Elssler, whom I had already heard much spoken of: she at once won me by her charming physiognomy, her expressive and intelligent looks, and her talents as a dancer, which were characterised by so much individuality. Thérèse, now united in Prussia, by a left-hand marriage, to a royal prince, did not prepossess one so much: she was taller than her sister. Fanny wished much to come to Paris; she received me with much graciousness. These two artists were not well paid in London, and at that time the great theatre was not even regular in its payments. Thérèse, on the contrary, dreaded a first appearance in Paris, and she resisted to the last my proposals for engaging her and her sister, over whom she had great influence. Yet I offered them forty thousand francs a year. In order to succeed I sought to

give them a good idea of the manner in which the Opera of Paris was administered. I invited them to dine at *Clarendon's Hotel en haute compagnie*; the dinner did great honour to the master of the hotel, and at the dessert a silver salver was placed on the table, upon which were heaped up two hundred thousand francs' worth of jewels and diamonds. The salver was passed at the same time as the baskets of fruits, and the two Misses Elssler, although anxious enough to make their selection, would nevertheless only consent to accept two of the most unpretending objects, representing barely the value of six to eight thousand francs.

When the Elsslers were in Paris, it was rumoured abroad, but more especially in the German papers, that Mademoiselle Fanny Elssler had inspired the Duc de Reichstadt with *une grande passion*. "I interrogated," says M. Véron, "the ex-dancer of Vienna upon the subject with lively curiosity; I always found her sincere, without affected reserve, and she assured me that this passion of the son of the Emperor for her was a mere invention."

Mademoiselle Fanny, we are told, leads a retired life in a German chateau, having with her a faithful cousin, who never quitted her, and whose disinterested devotedness has something in it as original as are the qualities of her mind. Artists of a higher class avoid the snares and the pitfalls which are placed in the way of less successful candidates for public favour.

If licentiousness reigns dominant in the *coulisses* of the Opera, M. Véron tells us it is in main part due solely to the immorality of the mothers. Always excepting the few cases in which irresistible impulses take young girls to the theatre against the will of their parents, the generality of mothers who destine their daughters for the Opera give them the most deplorable advice, place before them the most scandalous examples, inspire them with hopes of ambition, pride, and fortune, to give them perseverance and courage. They initiate them from early youth in all the arts of coquetry, and, in lieu of morals and religion, teach them to be handsome and to please.

I have heard, says M. Véron, a curious sermon preached by the mother of an artist to her daughter. She was reproaching her for being so distant towards her admirers. "Do be a little more amiable to them," she said, "more conciliating, more zealous; if not for your child's or your mother's sake, at least for that of your carriage!"

From their earliest years, these young girls hear of nothing but incomes, allowances, settlements, and a whole vocabulary of *petits ménages*, and of affairs which they often speak of in the most amusing manner. "I inquired," says M. Véron, "one day of a young dancer who the gentleman was I had met her walking with; she answered me with great pride, 'He is a very rich gentleman, who has houses and lands, and all very well mortgaged!'"

Another does not appear to have been so communicative. "I remarked," M. Véron relates, "that one of the *figurantes* was in an interesting way. I accordingly recommended her to suspend her vocation for a time, and I added with an expression of interest, 'who was the cause of this necessary seclusion?' The poor girl, whose early years had been deprived of all good example or advice, merely answered, 'C'est des messieurs que vous ne connaissez pas.'"



M. Véron admits infinitely worse things of the Opera than we believed of it. Anxious to take a medium between the extreme of puritanical denunciations and rumours often gathered from the tongue of fashionable flippancy, we set down part as true, but still what was really bad as exceptional. It appears, as far as Paris is concerned, we were in error. We did not take into consideration that opera *figurantes* are now almost a race of themselves, destined to be the mothers of young artists, whom they will bring up just as their mothers brought them up; and thus this corrupt state of things is hereditarily handed down. Virtue at the Opera is evidently the exception—vice the example and the rule. All M. Véron can say for his amiable young clients is, that a *figurante* of the lowest abilities does not deserve to be treated with the same contempt as those idle beauties who only live by their attractions. The artists of the ballet, and still more the artists of the chorus, have this distinction, that they are capable of study and work, and are very assiduous in certain duties. Many of them have been most carefully educated in dancing or singing, many of them play on the piano, can write and spell correctly, have even learnt English (for especial purposes, we suppose). “I have even met with some,” he adds, “who were reading Madame de Sévigné, J. J. Rousseau, Chateaubriand, *et qui avaient du style!*” There is positively a *naïveté* in M. Véron, just such as he himself attributes to his young clients—a *naïveté*, in speaking of vicious things, which is truly Parisian, and is only one degree removed from vice itself.

The letters patent delivered in 1672 by Louis XIV. concerning the *non dérogeance* of the demoiselles and gentlemen of the Opera constitute titles of nobility for the artists, and, says M. Véron, *noblesse oblige*. In what way, to purity of manners, to virtuous thoughts and honourable deeds? Not at all. “As soon as the poor *figurante* of the Opera can decorate her foot with a laced boot, can put a good shawl on her shoulders, and can brighten up her physiognomy with coquettish ribbons, she assumes from that moment the airs of a lady and a certain sedateness and sobriety of language.” Nobility, we suppose, insisting upon such.

The demoiselles of the Opera, we are seriously told, *are* susceptible of real love. There are some examples of their hearts having been opened to the *grande passion*. Many unions which begin with love are continued with exemplary fidelity, and end in marriage. Marriages also occur pretty frequently between the artists of the Opera and the musicians of the orchestra, these marriages are mostly happy and honourable. One of these musicians, second violin, was so enamoured of his own wife, that, although very assiduous in his duty, he could not play a note from the moment that she made her appearance on the boards and began to dance; from that moment love and admiration rendered his bow motionless.

Duclos used to say that pretty women are like a theatre, run after or deserted. In the *coullisses* of the Opera, as in the world at large, fortune spreads her favours and her gifts, often with her eyes closed, but also sometimes with eyes open. More than one dancer, whose *début* at the Opera received my protection, has made a rich and brilliant marriage, of which they were worthy by their talents, their wit, and their beauty; they have now an honourable name, live in the bosom of opulence, and are respected for their good conduct.

and exhaustless beneficence. Some only entered the married state with repugnance; whilst others only arrived at this *dénouement* by dint of talent and perseverance: Here is how one of my old clients succeeded in transforming her *petit ménage* into a regular and durable union.

An English lady of title having died, a *dame de compagnie*, of serious aspect, and well known for her severe manners, good conduct, and high principles, was left at liberty. The young dancer took it into her head to give herself the moral luxury of so great a *dame de compagnie*: the theatre inspires a taste for all luxuries. This fantasy was gratified, the expense of the luxury was not even taken into consideration. One day that a few friends had assembled in this "small household" to dinner, my clever *ex-pensionnaire* refused to join, and when her lover and his friends went to her, they found her in tears. "I cannot," she said, "live any longer an object of contempt; my *dame de compagnie* has found out that I am only your mistress, and she refuses to remain with me any longer. I shall never survive such a disgrace. To-morrow I must leave, if you intend that such a state of things is to last." Affected by this politic indignation of an honest heart, the lover hastened to put an end to so much grief, he promised to marry her, and did so a few days afterwards. The *dame de compagnie* no longer laboured under the apprehension of compromising her principles or her reputation by remaining with a married woman—on the contrary, she had reason to rejoice in the turn affairs had taken, for they were mainly her work.

This young artist, brought up by an experienced mother, had made an especial study of the power of tears. One day she had to dance with Mademoiselle Lise Noblet. I went to see her, and found her in tears. On inquiring into the cause of this deep grief, an obstinate silence was all that was shown to my anxious curiosity. Witness of my entreaties, her mother, who could not help smiling, re-assured me. "I will tell you all," she said. "She dances to-night by the side of Mademoiselle Noblet: Mademoiselle Noblet has some very fine jewels, and my daughter has none." Notwithstanding my long experience, a woman's tears always affect me, and I sent at once to Madame Janisset's, to fetch the sovereign remedy for such deep suffering and such agonising griefs. I was in one of my days of administrative weakness.

It appears, from the same authority, that a happy and brilliant destiny not only awaits the pretty woman, but also comes sometimes to surprise the plain one. The latter event occurs, M. Véron tells us, because a pretty woman insists upon being loved, while the plain woman gives herself the trouble to make herself loved.

During my direction, I every month passed the *corps de ballet* in review; in its ranks I remarked a *figurante* peculiarly ill-favoured and of a certain age; at each inspection I ordered her name to be struck off the lists, but still there she ever was continuing her duties at rehearsals and public representations alike; she excited the interest and compassion of every one, even of the ballet-masters. One day she came up to me on the stage. "Do not send me away," she said, "I beseech you; it would be to consign me to the depths of misery. I am very punctual, I know how to dance, and I take the place of such of my companions as fail to attend the rehearsals in the morning or the performances in the evening; I place myself behind all the others, so that I am not seen—have pity on me." This poor girl's speech affected me, and I left her on the lists; I even now and then spoke to her in terms of encouragement; but one night she came up to me, thanked me for my kindness, "and now," she added, "you can rid yourself of me when you like." She had earrings, and a gold chain, to which was attached a watch, which she showed me. Her whole aspect was redolent of joy and happiness. "Yes, M. Véron, I have at length succeeded in making myself loved, and it is to your compassion that I owe my good luck; had you expelled me from the theatre, I should have been for

ever involved in misfortune." She had met with a tender and a faithful heart; she had several children, and married the man whose lasting affections she had learnt to merit.

It was to me (continues M. Véron) a pleasant and a continual comedy to watch the rises and falls which occurred in the existence of these light troops of the Opera; one who the evening before was grateful for a pair of cast-off pumps, which served her for shoes, would come to the theatre two days afterwards in a most elegant dress, with her attendants, English horses, and a carriage just out of Erther's factory. Two sisters, punctual at their dancing lessons and at the performances, were missing for several days continuously from their class and from the stage; they came back not with the repentant air of the Prodigal, but with the joyous pride of young princesses. During their absence they had won the hearts of two young princes of the blood.

Luxury and display have after a time no more power to astonish these poor girls than misery has to discourage them or dishearten them.

The chances of their fate makes them all superstitious: not one but carries on her neck or finger some kind of amulet; almost all go to mass and have a prodigious number of wax-lights burnt on the altar of the Virgin, under the strangest pretexts, thus showing more taste for external worship and the ceremonies of the church, than for the duties which it imposes. Some even affect an inclination for the severities of a cloistered life. One of my most charming *pensionnaires*, being unable to support any longer the despotic constraint to which she was condemned, fled from the maternal roof: every one believed in an elopement or a suicide. The police received information, but the same evening one of the orchestra met her in the Rue de Faubourg Montmartre, arm-in-arm with a nun, who was conducting her, at her own request, to a convent. She was soon restored to her family and to the Opera.

A peculiarity, which the director seems to consider almost an impertinence, on the part of the artists of the Opera, is a pretension to having relatives—among some even to being of good origin. Lesage has long ago depicted this family pride of the *coulisses*, when Laura introduces Gil Blas as her brother. The demoiselles of the Opera carry the feeling so far as sometimes to affect mourning, although the excuse for assuming such a garb is often nothing more than the death of their porter, their *bonne*, or even a pet dog!

Yet the hearts of these poor children of chance are always open to misfortune; they delight in relieving all who are afflicted or who are in distress. The prettiest and the most fashionable place themselves at the head of any movement of benevolence, and they go right up to their acquaintances and numerous clients. Collections, subscriptions, and concerts for some charitable purpose or other are constantly going on.

Lemontey, a writer on the physiology of dancing, pretends that, in the artist, the spirits destined to nourish the fire of the passions and the work of the brain are turned from their course. "The kind of enchantment," he says, "which surrounds a dancer has nothing real in it; no moral stimulus comes to awaken the torpor in which the excesses of dancing envelop the organs of sensibility." M. Véron denies this. There are, he says, dancers and vocalists alike *qui dansent bête et qui chantent bête* in the language of the *coulisses*, but in dancing, as in singing, head, understanding, and imagination are indispensable to success.

Certain it is that the upper portion of the body suffers for the unusual development of the lower—vocalists have not this disadvantage. The latter have most feeling, the dancers most *physique*; hence dancers often make their fortunes while the vocalists live in misery. This we

are told in virtue of the divorce established of old between fortune and love.

Among the female choristers of the Opera (says M. Véron) the greatest number have never troubled themselves with their interests or their future; they have lived, but they have not enriched themselves. Some have made humble enough marriages; several very good musicians, besides their service at the Opera, obtain a livelihood by teaching. They are in general *de bonnes pâtes de filles*, who refuse nothing to whosoever pleases them and loves them; they only believe in love; one would say that, like singing-birds, they are only on earth in order to love.

In the *corps de ballet*, on the contrary, we meet at once the greatest misery, and, as I have said before, sudden fortunes with settlements, carriages, and diamonds. In the jargon of the *coulissés*, all settlements are called *un papier*, and the young *figurante*, to excuse her first fault, says, with pride: "*Mais j'ai un papier.*" No idea can be formed of the privation, the sufferings, the fatigues, the courage, of those poor girls upon whom fortune has never smiled. Hope sustains them; they say, smilingly, "I suffer to-day; to-morrow, perhaps, I may be rich." Several come on foot from Montmaitre, the Batignolles, or the quarter of the Hotel de Ville for their dancing-lesson, their rehearsal, and their performance, and they go back in the dead of night, in rain or snow, to those distant regions. Some find time to give dancing-lessons in their own neighbourhood. I was one day speaking, in terms of admiration, of a girl who was improving every day in her appearance and good looks. "We are very poor, nevertheless," said her mother, "and I would give her to whoever would have her, only for our support."

All this does not say much for the vaunted liberality of the administration of the Opera, assisted as it is by ministerial subsidies; a liberality of which M. Véron is never tired of boasting. One of the worst features of the theatrical system, as pursued in Paris, was, that in former times the minor theatres had to contribute, and that largely too, to the support of the Opera. Better any number of minor theatres and a means of obtaining an honest livelihood, than all the false glare and glittering of the Opera, and the vice which it tinsels and bespangles. First-rate artists get enormous appointments; inferior, and yet necessary adjuncts, not enough to preserve them from sin. This is not as it ought to be. Some of the jewels heaped up on the salver at "Clarendon's Hotel" might have been better bestowed. The Swedish nightingale was eminently charitable—did she ever hear the cry of her sisters in distress? M. Véron acknowledges his gallantry—did he ever hold out his hand to save from error? It would appear not, for it is evident that the privations to be gone through antecedent to the arrival of some wealthy greenhorn, are looked upon as a matter of course, and the gauze-enveloped maiden flutters like a moth before the foot-lights, her mind made up to self-sacrifice, and uttering aloud, "To-morrow I may be rich."

The principles here denounced, not in a more serious tone than they deserve, were, it appears, actually introduced in the system of teaching—formed, in fact, a part of the apprenticeship to the art—that is to say, under the Gardels and the Vestrises, and till M. Tagliioni père wrought a reform on the boards. Vestris, M. Véron tells us, taught the arts of grace and seduction. He insisted upon provoking smiles, poses, and attitudes, void of all decency and modesty. I have often heard him say to his pupils in a cynical tone: "My good friends, be charming, be coquettish, exhibit in all your movements the most seductive liberty; you must inspire love both before and after the dance."

The school, the style, and language of M. Taglioni père was quite different; it demanded a graceful facility of motion, lightness, especially elevation, *du ballon*; but it did not permit to his daughter a gesture or an attitude which betrayed an absence of decency or shame. He used to say to her, "Women and young girls must see you without blushing; let your dance be austere while it is tasteful and replete with delicacy."

Vestris wished his pupils to dance as at Athens, like *bacchantes*; M. Taglioni insisted upon a simplicity in dancing; which was almost mystical and religious. The one taught Pagan dancing; it might be said that the other preferred Catholic dancing. Mademoiselle Taglioni danced differently and better than any one had ever danced before her. "Her name," says the learned director and enthusiastic admirer, "represents a whole school of dancing, and will live in the annals of the art known to the ancients, and which modifies itself according to the laws, manners, and religion!" Long may that school live, is all we can add; it teaches that grace is not essentially licentious, nor to be charming does it require to be frivolous.

#### DE QUINCEY'S "MISCELLANIES."\*

THIS, the third volume of Mr. de Quincey's "Selections"—each volume, however, being complete in itself (albeit we understand not their taste who would be satisfied with the single-blessedness of *such* completeness)—

—But we must draw breath after that parenthesis, and begin again. This, then, being volume the third of "Selections, Grave and Gay," is admirably adapted, at once by the variety and the unity of its contents, to the study of those who may be, as yet, slenderly conversant, or even quite unacquainted, with the genius of the inimitable author. It forms a kind of epitomised sample of his discursive powers—a "cunningly-devised" trysting-place of his most salient characteristics. GRAVE and GAY still weave the warp and weave the woof—still, as in this varicoloured life, cross, and intertwine, and relieve one the other—meeting us, like the being "beautiful and bright" in Coleridge's romaunt,

—sometimes from the *darksome shade*,  
And sometimes starting up at once  
In *green and sunny glade*.

The author's grandeur of speculative thought, wandering at its own high will through eternity of time, and infinitude of space; his pathos, deeper than ever plummet sounded, deeper than (too deep for) tears: his scholarship, mastered with so much labour, but wielded with such sprightly ease; his narrative art (in his hands really an art), in which every paragraph is so matterful and every epithet so *telling*; his stores of illustrations, culled from "a' the airts," and ingeniously introduced in all sorts of places; his pensive humour, now dry, now unctuous, alternating and

\* *Miscellanies*: Chiefly Narrative. By Thomas de Quincey. London: Groombridge. 1854. (Forming the third volume of De Quincey's "Selections, Grave and Gay.")

commingling the grave and gay; his forays of wit, his quaint flourishes of fancy, his adroit but never malicious passes of satire; all are fairly, if not fully, represented in this volume of *Miscellanies*.

Dull, dense, matter-of-fact people—people of "imperfect sympathies"—people who recognise no line of beauty that is not straight, and whose literary vision is exercised from an angle anything but acute, though so narrow in its range—people who know little Latin beyond *Cui bono* (which they are quoting in season; out of season), and who never could see the joke of the senior wrangler's objection to Milton's epic, But what does it prove?—good, worthy, solid, stolid, stupid souls of this order, will probably enough be "stumped" by the very first subject in the present volume—the Military Nun of Spain. We can make nothing of it, you may hear them say. They are perplexed as to its drift. They resent the dubious tactics of the narrator, who leaves them uncertain whether or when they are to laugh or cry. Fairly started as they suppose in a paragraph grave even to tragedy, abruptly they are thrown into a perfect quandary by interjectional sentences, allusions, fancies, boldly and broadly ludicrous. Endeavouring to accommodate themselves to this new inspiration, and to enter into the mirth which they presume is in store for them, they are again flung back by their author's seemingly capricious recurrence to tones of solemn reverie and passionate earnestness. Shakspeare himself, bounding from sleepless *Macbeth* to a sleepy *Porter*,—Shakspeare himself, interrupting the stern, sad contemplations of *Hamlet* by the songs of the churchyard *Clown*,—Shakspeare himself, who intersperses the latest agonising words and thoughts of *Cleopatra* with the quips and quirks of the "rural fellow," who brings her "the pretty worm of Nilus, that kills and pains not,"—Shakspeare himself, in this eccentric orbit, this lawless mood of his, is not more unaccountable, not to say offensive, to a starched and straitlaced Frenchman, imbued with the prejudices of pedantry, and saturated with the traditions of the schools, than is the Opium-eater in his "miscellaneous" mood, in his truant disposition, to a non-plussed literalist of the kind just supposed.

How the story of this Military Nun of Spain would fare at the hands of a prosaic matter-of-fact man, scribbling right on, as the crow flies, jealous or incapable of pause, or parenthesis—errantry, or excursus—break, or interval—additament, or episode,—we know not, nor care to know. Enough, that told as Mr. de Quincey tells it, with its fulness of moving accidents by flood and field, it is a singularly interesting tale, garnished with an odd intermixture of reflections, suggestions, and non-descript details, often piquant, often affecting, not unfrequently

Solemn and sweet as when low winds attune

The midnight pines.

Happy Catalina, to have met, centuries after her life's fitful fever, with such a biographer! A right admiring and affectionate one withal—chivalric and cordial as could have been any compatriot and contemporary of her own. "Bonny Kate! Noble Kate!" he once exclaims, and seems again and again on the point of repeating the benison and the homage—"I would there were not two centuries laid between us, that I might have the pleasure of kissing thy fair hand." But for the two centuries, Kate's lips would be at the service of such a biographer, and a hundred welcomes too.

What a description is that of Kate's passage over the Andes! How burn our hearts within us as we mark her fearful encounter with wasting solitude and frost, and the sudden apprehension of deliverance that dawns on the poor wanderer. "Frightful was the spasm of joy which whispered that the worst was over. It was as when the shadow of midnight, that murderers had relied on, is passing away from your beleaguered shelter, and dawn will soon be manifest. It was as when a flood, that all day long has raved against the walls of your house, has ceased (you suddenly think) to rise; yes! measured by a golden plummet, it is sinking beyond a doubt, and the darlings of your household are saved. . . . Yet, Kate is leaving behind her the kingdom of frost and the victories of death. Two miles farther there may be rest, if there is not shelter. And very soon, as the crest of her new-born happiness, she distinguished at the other end of that rocky vista, a pavilion-shaped mass of dark-green foliage—a belt of trees, such as we see in the lovely parks of England, but islanded by a screen (though not everywhere occupied by the usurpations) of a thick bushy undergrowth. Oh, verdure of dark-olive foliage, offered suddenly to fainting eyes, as if by some winged patriarchal herald of wrath relenting—solitary Arab's tent, rising with saintly signals of peace, in the dreadful desert, must Kate indeed die even yet, whilst she sees but cannot reach you? Outpost on the frontier of man's dominions, standing within life, but looking out upon everlasting death, wilt thou hold up the anguish of thy mocking invitation, only to betray? Never, perhaps, in this world was the line so exquisitely grazed, that parts salvation and ruin. As the dove to her dovecot from the swooping hawk—as the Christian pinnacle to Christian batteries, from the bloody Mahometan corsair, so flew—so tried to fly towards the anchoring thickets, that, alas! could not weigh their anchors and make sail to meet her—the poor exhausted Kate from the vengeance of pursuing frost.

"And she reached them; staggering, fainting, reeling, she entered beneath the canopy of umbrageous trees. But, as oftentimes, the Hebrew fugitive to a city of refuge, flying for his life before the avenger of blood, was pressed so hotly that, on entering the archway of what seemed to him the heavenly city-gate, as he kneeled in deep thankfulness to kiss its holy merciful shadow, he could not rise again, but sank instantly with infant weakness into sleep—sometimes to wake no more: so sank, so collapsed upon the ground, without power to choose her couch, and with little prospect of ever again rising to her feet, the martial nun. She lay as luck had ordered it, with her head screened by the undergrowth of bushes, from any gales that might arise; she lay exactly as she sank, with her eyes up to heaven; and thus it was that the nun saw, before falling asleep, the two sights that upon earth are fittest for the closing eyes of a nun, whether destined to open again, or to close for ever. She saw the interlacing of boughs overhead forming a dome, that seemed like the dome of a cathedral. She saw, through the fretwork of the foliage, another dome, far beyond, the dome of an evening sky, the dome of some heavenly cathedral, not built with hands. She saw upon this upper dome the vesper lights, all alive with pathetic grandeur of colouring from a sunset that had just been rolling down like a chorus. She had not, till now, consciously observed the time of day; whether it were morning, or whether it were afternoon, in her confusion she had not distinctly known. But now she whispered to herself—'*It is evening:*' and what lurked half-

unconsciously in these words might be—'The sun, that rejoices, has finished his daily toil; man, that labours, has finished his; I, that suffer, have finished mine.' That might be what she thought, but what she *said* was, 'It is evening; and the hour is come when the *Angelus* is sounding through St. Sebastian's.' What made her think of St. Sebastian's, so far away in depths of space and time? Her brain was wandering, now that her feet were *not*; and because her eyes had descended from the heavenly to the earthly dome, *that* made her think of earthly cathedrals, and of cathedral choirs, and of St. Sebastian's chapel, with its silvery bells that carried the *Angelus* far into mountain recesses. Perhaps, as her wanderings increased, she thought herself back in childhood; became 'pussy' once again: fancied that all since then was a frightful dream; that she was not upon the dreadful Andes, but still kneeling in the holy chapel at vespers; still innocent as then; loved as then she had been loved; and that all men were liars, who said her hand was ever stained with blood."

We might, had we space, quote as a pendant, by way of contrast, to this fragment of the grave a bit of the gay, in which the writer so liberally indulges, always with a tender humanity however, and a fast friendship for Kate. But limits defy us; and sooth to say, we prefer the grave to the gay passages in this strange eventful history—and many, we surmise, will mistake the seeming levity and familiar chit-chat with which the adventures are, perhaps on the whole prejudicially, inter-fused.

A curiously different subject follows, viz., "The Last Days of Kant"—originally forming part of the too-brief series in *Blackwood*, called "Gallery of the German Prose Classics." This account of the closing years of the great transcendental philosopher, which is based on the narratives of Wasianski, Jachmann, Borowski, and others, excited considerable interest at its appearance seven-and-twenty years ago; since which time the improved and constantly advancing knowledge of Kant, on the part of English readers at large, must be such as to warrant our predicting for it a greatly advanced attraction. It is to be hoped that the author's other writings in elucidation of Kant's philosophy and miscellaneous works will be given in future volumes; the *narrative* speciality of the present volume is, we presume, the reason why none of these valuable exegetical articles are wrought up with this memoir of the professor's ultimate and penultimate years. We should have been glad to see one volume of the series simply devoted to Mr. de Quincey's contributions to the illustration of German literature: perhaps he may yet be induced to adopt the suggestion. The extent of his labours in this field has never been duly recognised; and others, whom really he anticipated in point of time and surpassed in degree of merit, have been lauded as the almost exclusive interpreters of Teutonic *belles lettres* and metaphysics. There is plenty to make up a volume from his scattered criticisms in the *London Magazine*, *Tait*, and *Blackwood*—comprising notices of Lessing, Kant, Göthe, Jean Paul, &c.—and it would be a volume, we submit, greatly in request, in these days of awakened and widely-spread attention to the characteristics of *Deutsch* literature and life. If only to assert his own claim, as a leader among those who actually aroused this interest, such a volume is one we fain would see. And its



distinctive character would fall in with the apparant plan according to which the several tomes are distributed.

After "Kant" comes a truly *indigenous* dissertation, such as none but its writer could put on paper, on "The System of the Heavens as revealed by Lord Rosse's Telescopes." It might seem written to prove that from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step, and that the writer, for his part, can take the step without straining. It is an imbroglio of the magnificent and the ludicrous.\* Now we career through the awful grandeurs of dim worlds half realised, and now listen to wayward sallies of fun run riot, mad as a March hare, tricky as Robin Goodfellow, and not a whit more particular in the choice of jokes. Nothing can be finer, in sustained majesty of style, than the *bravura* at the end—a glorious specimen of the author's command of diction, and his power to transfigure the glory of another into a new and greater glory, till the former seems to have no glory by reason of the glory that excelleth. Richter himself would have assented, or we mistake the matter and the man.

Then, again, we come to "Joan of Arc"—an enthusiastic tribute to the purity, devotedness, self-sacrifice, and singleness of eye, of the daughter of Domrémy. Her own country can show no such tribute. Nothing so generous, so indignant, so "tender and true." Her trial is described and denounced in words that burn. "Never from the foundations of the earth was there such a trial as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defence, and all its hellishness of attack. Oh, child of France! shepherdess, peasant girl! trodden under foot by all around thee, how I honour thy flashing intellect, quick as God's lightning, and true as that lightning to its mark, that ran before France and laggard Europe by many a century,\* confounding the malice of the ensnarer, and making dumb the oracles of falsehood!" And what fatal intensity of reproach, what pathos and energy of upbraiding protest, in the concluding apostrophe to the Bishop of Beauvais! Withering scorn and redeeming pity meet together; and it is beautiful to see how mercy is made, even here, to rejoice against judgment.

"The Casuistry of Roman Meals" is one of those compounds of rare scholarship and lively gossip in which the author is perhaps without a fellow. We see the severe student unbending himself, and freely imparting of his well-hived stores to others, in a manner so amusing, and with aids and appliances so thoroughly gustful, that the veriest ignoramus in classical lore is caught, fixed, converted; indeed, is in danger of coming to believe himself a crack classic, so much has he learned that was new to him, in so scant a space. Mr. de Quincey makes no parade of his reading; his contempt of mere pedantry is patent enough, as his *raids* against pedants and mere scholars as such are many and merciless; but the variety and breadth of his erudition are evidenced whenever the subject requires or allows of its appearance, and we are reminded of another who could, says the rhymers,

In his capacious mem'ry bottle  
The lumb'ring lore of Aristotle;  
Through Fichte, Schelling, Kant, go on straight,  
Like Leslie, or La Place, demonstrate

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\* In allusion to the still retained practice in France, of judges examining the prisoner against himself.

Parabola, ellipse, hyperbole,  
 And quote whole books of Milton verbally;  
 Or while you muse, and wish to sip at ease  
 Your tea, quote strophes from Euripides,—  
 Discuss inscriptions Greek and Runic,  
 Peloponnesian wars or Punic,  
 Expatiate gravely on Ricardo, &c., &c., &c.

"Modern Superstition" winds up the volume. This treatise is enriched with memorable illustrations, from Pagan and Christian sources, philosophically arranged and commented on, as bearing on man's perennial sympathy with the invisible—a subject upon which Mr. de Quincey is always informing, animated, and impressive. He argues that the manifest vitality of the modes of popular superstition proves, that the popular intellect does not go along with the bookish or the worldly in pronouncing the miraculous extinct. Superstition, or the sympathy with the invisible, "is the great test," as he contends, "of man's nature, as an earthly combining with a celestial. In superstition lies the possibility of religion. And though superstition is often injurious, degrading, demoralising, it is so, not as a form of corruption or degradation, but as a form of non-development. . . . Superstition will finally pass into pure forms of religion as man advances. It would be matter of lamentation to hear that superstition had at all decayed until man had made corresponding steps in the purification and development of his intellect as applicable to religious faith." Among the numerous *modes* here reviewed, are the *Ovidian* types, representing supernatural power sympathising with humanity, as expressed by a "symbol incarnated with the fixed agencies of nature;"—the *Ominous*, illustrated by many a curious story, and comprehending such varieties as the old Roman observance of deep meaning in words and syllables, Napoleon's presentiments, the whole practice and doctrine of Sortilegy,—Ornithomancy, once elaborated into a science,—Rhabdomancy, a practice, it is said, not yet extinct even in England (especially in Somersetshire),—Nympholepsy, and its modern parallels, or cognate instances,—Oracles and Prophecies, ill-boding coincidences, portents, *Palladia* or protecting talismans, &c. Such is the concluding essay of the half dozen in this choice volume, and with readers of a grave, inquiring cast, who have no zest for the erratic flights and effervescent humours of some of its forerunners, it will probably be the favourite of the whole.

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\* \* \* Once again we recur to the question of Thomas de Quincey and the Pension List. There have been recent vacancies, and these, at the time we write, remain unfilled. Who has stronger claims than this distinguished but retiring and unobtrusive author? If any, speak, for him have we offended—by real ignorant neglect. Whether in regard to the quantity or the quality of his literary labours, Mr. de Quincey has long ago amply wrought out *his* title. Merit has made a pension his due. Reverses, and physical suffering, if we are not misinformed, have made it desirable. Once again then we reiterate a question which ought not to need reiteration, and which, this time, for the benefit of short-sighted authorities, we will thank the compositor to set up in good staring capitals—WHY IS NOT THOMAS DE QUINCEY ON THE PENSION LIST?

## STRAY LETTERS FROM THE EAST.

THE Reverend Jonadab Straithorn offers his respects to the Editor of that publication called the *New Monthly Magazine*, and begs to place in his hands the accompanying letters, which (by a direct Providential accident) have fallen into his possession. They are the effusions of a young hypocrite of wrath, styled in worldly parlance "Ensign Pepper," and the Editor is at liberty to print them if he pleases: when the public in general will glean a hint of what a precious mess this unrighteous war of theirs seems to be in, and what precious "Ensigns" are gone out to it.

Jecoliah Chapel, Clapham, June, 1854.

British Camp, Gallipoli, June, 1854.

DEAR AUNT PRISCILLA,—I have had no time to write to you yet, but I am now going to redeem my promise. So, to begin at the beginning, as you desired. Malta, which you are aware we took on our route, I don't much like, one gets so taken in. But the fruit's prime: the oranges and dates are beautiful, only I don't like the olives. Will you believe that we get five big oranges for a penny! The Maltese, tanned, swarthy fellows, go about half naked. The shopkeepers there, tailors, shoemakers, and that kit, are dead robbers, and have doubled the price of everything eatable and wearable, now there's a demand for it: if you knew the amount of spare cash I have been compelled to shell out, you would be indignant, for the clothes of that rascally London outfitter are not worth a doit, and have had to be replaced. The *cafés*, as they are called in Malta, are very fine to the eye, but we hear that all that's sold in them is tobacco and spirits, both of which you think so horrible; and our men, poor deluded fellows, flocked into them by dozens, and would come out quite inebriated. I don't forget your injunctions, dear aunt, never to put *my* nose inside such places, but Gill of ours looked in one night, out of curiosity, and said the room shone with gilding and mirrors. He is a very nice companion for me, Ensign Gill—not one of those injurious associates you feared I might meet with—just my age, and well up in his Latin, and has never been away from his mamma and sisters till he came out. Malta is a very bustling place, at least it looks so now, but our officers are much put out about the price of horses, which has gone up shamefully, like everything else. They remonstrate with the sellers, but it is of no use.

Some fine French steam-frigates came into Valetta while we were there, bringing troops. Some of them are very ugly, but beautifully kept—the vessels I mean, not the men, they are *all* ugly. Every spot on board is as clean and in as trim order as your spare drawing-room, which you know the housemaid has to dust and set to rights every morning, though nobody ever uses it. The French are inches shorter than we are, but those they call Zouaves are good soldier-looking fellows. They have been a long while in Africa, and are as dark as mahogany, and there is enough hair on their faces to frighten one not

used to it. You abhor English moustachios, dear aunt, but your worst imagination never pictured anything like the moustachios of these fierce Zouaves. Their dress is much handsomer than ours, and very convenient, though you might think it too smart: bright blue jackets trimmed with red, and shining ornaments, red vests, and scarlet trousers as wide as Jessie's frocks, and only coming down to the knee, where they are tied in, and embroidered yellow leather gaiters, edged with black. Their throats are open, not stuck in a vice like ours, and their red fez caps, covered when in the sun with white linen, protect their necks from the heat and rain. Our men are apt to take them for Arabs, but they are only French. I can't say much for their morals, for they play at cards; I have seen them at it; and in the presence of their commanding officers. Good Mr. Straithorn, when he came up to give me a farewell lecture, called cards the devil's books, and said I had better touch brimstone, and I saw the tears in your eyes, dear Aunt Priscilla, as you listened to him.

We left Malta on a Friday, in the *Golden Fleece*, Captain Stewart, and got here, Gallipoli, the following Wednesday night. I forget the date, but it was early in April. We expected to land at once, but there was a hitch about it, and by the following Saturday we had not got ashore. But oh, dear aunt! talk about tears! you would weep tears of blood if you could see me here—especially at the first. We had nothing for days to lie on but the bare earth, some of us not a blanket, under us or atop, no mattress, not even any straw. Instead of undressing at night, we heaped all our other clothes upon us, and were nearly frozen to ice then. I cannot tell you how we existed, or how we contrived to keep life in us. My lips have not come near butter since I came here, there's no meat, and what there is is green, nothing but disgusting black bread. It is a treat to get a paltry little egg; and a vulgar onion, which you know you never suffer near your table at home, is a luxury. I feel sure, dearest aunt, you cannot let me remain in this forlorn state, so do send me off a hamper immediately. Here's a list. Some jars of marmalade, and a good many of jam, to make the wretched bread go down; some spiced gingerbread and assorted biscuits; a good supply of potted sardines; half a dozen Dutch cheeses, and a pound or two of barley-sugar, for I've got a cough; a tongue or two, if they will keep long enough, and if you could put in a plum-pudding, it would be a delicious treat; Lyons sausages are good for breakfast, and a slice or so every morning would help to keep up my strength, which you will grieve to hear is diminishing hourly, in this camp of famine; I *could* do with some candied peel, it's very cheap; and please don't omit plenty of sweet-stuff, I won't particularise any sort, but I like them all—if you are at a fault for the names, ask Jessie, and, tell her, a double portion of Gibraltar rock. Nearly all the camp, officers and men, smoke continually, by way of staying their stomachs, and as you forbid me to learn smoking, and the Rev. Mr. Straithorn said it was perdition, I must suck something instead, so please let me have plenty. Quince jelly is not bad, and if I think of any other essential I will tell you lower down.

It's a horrid place, this Gallipoli; we can't understand a syllable of the barbarous language, and, what's worse, can't make ourselves understood. Things are bought and sold by signs. For instance, I go into a shop

where they sell chesnuts ('I only give chesnuts for example, for I've not seen any), and hold out some coppers, and point to the chesnuts, and when they have counted the cash, they give me the exchange in chesnuts. There is some fish here and some poultry, and butchers' meat, lamb especially, but somehow we never get any of it. It is certain that the French get as much as they want of everything, and if they can't get it by honest means they *take* it, but there's no such luck for us. The place has been rampant with bustle and confusion ever since the allied armies came, and the old governor of it, a Turk, was so worried and flustered with the demands of both French and English combined, that he took to his bed one morning, and died. There was a great rejoicing when Prince Napoleon landed (Prince Nap, we call him amongst ourselves), and lots of guns and speeches were fired off. The prince waited on board till all were in readiness for him, the guards of honour drawn up, and the authorities down, and then he came ashore in his best uniform, all stars and ribbons and gold lace and a cocked hat with a plume. Some days after that, the *Caradoc* (she's a smart vessel) came steaming in, with the royal standard of England flying from her main-mast, by which it was seen that she bore the Duke of Cambridge. The French ships fired a thundering salute, and it so shook the old houses that the Turks thought they were falling, and rushed out of them with their turbans all on end, faster I know than a Turk ever rushed before. Nobody was ready to receive his Royal Highness, and while the generals and consuls and the rest of them were running about in dismay, hunting up the others, and making themselves look like bucks, thinking that the English prince would wait for them as the French one had done, the duke walked ashore. We knew him, and knew that he looked, every inch of him, a right noble English gentleman, but the foreigners, whether Turks or French, could not believe that a man dressed in a shooting-jacket and round glazed hat, stepping quietly ashore without parade or attendants, could be the Royal Duke of England. He did not stay here, but went on to Scutari.

Our appearance excites some wonder amongst the natives: they follow us about everywhere, unable to satisfy their curiosity. It is the dress that comes over them, so different from theirs, the bearskins especially. But we fell into the shade with them, dress and all, when the Highlanders came. I don't suppose you ever saw a regiment of Scotchmen, for they wear no inexpressibles—if you will excuse my mentioning it. A sort of petticoat, called a kilt, comes about a third down their thighs, and that's all. When the 93rd Highland regiment first arrived, some time in April, lots of the natives flocked down to the landing-place, lazy and indifferent though they are in general, for news got wind that a fine steamer had come in, bringing a cargo of giants with naked legs. Just at the same time, a small Turkish vessel also arrived, and ran underneath the steamer's bows, having on board a great Eastern dignitary (I thought a Sultan, but Gill said he was a Pasha), who was on deck with all his wo—I mean with a great many ladies. The Highlanders jumped up on the paddle-box, the bows, and anywhere they could get, and looked down to salute the ladies, who did not know whatever they were at first, but when they found out that they were real live soldiers without any lower garments, and not sham Gogs and

Magogs, they began screaming like so many hyenas. Of course it was a shock to ladies, for the legs were very—in short, very big and very much exposed, but when they landed—the legs I mean—the general people crowded round, gazing at and touching them with their forefingers, like we do when we go to Madame Tussaud's. I know, dear aunt, you would never have allowed *me* to go into such a barefaced regiment.

Please present my respects to Mr. Straithorn, and say our time is so taken up we have scarcely a moment for recreation, so that I have not got through one of his excellent sermons yet. I had so many necessities in the shape of clothes, &c., to lay in at Malta, that my money has come to its last gasp: if you could indulge me, dear aunt, with a little note for five or ten pounds, it would be an act of charity. Give my love to Jessie, and believe me your affectionate nephew,

THOMAS PEPPER.

To Miss Priscilla Oldstage, Clapham.

I.S. Oh, dearest aunt! I knew there was something I forgot! It was preserved ginger; and it is the best thing one can take (so our medical staff-officer assures us) when suffering from insufficiency of food.

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Starvation Camp, Gallipoli, June, 1854.

DEAR GUS,—You promised and vowed to write to a fellow, but devil a letter has come yet. And now I'll tell you a secret: you may thank the stars, old blade, that your governor stood out about buying you a commission: I can tell her gracious Majesty she'd never have caught *me* if I had known as much as I do now. Playing at soldiers in London is one thing, but coming to a nasty out-of-the-world desert place, where there's nothing to eat, and no nice girls to see you in your regimentals, is another. Tell Fanny Green there's no fear of a rival to her out here. The grub's not fit for a Christian dog: Aunt Pris's curly poodle would turn tail at it. It was a good spree enough as long as we stayed at Malta, and some of us made the tin fly. The deuce knows how it went—I don't. Snoking and drinking took away a lot, and billiards and other things a lot more, and one must do as others do, you know. The *cafés* there I like, they are cool and chatty, and the drink's so cheap, a fellow may get sewn up for threepence, but won't his head split next morning! mine did, I can swear to you. Don't tell F. G. this. Some of the officers abuse the cigars we got there, but I and Gill found them prime. You'd have been fit to split, had you heard Straithorn's lecture to me before I came away. It was such a game! turning up the whites of his eyes, and praying me not to look at a cigar (amongst other forbidden fruit), and never to smell at it. As chance had it, I'd got the tail of a stick of peppermint in my pocket, and eat it forthwith, or else he might have smelt the remaining odour of one then. He smokes himself, on the sly, I'll bet. He and Aunt Pris gave me some of his sermons in manuscript. I opened one: an old crabbed hand, where you can't tell the vowels from the consonants, and treating of "A Benighted Young Man." I was to ponder and digest them every morning and night, and then write home my remarks upon the collection. What a chance! The Benighted Young Man has gone in spills for smoke, and the rest are going. I hate

that canting old methodist of a Straithorn. And he has got an eye to Aunt Pris's money as sure as I'm alive: if she don't look out sharp, he'll get on her blind side, and convert her into a psalm-singing Mrs. Strait-horn, and then good by to her snug little tips to me. I wish some one would tell her that church-going maiden ladies of fifty-five have no "call" to encourage single methodist parsons at their house. We could scarcely get horses at Malta for love or money, or unless a precious sight was dropped of the latter. Officers in a towering passion about it, and cursing the vendors' ears off. Our voyage from Malta here took five days, lots of us ill. The French privates play at cards on the decks of their vessels, and their officers look on—sensible men those commanders. Straithorn grew purple in the face, vowing cards were the devil's books—old ass! If he knew what I lose or win at them every night, he'd go black I expect. Gill and I have got three packs between us, and it's nearly all the fun we get in this infernally dull place.

The French soldiers are skulking-looking rascals in comparison with ours, so far as size goes, but some of their dresses are lovely, and their moustachios are splendid. I brought out seven pots of hair-ointment: Circassian Cream, Old's Balm, Nikourene, and others that I can't stop to spell the names of, every one of which promised to produce, instantler, the most luxurious crop of whiskers and moustachios. And, if you'll credit it,—the disgusting cheats!—there's not a bit more sign of hair on my face than there was when I bought the stuff in London! I have rubbed it on night and morning, till my face smarts like something else used to do after birch at school—now trying one sort, now another, and all to no purpose. I met Bill Quin the day before I left home—he was at the third desk in the Lower, last half, you may remember—and his whiskers were coming on so thick (a frightful red), and he's only sixteen and a half! Old Brown (our commander-in-chief) is a great calf in the matter of moustachios, everybody says so. Instead of letting a poor fellow sport a decent pair, if he happens to be blest with them, he insists on a clean shave every morning. He would rather see a man come to parade in his shirt and nothing else, than in the previous day's beard. Some of us are ready to sabre the Frenchmen's chins off, from sheer envy. You'd crack your ribs laughing, to hear and see the two armies, French and English, fraternising (if that's how to spell it) with each other. They do it all by signs, save a word or two of the other's language which they have picked up. A big fellow, six feet high, with a smooth face and a towering bearskin, meets a dapper little moustachioed chap, his head dropping down like a goat's. "How d'ye do, comrade?" he says, "good luck to you; give us your hand on it, my dear Mcspeer Frog; we be on the same side now, all brothers, and no mistake. Shake hands." "Ah que vous êtes aimable, mon cher!" says the Frenchman, bowing like a Puseyite parson at mass, "que vous êtes grand et brave! que vous êtes poli, mon bon Mistaire Got-dam!" (which the French seem to think is the universal name for the English army) "permettez moi." And instead of shaking hands, which these French don't understand, he rises on tiptoe, and pulls our big fellow's head down, and kisses him on both cheeks, and that flurries bearskin more than a pointed sword would do, for he can't comprehend it. "Come and have a go of spirits," cries the Englishman when he recovers himself, dodging his head back,

wincing, and wiping his face, "I'll stand treat, *Mosseer Frog*, very happy, come along;" and bearskin nods and points towards the place where drink is sold, so that "*Frog*" understands. "*Oui, oui, volontiers, avec beaucoup de plaisir, mon estimable Mistaire Got-dam; vous prendrez avec moi un verre d'eau sucrée. Mais Dieu! quelle casquette que vous portez! que vous devez avoir chaud!*" And off they go amicably, arm-in-arm, the Frenchman glancing up at the formidable bearskin, and by the time they come out again, they have both taken something besides sugared water. When they have gone too far to know what they are about, the fraternising has extended to changing clothes, and the astonished French soldier wakes up the next morning in the *kilt* and no tights, and all his comrades, far and near, flock round him as if he were some rare animal in a wild beast show: while our lot sneaks on to parade with a scarlet fez cap and broad scarlet sacks of pants, flapping about his legs. Don't they catch it, that's all! But, talking about legs, we had such a jolly go. I and Gill were down and saw it.—A stunning chum I have found in Gill: he's up to everything.—When the 93rd Highlanders came in, before they had landed from the steamer, a Turkish Pasha came along side of her in a little vessel with his harem. Such a crowd of them! for you know Turks may have thirty wives if they like—and *do* (I wish I was a Turk, if I could get thirty Fanny Greens), and the ladies were on deck, and the old fellow sitting tailor-fashion amidst them. The Highlanders naturally crowded to the side of the steamer, on all the highest places, to get a sight of a harem; and of course the kilts flew up with the exertion, and the ladies and the Turk gazed aloft at *them*. I think the old fellow was the first to find out they were trouserless, for he set up a howl that you might have heard in London, and frantically drove the ladies right and left. They screamed too, and clapped their hands to their faces, leaving out one eye though, which they kept turning slyly up to the trouserless legs—trust harem women for that. It was so prime! Gill and I began a polka with delight, and if a *major*, it was big Gum, had not hove in sight, we might have taken off ours, and treated the peeping eyes to a sight of four more legs. You don't know Gum: he had such a misfortune. He's as fat as ten Sir John Falstaff's made up for the boards, and when the Duke of Cambridge came into port, nobody was dressed to receive him, and Gum, in his hurry to struggle himself into his uniform, split his tight pants right up behind, and, in his haste and flurry, finished dressing and came out without knowing it. I thought Gill would have burst off like a sky-rocket, trying to suppress his laughter, but that meddling Lieutenant Jones told the major, and spoilt the sport: I and Gill would have given our new uniforms if he had appeared in that state before his royal highness. The major was good-natured over it, and pretended not to twig us, though he must have seen. He said afterwards that, feeling his pants so easy, he hoped he had grown thinner, and made up his mind that Gallipoli suited *him*. The tailor has had the pants ever since, and says the saints know how he shall mend them, for they were too narrow previously, and their owner wont hear of a piece being let in.

It's all bosh about the Turkish girls being veiled-up in hopsacking: they have a nice, airy, gossamer thing (like Fanny's veil) floating about their face, shading but not concealing their beauty; and they don't forget



to make use of their eyes upon you, sparkling, wicked eyes they are too. I wish I was taller and older, for they generally pass me over, but they dart their glances pretty freely on some of our officers, when they get the chance. Three poor devils of Zouaves got making love to some, and had to kick the bucket for it. The Turkish women were just as ready to listen as the soldiers to talk, and no doubt encouraged them on, which so enraged their male keepers that they struck up a hubbub about it. The soldiers' commanding officers were appealed to, or accidentally came up, and ordered them to desist, but the men turned insolent and were arrested. Next came a court-martial, and they were sentenced to be shot. I expected to see some regular Grecian beauties out here, and so did Gill, and a fine expectation it was: all the female Grecians we have seen, are dirty, snuffy old women.

We have to purchase things here by signs. I go into a cigar shop, look out for the best, and pointing at them, to the squatting, turbaned Turk, hold out some money; he counts the tin, and hands me what he pleases of cigars for it. There's a field for cheating for you! and they don't fail to take advantage of it. I tried a pipe yesterday, and like it quite as well as cigars. If you can manage an opportunity of seeing Fanny Green, ask if I could smuggle her a letter now and then, under address to any of the servants. One of them might say she has got a brother out here who writes to her. Tell her (F. G.) I am in the midst of glory, have grown two inches taller (more or less, you know, Gus), have never seen a pretty girl since I saw her, and have never ceased to dote upon her. Also mention (from yourself) that you understand my moustachios were come, and promised to be very handsome, when our commander, Sir George Brown, had the barbarity to order shaving throughout the camp. And tell her that if I hear of her flirting again with that scamping six-foot Lincoln's Inn student, I'll stop out here for good and cut my throat, or else turn Turk and have a harem.

Let's see a letter, Gus—don't be lazy. Yours,

TOM PEPPER.

Augustus Sparkinson, Esquire, Junior.

The Camp, Gallipoli, June, 1854.

DEAR GUARDIAN,—We have for some time been safe and sound at Gallipoli (though I believe we are now on the move for Varna), but that we *are* sound and safe, little thanks to those at home who have had the management of things. Such confusion as existed when we got here! The uproar of an Irish Donnybrook Fair, or a school with a hundred boys let loose—I remember that—could not be worse than what we jumped into on our arrival. We got here on a Wednesday night, and were kept penned up in the steamer, sick and well, till the following Saturday. There were no boats to land us in, and no rations to feed us if we had landed; and when we did get ashore (in open shore-boats, mind) good luck to it! There were no barracks provided, no houses, no hospitals. On the Friday, a medical officer and others went round to choose out some houses that could be used as hospitals, but, to get possession, they had to turn out their inhabitants, Greeks, who thought the summary ejection a great hardship, as, in point of fact, it was. These

Greeks and their habitations were filthy dirty,\* for they live like pigs; nice places for the reception of sick patients! But they had to be used, wanting better accommodation, for there were no hospital-tents on board and none on shore, no carriages to transport the sick, no anything, and if we had been sent to land on a desert island, things could not have been worse. The sick were conveyed at last to their quarters, such as they were, but there were no beds or mattresses, scarcely any blankets, and they had to lie for days on the bare boards of these dirty wooden huts; some got a blanket, and they were better off than their neighbours. That was not the worst: necessary comforts for the men were absent. If the suffering wretches could eat black bread, it was there, but nothing else. Of medical stores, there were none: it is hard to say where they were, but not in Gallipoli: the Bank of England's coffers could not have purchased them, and I don't think a proper supply of them has come yet. Sir George Brown saved the life of one man, by sending him down from his private stores a bottle of wine and some arrowroot, when he was sinking. They make a fuss about it here, some of them, calling him "generous," "philanthropic," but I dare say Sir George himself thinks he did but his duty. One of our medical officers gave a sovereign out of his pocket to purchase requisites for the poor fellows; but his good intentions were thrown away, for nobody in the place could (or would) change it. And if this was the sort of reception made for the sick, you may guess how the rest of us fared. Living at Gallipoli is not of the luxurious kind at the best of times, but I'm blest if it's pleasant for a body of men to find themselves in danger of famine. What was more nagging than all, was to see how well the French came off; they were supplied with everything they could want, and taken right good care of. A set of buffing old muffs, and nothing else, are those who pretended to make the necessary arrangements for the British troops: and if what we hear is true, they don't like being told of it. News has come out here that the affair was brought forward in the Lords, and that the Duke of Newcastle rose in his place, and, in a speech as long as my arm, said the reports of mal-arrangement were "monstrous," all moonshine, quite improbable and incredible, and that he could take upon himself to demur altogether to their correctness. I heard our officers discussing it; that's how I know anything about it. His grace "knew" that provision was made to meet "any" emergency that might arise on the arrival of the troops at Gallipoli; that preparations were made there for hospital accommodation; that he himself had specially ordered two sailing transports to proceed thither, in case of sick quarters on shore being insufficient; that there were lots of hospital tents in store at Malta, and lots more were despatched from England; the supply of medicines and medical comforts was prodigious; that Assistant-Commissary-General Smith was out there directing the preparations; that Mr. Calvert, consul at the Dardanelles, was helping him (which Brigadier Cuff said put him in mind of "Tom, what are you doing?" "Nothing, sir." "Dick, what are you at?" "Helping Tom, sir"); and, in short, that the arrangements were of the most efficient description, and everything in apple-pie order.

His grace may say the moon's made of green cheese if he likes, and such an hypothesis asserted in the Lords would draw its admirers: but

if he could only have transported himself to Gallipoli on the wings of a cherub or the electric telegraph, and seen for himself these boasted-of preparations, he would have flown back to comfort faster than he came. It might have done more good than raising a laugh in the House at the expense of some one who wrote home a public letter, and happened to say in it there were neither fowls nor butter: his grace thought it a pity this "luxurious" gentleman should go out, and "without making accurate inquiries, or satisfying himself as to facts," send home unfair accounts of the want of fowls and butter. By George! if his grace did come in person, he would find himself compelled to write despatches of the lack of other things besides fowls and butter. The plain fact is—at least all the officers say so—that the affair was quite mismanaged; indeed, there was no management at all, or if there was, it did not extend to Gallipoli. Of course nobody, least of all any one of our officers, wants to speak disrespectfully of the Lords of the Admiralty, of the war-committee, secretaries, or whatever they may call themselves, but so many innocent old females might have acted more to the purpose: Mrs. Gamp and her mysterious friend Mrs. Harris would have succeeded much better. Lord Clanricarde fearlessly said the same night, talking of our men meeting the Russians in the Black Sea, that he thought we were playing a game at "brag," and he is not far out; there has been more brag than work, as yet, through many parts of the business.

As to letters, we get none. I have not had a line since I came out, and if I don't soon get some news from somebody, shall think you are all dead and buried and gone to heaven. The few that straggle here have to be regally paid for. I saw a very slender-pursed wight in the ranks fork out three shillings for one this week, a single letter; and a comrade of his had to pay two shillings and twopence-halfpenny for a weekly newspaper. I should have put on the extra halfpenny for gentility's sake if I'd been the post, and made it two and threepence. This is bad enough for the officers, but it's a wonder how the poor devils of privates stand it;—and the joke of reading a tantalising account of the "fixed rates of postage for the East," in the very paper they have paid so much for!—"Letters addressed to an officer of the British army or navy, or to a non-commissioned officer, or private soldier, or seaman, in Turkey or the Black Sea, weighing under  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz., 3d.; under  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz., 6d.; newspapers, 2d. each." Major Gum says he shall soon begin to have as much faith in these published official notices as he has in *Punch*.

We have had some reviews here; the most brilliant was that of the French regiments for Prince Napoleon: our general, Sir George Brown, and staff, attended it. I and Gill went to see it too—such a nice young gentleman is Gill, one of our ensigns. The country is much like a landscape in England. All the French troops quartered here were ordered out, more than twenty thousand of them; and from an early hour in the morning they were seen filing along from their many encampments, over ridges and hills, and cutting through valleys and ravines. They were all in full equipment, and looked as if they can do some work. The Zouaves were the most conspicuous; they are fierce, mahogany-stained, dashing soldiers, looking not unlike the idea one is apt to form of a brave, lawless freebooter of the past ages, and the showy colours of their

attire throw those of the rainbow into the shade; but the French army toggery is a deuced deal finer and more varied than ours. It was a stunning sight to see the fellows, with their ready step and fanciful costumes, winding up to the field from all parts of the view. Each regiment had a woman behind it, called a *vivandière*, mounted on a pack-horse, and dressed in the uniform of the corps, with a short over-petticoat. She had panniers and barrels dangling from her saddle, and was followed by a sumpter-mule, laden with more barrels and boxes. It was worth while coming out only to see the field when the word was given to halt. The soldiers dispersed about, collecting dried sticks, brushwood, leaves, anything that would burn, and soon no end of camp-fires were alight. The *vivandières* were now in request, and had to bestir their legs and their scant red petticoats in earnest, setting up portable tables, producing glasses and cups and something to fill them, boiling coffee (it smelt good) on the fires, and supplying the officers, while the men refreshed themselves with the same, and with biscuit and cheese; and next, they walked through the lines, these *vivandières*, and poured out a *goutte* of brandy for each man. Only to look on was enough to make a chap feel dry, everything was so clean and orderly: many of our fellows, who had come out to see the show all dressed in their Sunday uniform, said we might take a hint or two from it if we were wise. Some minutes were given to pipes and cigars, and then the word of command ran along the lines, and the troops formed into marching order again. But wasn't it splendid when the staff came on!—that Chobham affair last year was tame to it. You could not see, without winking, for the heaps of gold and silver on the officers' accoutrements, and the polished steel that glittered in the sun. There were French dragoons with shining helmets of brass, their mountings of leopard skin; horses prancing and curveting in their handsome caparisons; a profusion of gilt and white bullion shining and sparkling, and white plumes, as big as a whole cock, waving till they turned you giddy. Prince Napoleon was in a slap-up national uniform, and General Canrobert, who rode with Sir George Brown about a foot in the rear, looked resplendent with orders and decorations. The French officers' dress, I can assure you, put ours into the shade. As the prince rode through the lines, the men shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and the bands afterwards played "*God save the Queen,*" for the benefit of Sir George and the rest of us English. The review was over pretty quickly, in about two hours. And now it's a fact, that when the troops had got back to Gallipoli, only one man was missing out of the twenty thousand. A telling lesson this for home—if the war-lords will but take it. Our soldiers' clothing is contrived so as to impede their marching; the stock prevents the free action of the blood (setting the other mistakes aside), and in a long march we find numbers falling out of the ranks—can't get along at any pace—down they go upon the ground, gasping for breath, smothered to suffocation, and their eyes starting like throttled cats! But the dress of the French soldier is just what it ought to be, useful and supporting, and looks first-rate besides.

One of our officers, Captain Weatherveer, is a friend of Mr. Bright's, and a little inclines to his opinion that war is a curse, especially when he gets talkative after dinner, if we get anything eatable and drinkable.

But really the accounts that have reached us from Constantinople and other places, of the inflictions on the poor Greeks, is very bad. The unhappy wretches, some thousands of them, have been summarily ejected from house and home, reduced to ruin, and driven aboard any steamer about to leave the shores. Irishmen are sometimes packed in their emigrant vessels thick as sheep in a pen, but these Hellenic subjects are stove thicker than human beings were ever stove yet. Few of them have a shilling left in the world, and when cast ashore at the Piræus or elsewhere, they will be as destitute as when they were born, no immediate grub for their wives and little children, and no means of getting any. It's thought a lot of them will turn pirates. Weatherveer says he should be ready to turn into the arch-fiend if any despotic government used him so. "Bah!" cried he, "talk of injustice! of the cruelties and severities of war! my dear friend Bright is not far wrong after all. If we could but have the fighting without the cruelty, I should say, Go at it." "Oh, be hanged to 'if,'" retorted Major Gum, "let's take it as we can get it."

News has oozed out here, that through Lord Ellenborough (I think it was) being in a rage at the *Times'* correspondent's letting out about the mismanagement at Gallipoli, no reporters are to be allowed to accompany the army: so that if England wants any future tidings respecting our movements and doings, victories and defeats, she may whistle for it. Our officers don't much like this: there are some old hands among them who were in the Peninsular war, and remember how *its* details were conducted, its wholesale, unnecessary sacrifice of human life and happiness, and they think if things are to be still done in a bag, nobody to look out and tell, and nobody to look in and advise, it will be the same again. But Cuff says his opinion is, that if all the Lords and Commons unite in trying to put the stopper upon the "own" or "special correspondent," they won't succeed in doing it. Far be it from him, he says, to insinuate that those gentlemen partake of a ferret's nature, but he does say that they always do, *and always will*, succeed in ferreting out anything they care to know, in spite of Lords and Commons.

It is hard to say when I may get an opportunity of writing again, but I will when I can. I keep myself very steady, as you enjoined, and play at nothing but fox-and-geese, with Gill, on the little board you gave me.

I am, dear sir, yours very dutifully,

THOMAS PEPPER.

P.S. One of our officers has just got a letter (two-and-nine) stating that the dress of the British soldier is to be changed in many particulars. And it declares that the Government at home, deeming Englishmen deficient in ingenuity or brains, have sent out to foreign countries, asking for *their* opinion on the subject of soldiers' dress—what alterations they would recommend, and would they oblige them with the loan of the patterns? None of us believe this; it's too rich; but it set our officers laughing so immoderately, that they had to "unstock." Major Gum could not stop himself, till he thought he had done for another pair of pants, and that brought him up. He is so desperately fat that they are always going.

## VIGNETTES FROM A POET'S PORTFOLIO.

## I.

## HOMBURG.

A CALM, clear river, flowing between mountains, steeped in light and laughing with greenery—such was the Rhine when I saw it first. On my second visit, the picture was reversed. It was Midsummer; but Midsummer out of sorts—gusty, turbulent, fractious. The rain was pelting, the wind moaning, and the river rushing past, in brown yeasty waves, when I set foot on board the steamer at Bonn, on my way upstream to Mayence. All was changed; the mountains looked grim and ghastly, furred about with livid swathes of vapour, and their craggy summits half-hidden, half-revealed, by the trailing fringes of the storm. Kloster Nonnenwerth was weeping sore amongst its willows, under Rolandseck, the eternal watcher; and all the little hoary villages along the vales looked as if they had cried their lives out from window and door, and were about to exhale bodily into mist, as a natural sequel. Now and then, it is true, something like a smile broke through the leaden dulness, restoring its natural beauty to the scene; and in one of these brief intervals, looking sternwards, I had a view of the Seven Mountains, purple against a stone-grey sky, the mystery of clouds swept clear from their foreheads, and all their ghostly cerements vanished out of sight. But this lull was but of brief duration, and in the midst of all sorts of inclemencies we panted and struggled on, and at last reached Mayence by a magnificent sunset, that changed the whole surface of the Rhine into one vast sheet of rose-coloured water, flickered, here and there, with silver, and pricked with the shining points of stars.

I slept at Castel, on the other side of the bridge of boats, and from my bedroom window looked out on the old town of Mayence, with its gleaming roofs and towers, and on the “noble and abounding river,” sweeping grandly towards the Rheingau, in the glimmer of the rising moon.

The next morning Midsummer was as well as could be expected, after its tantrums of the day before, and we had a pleasant journey through the Hockheim vineyards and across an open pastoral country, extending to the base of the Taunus Hills. Before us rose a broad, bulky mountain, the Great Feldberg, and at its foot lay strewn the ruins of Falkenberg Castle.

Now and then we rushed out of corn-fields and pastures into the forest land, and caught glimpses of herds of deer, startled by our dragon-like approach, and scudding away athwart the sunlit glades into the sombre depths beyond.

A strange contrast, by the way, this passage of a railway train through the heart of an old forest; the noisy rush of material progress through the region of nature's immutable calm. The contrast is strange to the railway traveller, but would be far more so to any contemplative Jacques, seated amongst the primæval beech-stems, and meandering, peradventure, at the moment, through the pellucid chapters of some “running brook.”

What would Jacques do, I wonder? Lift up his eyes in an ecstasy, and break out into vehement laudation? Or would he turn aside from the clash and the uproar into some remote and more secluded dell, where only the forest creatures track their paths, and only the throstle is privileged to weave silence into song? Were I Jacques, I would do the latter, I think, so weary am I of that metallic cry of Progress, wherewith the Age, through brass pipes and iron pipes, and with eternal, wire-drawn iteration, magnifies its achievement.

But listen—from his arbour of refuge, and by the throstle's worshipful leave, a Jacques, of my way of thinking, maketh confession of faith. "The Age," quoth he,

"Culls simples  
With a broad clown's back, turned broadly,  
To the glory of the stars;  
We are gods, by our own reck'ning,  
And may well shut up the temples,  
And wield on, amid the incense steam,  
The thunder of our cars.

"For we throw out acclamations  
Of self-thanking, self-admiring,  
With, at every mile run faster,  
'O the wondrous, wondrous Age!'  
Little thinking if we work our Souls,  
As nobly as our iron,  
Or if angels will commend us  
At the goal of pilgrimage.

"Why, what is this patient entrance  
Into nature's deep resources,  
But the child's most gradual learning  
To walk upright without bane?  
When we drive out, from the cloud of steam,  
Majestical white horses,  
Are we greater than the first men,  
Who led black ones by the mane?

"If we trod the depths of ocean,  
If we struck the stars in rising,  
If we wrapped the globe intensely  
With our hot, electric breath,  
'Twere but power within our *tether*,  
No new spirit-power conferring,  
And in life we were not greater men,  
Nor bolder men in death."\*

Amen! And all honour to this Jacques for his noble and plain speaking, but while we have been maligning iron and steam, and lapsing therefrom, into reveries equally vindictive, those blind, unresentful instruments have borne us rapidly on, and waking at last out of my dream, I find myself at Frankfort, and soon after at Homburg, my destination.

Homburg would be a healthy, enjoyable place enough, if its visitors could refrain from stewing the live-long day over the atrocious *rouge-et-*

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\* "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," by E. B. Browning.

*noir* tables. I am not going to sermonise on these paradisaical pandemoniums, but I may remark, *en passant*, that if proof were wanting of the evil and degrading influence of play, that proof exists and is patent to every observer in the unmitigated ugliness of all confirmed gamblers. Not a natural ugliness, in many cases, but an ugliness superinduced and compelled by the intense working of vile and low passions. Take a score of such men at haphazard, and I defy you to produce, from any sphere of ill-doing, more warped and unlovely specimens of humanity; the moral brand glares through the physical mask with a hideous and unmistakable emphasis. To the spiritual anatomist these *salles de jeu* offer a wide circle of observation. He walks the hospitals in them. Only, instead of whitewashed walls, and truckle-beds, and sick bodies, he has gilded ceilings, and velvet hangings, and diseased souls. He holds no camphor to his nostrils as he moves among the plague-stricken, but he knows there is an infection in the air, more fatally virulent than small-pox, and typhus, and the black death are caught withal. The shareholders in these establishments receive dividends of ten, and twenty, and thirty per cent.; what is the per-centage of the ruin that society entails through their action?

The town of Homburg is beautifully situated, but not near enough to the mountains, which are scarcely within walking distance. They are fine, stately-looking mountains, however, with some good effects of colour; being now black with climbing pine-woods, now brown with moorland, now golden with gorse. The town itself is a comfortable, old-fashioned, paternal-governmentish sort of place. The Landgrave's chateau is everybody's chateau, and everybody walks into it, and through it, and sits down in it, and smokes his pipe in it, and nobody ever turns anybody out. Architecturally speaking, there is not much to be said about it. There is a tall, white donjon tower, rising in the middle of the court-yard, and overlooking the length and breadth of the land; and between this tower, I observed, and the great Feldberg there is a good understanding and fellowship, for when the Feldberg's round phiz wrinkles into laughter with the first sunbeams, the white tower is sure to laugh too, with a queer sort of wink of its window-panes, and a glimmer of its gilded weather-vane atop.

There is an equestrian statue, too, of some former Landgrave, high up against the same court wall, which is laughable in its grotesqueness, for the horse, occupied apparently with looking out of a two-pair of stairs window, seems to have got his hind-legs into difficulties, and the Landgrave, holding on by the mane, stares ruefully down at the uncomfortable perspective of paving-stones below.

The castle terrace commands a magnificent view over a richly cultivated valley, backed by the far-reaching range of the Taunus mountains. For a considerable time after my arrival, these mountains wore their nightcaps all day long, not having the courage, I suppose, to attend to their *coiffure* in the then state of the weather. Sometimes the nightcaps were perched jauntily on the summit of their crowns; at others (when the weather thickened), they slipped down over their eyes, which made them look like confirmed invalids, propped up in bed, with a background of bolsters, and fit for any kind of physic. More than once, in an aggravation of cloudiness, and when the case grew hopeless, they



broke into vehement passions, and then, from under the flapping frills of their head-gear, gleamed forth sharp, fiery flashes, accompanied with groans that seemed to shake their very insides, so dire was the rumbling that ensued. When the sunshine came at last, for good and all, the mountains were scarcely to be recognised, so bland and benevolent were their faces, and so bald their pates. They looked quite absurdly amiable.

In the Landgrave's garden there is an old fish-pond, full of old carp, and the king of them, a round-shouldered old fellow, in a brown surtout, turned up with gold, suffered himself, I remarked, to be pushed, and jostled, and poked in the ribs, just in the same paternal-governmentish sort of way as his suzerain in the chateau above. The bread that was thrown in for the royal table was so nibbled at and gobbled down by the hungry courtiers (who came sailing up in a line directly it splashed into the water), that the poor old king seldom got a breakfast, much less a bellyful. Yet I never saw him out of temper; now and then he would show the whites of his eyes, as if in protest, but nothing came of it.

Just so the Homburg citizens nibble at their suzerain's strawberries and strip his currant-bushes as they stroll through the kitchen-garden, talking of "*our* hay-crop," and "*our* apple-harvest." And the worthy old Landgrave writes up at all his gates, "Walk in, good people—men, women, and children—walk in, and welcome, only don't bring your dogs." But the dogs come too,\* of their own accord, and their puppies with them, and now and then, I suppose, the Landgrave, catching sight of them, shows the whites of his eyes, in a sort of protest . . . but nothing comes of it.

The first fine day there was a review of the Homburg army—three stout lads; with brass pots on their heads, and little play-swords by their sides, who marched a yard this way and a yard that way, made funny little thrusts at each other with sham bayonets, and then strode off to their barracks, after being duly complimented by their commander-in-chief. This was the infantry. The cavalry did not show on the occasion, and for a sufficient reason—he died of the cholera, last summer, poor soul! and times having been peaceable since, *he* has never been replaced. Revolutionary principles, as you may imagine, have not yet threatened the stability of the Homburg government, so that its standing army (I never saw it standing but that once) is rather a matter of etiquette than anything else.

I dined daily at an uncountable table-d'hôte in the Kursaal, and in the end became inured to German cookery. That is to say, I resigned myself to the sempiternal boiled beef (which, dodge about as you will, there is no avoiding), and accepted stewed prunes with my kid, and boiled cherries with my chicken, and greengage-jam with my duck. Only, I eat these dishes separately, whereas the Germans, apparently, prefer taking a little of everything and eating it all together.

As a general rule at a German dinner, whatever is not sweet is sour, and in the latter category, say the ill-natured, are to be included *all* the wines. But they were pleasant, after all, those Kursaal dinners, with their merry babble and complete *sans gêne*, and very sumptuous was the saloon in which they were spread, enamelled from ceiling to floor with gold and arabesques, and wreaths and garlands. Pleasant, also, was the view through the open windows on to the smooth, verdant lawns, with their

marvellous clumps of roses, great pillars and pyramids of bloom, more perfect and exuberant than I have ever seen elsewhere.

As for the mineral springs, and their composition and their curative virtues, are they not written in the book of the Chronicles of Murray, and Bogue, and Coghlan? to say nothing of the treatises of doctors innumerable and of quacks not a few.

But what is not recorded in the Chronicles, is the fact, that most of the houses in Homburg are numbered *fractionally*, so that being at 26, and wishing for 27, you must by no means be rash enough to ring the bell next door, which might be merely  $26\frac{1}{3}$ , or something equally remote and apocryphal. The desiderated 27 is probably round the corner, or far ahead in the unseen. Not being strong in fractions myself, I was obliged to have recourse to a *valet de place* when I went on visits and voyages of discovery.

Also, I may mention, that the *rouge-et-noir* board of management benignly accords to all visitors the right of fishing in sundry "trout streams" on the estate, but omits to mention that nine months out of twelve these streams are innocent of water, and for the remaining three are barren of fish. I toiled, through brake and brushwood, all over the domain, and brought back nothing but the dust on my shoes, and certain rumours of traditional and mythologic trout—antique legends of a shadowy incredibility, and dating as far back, I imagine, as *le beau temps du deluge*. Caveat Piscator!

Midsummer was in full convalescence by the time I left Homburg, and from the omnibus, as we climbed the hilly road to Bonames, I looked my last on the little town, lying, a grey patch in the valley, under a cloudless sky, while behind it, bulky and blue, towered the Feldberg, and afar, through the clefts and gorges of the hills, came surging the purple sunset light.

## II.

### THE KONIGSTUHL AND HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

I HAVE a passion for climbing hills, the very avowal of which conjures up a swarm of delightful recollections. Amongst my latest and pleasantest exploits of the kind, I count my ascent of the Konigstuhl, the grey craggy mountain that overlooks the town of Heidelberg. Three clear hours before the Mannheim train starts—just time enough, with an effort, to go up and down. Up? To be sure! So up we went, scrambling over rocks, leaping where we could not stride, stopping at nothing—up, and up, and up! First one lags behind, and then another, but the third perseveres—the third pants, and toils, and reaches at last, through brushwood and blinding leaves, the little table-land atop, where he throws himself down exhausted on the grass and sees all the world below him. Oh! fair world! In the rear, the great branching forest-land of the Odenwald; in front, the Haardt mountains, black-banded with climbing pine-woods; and near at hand, the Rheingau, with its castle-crowned summits, and the valleys of the Neckar and the Rhine, and the vineyards, and the purple hollows, and the sea of woodland, and the meeting of the waters—the interweaving of those two silver threads, that a stray sunbeam shot suddenly from the clouds and *married* and

went its way. ' And that thin Laubenheimer wine, when we were tired of staring! and the huge draughts we drank of it; and the wonder of the old man who lives up there, among the storms, to serve it out; and the laughter (ours and the wine's) as we hurried downward in headlong race; and the whizzing of the Mannheim train as we leaped into it, the last bell ringing, and so away! over the level plains, athwart the deepening shadows, to that dearest water in the world, the Rhine!

It was with a slower pace, and in a different mood, that I visited Heidelberg Castle. You reach it by a steep flight of rocky stairs, trellised over with thick leafage, through which the will-o'-the-wisp sunbeams flash at intervals, piercing the gloom, as with golden arrows. Your footfall wakes no echo as you ascend, for the soft moss, in summer, covers the surface and fills up the hollows of the time-worn, rain-washed stone. Turning a sharp angle, at the topmost landing, you pass under a lichen-fretted gateway, and come out on a terrace in the full sunshine, and seat yourself on a stone bench, under the parapet, and look down on Heidelberg, with its one long straggling street, and its market girls, with their white kerchiefs and baskets full of piled-up fruit, and on this side and on that the far-reaching valley, and the vineyards, and the rivers as before; only you are much nearer to them now—so near that you can almost distinguish the purple grape-clusters on the hill-side vines; and listen!—though you be no Fine-Ear, you may still catch that rippling murmur that steals up through the hanging beechwoods, faintly and intermittently. It is the song of the Neckar, its sweet, *glad* song—for the Neckar is on its way to meet the Rhine, and the Rhine is near at hand.

Behind you rises a huge pile of sculptured and embattled walls, a very chaos of ruin, scathed by lightning, blackened by fire, sapped by leaguer and storm—Fate's pitiless *In Memoriam* over great destinies and mad ambitions. Tread reverently those courts, as you would tread the vaults of a sepulchre, with the dead around. Hark! how the gaunt trees, looking in through the rifted oriel, mutter their grand old memories to each other, and how the wind tries to surprise them; and how, on a sudden, they fall into deep silence, and stand motionless, like colossal mourners round the bier of some demi-god of old! See, along the east front, half hidden by the ivy, are the lattices of the banquet-hall—

In the empty window-panes  
Horror reigns!

If you were to enter that hall at the "witching hour of night," you might chance to hear strange sounds—the uproar of wassail, laughter, and stormy shouting, the gurgling of the amber wine, and the blended harmonies of harp and lute. You might even see shapes, if you were strong of heart—the shapes of palatine, and prince, and bishop, and a woman's shape, above all, pale, but heroic—

O a face with queenly eyes,  
And a front of constancies;

and a little hand outstretched, and reaching forward, for ever forward, towards that fatal phantasm of a crown. You would see it lure her on, that phantasm—you would see her follow it, with all her retinue, "a goodly army and a strong,"—follow it over wild tracts and hostile pro-

vinces, over mountains and through forests, to the forgotten scene of empire. And then, after a pause, your ear would catch faint and far, the clash and the tumult, as it were, of stricken fields, and of cities taken and retaken—sounds of hope and triumph and despair—and last of all, loud, awful, shrill, cleaving its way through space and time, and echoing and re-echoing through the chambers of that deserted home, a solitary trumpet blast—a very agony of sound—like the passionate wail of some lost soul in final ruin and discomfiture!

Silence, after that, and no presence in the hall save your own . . . and DESOLATION.

So entirely has Nature resumed her rule in the precincts of the castle, that it is difficult to conceive its having been the scene of savage and sanguinary warfare. With the thrush's song in your ears, and the violets purpling the turf about your feet, you would strive in vain to realise either the thunder of Tilly's batteries, or the rush of the French battalions through the breach. And yet ten times has this paradise been made a Pandemonium by the devilry of war—ten times have the trenches been opened, the mines sprung, the verdurous woods mowed down, the sunny gardens marred—and lo! the forgiveness of Nature! The ruinousst rife once ended, her work of healing is begun; over the shattered wall she trains her ivy, along the trampled sod her mosses creep, with her earth she covers the slain, and with her holy silence she hushes the discords both of victory and defeat; not a wound but she sears over, not a wreck but her art makes graceful; silently but ceaselessly her work goes on, till at length she triumphs in a paradise regained, and anew the thrush sings in the copses, and the violets purple the hollows. O tenderest of nursing mothers!

The majority of visitors to Heidelberg Castle seem to be possessed with but one idea, that it contains in its cellars a tun of extraordinary size; this is what they come to see, and so, strolling listlessly, through the haunted corridors and halls, they reserve all their enthusiasm for the marvellous tun. Fill it full, good Hildebrand, with the mellow vintages of the Rheingau—old vintages, of a mighty pulse!—roll back the years, O Time! and restore the life, and the pomp, and the lordship, and let *me* be present at the tapping of that tun, while the upper chambers ring with jubilee, and the tables groan, and the logs crackle on the hearth.

Till I can see it thus, I am content to believe on hearsay, that somewhere, in the caverns underground, there stands a gigantic Emptiness—a melancholy memento of extinguished hospitality and cheer.

### III.

#### GARDEN GOSSIP.

THERE is a little brook running through my grounds, which has its rise in one of the clefts of a gorse-covered hill hard by, and traverses, on its way hither, a broad meadow starred over with exuberant wild flowers, that cluster along its course and bathe themselves and are mirrored in its pure waters. A happy brook was that, when I knew it first. Having crossed the meadow, it came gurgling and flashing into my

garden, where it soon made itself at home, for I had planted all along its borders strips of velvet turf, and in its bed and about the banks I had sown the seeds of all such plants as flourish in the bosom and by the margin of running streams.

It flowed amongst the flower-clumps, singing its pretty pastoral song, and then, refreshed and scent-laden, entered another meadow beyond, from whence it leaped suddenly into the sea through a gully in the cliffs, which it sprinkled with silver foam.

A happy brook was that, in sooth; it had absolutely nothing to do but to be merry and bright, and flash over the pebbles, and flirt with the flowers, and carry off their perfumes. It led the life, in short, which I should choose for myself—nay, the life which I lead, as often as the world will let me, and till its knaves and fools and plotters drag me back into the crowd and the conflict—me, the quietest and least militant of men.

But heaven and earth seem alike adverse to a happy idleness. A neighbour of mine and his friend, an engineer, were walking and talking one day by the brook-side. Indeed, they were talking of the brook itself, and but sorry compliments they paid it.

"Now here," said my neighbour, "is a pretty sluggard of a stream! sleeping in the shade, basking in the sun, frolicking among the rushes; wasting its time, in fact, instead of working for its living, as any other honest water-course should. Why, the least it could do would be to turn a wheel or two, and grind pepper and coffee."

"And sharpen tools," said the engineer.

"And saw wood," said my neighbour.

And I trembled for my brook, and broke in on their gossip, exclaiming, in a startled tone, that they were trampling on my forget-me-nots.

I could protect it from them, but alas! from none but them! Not long after, there came into the village a bustling, sharp-eyed man, whom I saw repeatedly prowling by the brook-side, especially at that point in the meadow at which it leaps into the sea. This was clearly no dreamer of dreams, no poet in search of rhymes, no lover lulling his passion with the murmur of running water.

"Little friend," I heard him say to the stream, "you dance and leap and sing, whilst I struggle and toil and am weary; surely, you might lend me a helping hand! True, you do not know how to work, but it is easy to learn—and it must be dreadfully tiresome for you to have nothing to do. Making a few files now and then, or sharpening a knife or two, will be a pastime for you, I take it."

Woe's me! Soon after that a great wheel with cogs, and then a mill, made their appearance in the meadow; and from that time to this the little brook has had to work. It turns a wheel, which turns in its turn another wheel, which turns the mill. It sings still, but no longer the same pretty pastoral song. A fractious, jarring discord runs through its work-a-day chant, and the bright water foams and frets and dashes, with impotent rage, against the black droning wheel. It runs still through the broad meadow and the garden-ground, and the meadow beyond that; but there its taskmaster awaits it—its toil and its penance. I have done what I could for my brook; I have dug it a fresh bed in my garden—a bed that turns and winds, so that the stream tarries longer than before

in the sunshine and amongst the flowers; but after all, it must go—there is no escape from the knife-grinding!

Poor little brook, it should have hidden its happiness deeper amongst the grasses; it should have muffled its merry song!

- It was some time before I had courage to garden in this new land. The thought of another garden, lying in a green nook of memory, daunted me. A pretty place it was, that old E— garden of mine—small, but so full of flowers, with a long arcade covered with creeping plants, and a smooth velvety meadow at the bottom, dappled over with cows, and bordered with wild-rose hedges. And the little river, a winding thread of silver, in the middle distance, and a great black patch of oak and elm and chesnut shutting in the view. It was the *setting* of the garden, rather than the garden itself, perhaps, that was the chief charm,\* but it was certainly the bloomiest little nook that can be conceived, and so calm and happy-looking! From the parlour window you looked through the apple-trees straight across the fields, and saw in the summer evenings the great broad moon rise—a disk of red fire, behind the belt of woods, and then pale and pale as it climbed higher and higher, till the tree-tops were edged with silver, and all the grassy levels grew white as with new-fallen snow.

How I worked in *that* garden! reclaimed it from the *bush*, as it were, —turned it from a savagery into a pleasance, from a lurking-place for slugs and snails into a playground for butterflies and a paradise for dainty devices. And how the hamadryads, if such there were, must have groaned at my irreverent loppings of the immemorial trees—my breaches in the dense black wall of shade—my long lines of loopholes, whereat the sunshine might flash through. I destroyed nothing, but I curtailed—swept away the rank undergrowth, ventilated the leafy chambers, left doors open for the breezes to flutter in at, and opened skylights to give entry to the rains and dews. And so, little by little, the grave, morose old visage of the place changed and brightened—wrinkle by wrinkle was smoothed down, smile by smile conjured up—decay was overgrown by youth, and youth held festival and twined garlands and quaffed nectar. Out of an age of iron had sprung, for my garden, a new golden age, and which, alas! seems doubly golden now to me, who have nothing left in these later days but to sigh amongst other places and other men, “I too in Arcadia!”

My boyhood from my life is parted;  
My footsteps from the turf that drew  
Its fairy circle round—anew  
The garden is deserted.

Deserted indeed! Gone are the poets that under its boughs “discoursed most excellent music.” Gone the cordial presences, the hearth-side friends, with whom I paced its paths in many a pleasant gloaming!

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!

Gone, and in their stead, who? Nay, when I come to that I cast off memory as a nightmare, choosing rather to listen to the petulant plaint of my little brook as it leaps and struggles and dashes the foam of its passion against the great droning wheel.

## IV.

## A GARDEN APOLOGUE.

PACING up and down the garden paths one day, I gathered some stray flowers and fancies, which I sorted thus :

Once upon a time, many centuries ago, the little flowers, that flourished, peaceful and unmolested, in the glades of an old forest, took it into their heads to complain of their solitude and isolation.

"What is the use," said they, "of being fresh and pretty and gaily attired, living and dying as we do in the depths of this wood, and giving to the winds alone (that know not what use to make of them) our richest perfumes?"

"How happy are the flowers of the gardens! Everybody admires *them*, and their life is a perpetual holiday: surely our exile has endured long enough; let us cry aloud, and entreat of Him who made us to take us from this dreary place, where we shall droop and fade from very weariness!"

"What! my children," replied a flower, already a little wan and withered, and who seemed to have some experience of life, "do you think of quitting this safe retreat to go into the world? Believe me, that which God does He does well, and if He has planted us in this quiet place, it is because it is the fittest for us. Where is happiness to be found, if not under the shadow of these beautiful trees, whose green, thick foliage protects us against the chilling winds and scorching heats, and divides above our heads only to give us glimpses of the blue sky beyond. And where, I pray you, can you hope to find a carpet of moss so soft as this, or one that sets off our colours so well! You complain of loneliness; is it nothing to pass the livelong day in the company of butterflies, who are always sportive and joyous, and to be visited at night by the merry spirits that haunt these dells—the elves and fairies, that tell us their secrets, and sing us their sweetest songs? The world, my children, is full of snares for the poor flowers,—happy they who, like ourselves, live in such a retreat as this, into which the breath of evil has never entered."

A little giggle passed from flower to flower at the close of this long discourse. It is easy to divine all that was said on the occasion, and with what irreverence the pert young flowers listened to the sage counsels of their faded sister. Youth is everywhere the same, and headstrong always.

Some, however, the more reasonable amongst them—the virtuous mint, for instance, the honest plantain, and the constant asphodel—said—(but it was in a rather low tone)—that they thought it would be better to reflect—that it was too late—time to go to bed, in short—that it was a grave matter to decide hastily, &c., &c. They spoke, indeed, just as people are wont to speak when they are a little timid and wish to gain time.

But the most impatient of the flowers said that it was never too late to do what was right—that life was short, and the present moment theirs to enjoy and not to waste, and much more to the same effect.

Youth, as we said just now, is everywhere the same, and headstrong always.

"Ugh!" groaned a tall nettle to a bramble close at hand—"I thought that old stick of a dandelion would never come to an end!"

"Plague take old people!" said one of those little yellow plants that are eaten in salads—"plague take old people! they all tell the same story."

As usual, those who talked the loudest were those who should have held their tongues.

During this discussion night came, and with night, sleep. These two spread their wings over the world.

Soon the wild wood-flowers drooped their heads and began to sink into slumber. Some, indeed, were already fast asleep. But their restless desire, nevertheless, kept watch within them, and issued from the depths of their little sorrowing hearts together with their sweetest perfumes.

The perfume of flowers is their prayer—the incense that they offer up to Heaven.

That evening it rose with more than its usual fragrance, and uplifted on the wings of ministering angels it reached the gate of Heaven. And the prayer, and the desire that was interwoven in the prayer, pleaded softly and plaintively, until at last it was heard and answered; for a voice issued from the gate of Heaven, and floated downward from star to star through the dewy air—downward, till it came to the dark old wood, with its twisted branches and thick, murmuring leaves—and downward still, till it reached the sheltered nook where lay the little flowers, cradled soft in slumber. There the voice hovered, and each flower, in its dream, heard, as it were, a sound of sweet, low music that shaped itself anon into such words as these:

"I have heard your prayers, O flowers,—be it unto you even as ye will!"

Then the voice ascended up again to the Heaven-gate, and in an instant all the flowers that had repined at their destiny were transplanted, as by miracle, into a great and fair garden in the midst of the world; and when they woke the next day, and, after shaking the dewdrops from their little robes, discovered that their dearest wish was realised, they were so lost in wonder that they could scarcely credit the good fortune that had befallen them.

"What a delightful place!" cried they, as soon as they had recovered from their astonishment. "What a difference between this magnificent garden, glittering with sunshine, and the gloomy black forest we have left. Here we can enjoy ourselves at our ease, display our graces, and be admired and beloved by all!"

Alas! they knew not, foolish ones, that to be admired is not always to be loved.

It was a sad sight to see them all lifting up their heads proudly, and striving to rise to the height of their dreaded rivals—striving, but in vain! Providence had made them little flowers, and little flowers they remained.

To crown their misfortune, they could not complain to each other, for they were all separated; sisters were far from sisters—lovers from those they loved—all the old ties were utterly annulled and broken. The symmetry of the garden required this; each flower had its place marked out for it; the being happy was not the question—the being a



grace and an ornament, that was their duty there. And so, ere long, they grew very sad—sad, and a thousand times more lonely than they had been in the old wood. They consoled themselves, however, with the idea that they would soon be noticed, that their beauty would be observed and praised; and this pleasure did not seem to them too dearly purchased by what they had resigned. They longed for this time to come, and were continually preparing for it, by setting off their charms to the best advantage.

But oh! wretched flowers! even this consideration failed them;—they attracted *no* attention—were admired by none, and if they had not been enclosed and protected by the box edgings they would even have been trampled under foot. The flaunting rose, exhibiting its beauties without reserve or shame; the coarse dahlia, hiding its haughty nothingness beneath a robe of flaming crimson; flowers, whose sole charms were their gay colours, these alone were welcomed with delight, and treated as queens of the garden, receiving, as it were, the homage of an eager court, though appearing scarcely to care for it.

And, indeed, what figure *could* they make? the simple pilewort, the quaint bird's-eye, the useful sage, the humble primrose, the innocent valerian, the solemn mandragore, the sentimental forget-me-not? How could they compare with hollyhocks and poppies, musk roses and cabbage roses, moss roses and perpetual roses, hundred-leaved roses and royal roses, and the seven thousand nine hundred and seventeen other varieties of roses,—to say nothing of camellias and hydrangeas, and narcissi and sunflowers, and carnations and gilliflowers, and—a host of others!

Ah me! ah me! what tears were shed, what sighs poured out upon the sunshine! and how the little flowers regretted the deep wood-shadows and the moss, and the silence and the repose!

And when the gardener came, with his great spade in his hand, what a fright they were in! They all shrunk and trembled like aspen-leaves, and wished themselves a hundred feet under ground. But they escaped with the fright; death had not yet overtaken them—a violent, a dreadful death—a death which they could not even conceive, for in the woods the flowers die softly and quietly, and only when it pleases Him, who is the Lord of every living thing.

But though they were not yet dead, they were not far removed from it. The southern sun glared fiercely on them, and, unaccustomed to receive his rays, except through a veil of verdure, they were withered by the heat; and not a single spring or rivulet was there to minister moisture and freshness to their scorched roots.

A little water, indeed, was sprinkled upon them from time to time—but what water!—and even this succour seldom came when it was most needed. More than once they were well-nigh killed outright by being watered at an unseasonable time. Then, there was not a single blade of grass, or tuft of moss, anywhere near them, and they were compelled to strike their roots into a black and arid soil, raked and tormented every day, lest some friendly plant should spring up in it unawares.

"Ah, let us escape from this inhospitable soil!" said the gravest among them one fine morning. "Let us go." Go! alas, how? Once more they were all prayers and entreaties; each made his separate vow

(the vow of the shipwrecked), while he waited for the miracle that was to liberate them from that accursed place. But miracle there was none. In vain they waited—good angels are not always ready to become the servants of the creatures of earth.

Their guardian angels essayed, nevertheless, to win for the poor, exiled flowers a restoration to their native woods, but no voice made answer to their supplication—no gracious assent was vouchsafed.

Since that time it has happened that wood-flowers are often found in gardens, and, as if the malediction of heaven still pursued their unfortunate race, the poor things never grow either taller or more beautiful; they are still, and will always remain, what they were at the moment they quitted their woods, and no cultivation can ever succeed in changing them. This is the judgment pronounced against them for their vanity and ambition, and thus it was that the sins which ruined the first of human race, ruined also those wild flowers of the wood.

After tying up my bouquet in this fashion, I perceive that a heartsease (with a face like a full moon), peeping out from between a tuberose and a tiger lily, was about to put in a protest, and vindicate, probably, the wonders of cultivation—and that a double violet, ruffling with spite, was preparing to second the same, but knowing the conceit and perverted taste of these poor toys of the gardener, I discreetly put my fingers to my ears and left them to console each other.

## THE ANCIENT BRIDE'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

"WHY did I marry—why, oh why?"  
I ask myself with many a sigh;  
A slave I've made myself for life  
Only to gain the name of—*wife*!  
There seemed such magic in that  
sound—  
But small *enchantment* have I found;  
Alas! the poet's words are true—  
"Tis distance lends it to the view."

Just fresh from school when I came out,  
I deemed at every ball or rout  
Admirers would around me gather  
Or *suitors*, I should call them rather.  
I was then only turned eighteen,  
And my thoughts vibrated between  
Love in a cottage with some youth,  
A mixture of romance and truth,  
Whose Byron brow and D'Orsay air  
Should make me a much envied fair.  
Or if I had not better make  
A brilliant match, and really take  
A coronet, though perhaps older  
And somewhat plain might be its holder.

Some two, three years had quickly gone,  
And still I flirted gaily on—  
But yet, no coronet was proffered,  
No charming swain his cottage offered;  
And then the thought occurred to me,  
Of Guardsman, or perhaps M.P.

Thrice at the altar did I stand—  
But never with ungloved left hand,  
There to receive the plain gold ring  
Bridegrooms in waistcoat-pockets bring.  
Our servants never had to mount  
White favours upon my account.  
Most of my schoolfellows were marry-  
ing,  
And wondered for what I was tarry-  
ing—  
I could have told, but pride forbade—  
I was too hard to please they said,  
Another season, and another  
Thus passed away: and now my mother  
Looked sometimes rueful, sometimes  
cross.  
But I was never at a loss

For ball-room partners; so far well—  
 I still was young, and who could tell  
 How soon some dangler might declare.  
 None did—I almost felt despair—  
 Especially when I was told  
*Kindly*—I looked by no means old!  
 I gave up balls, and turned devout,  
 And followed clergymen about  
 To bible meetings, infant schools,  
 Conforming to the strictest rules;  
 But 'twould not do—none of them  
 popped.  
 Therefore that line in time I dropped.  
 I then turned blue-stocking, and read  
 Even when reposing on my bed;  
 As much I'm sure I crammed, more too,  
 Than Cantabs or Oxonians do  
 When plucking stands before their eyes,  
 Or academic honour lies  
 Within their grasp—but all was vain  
 A matrimonial prize to gain.  
 My every plan seemed to miscarry—  
 So I declared *I'd never marry!*  
 I dare say people said "sour grapes"—  
 And hinted at my "leading apcs"—  
 But I pretended quite to scorn  
 All of the male sex ever born.  
 And for companion—wanting *that*—  
 I took a sleek, plump, green-eyed cat.  
 About this time some quirk of law,  
 In an old uncle's will, some flaw  
 My coffers filled with stores of gold,  
 And I was courted as of old.  
 Though fully forty years had flown  
 Over my head, I did not own  
 To more than thirty-two or three  
 None flatly contradicted me.  
 To parties now once more I went—  
 To me bouquets once more were sent—  
 And I resolved once more on this—  
 To drop the odious name of . . . *Miss*.  
 Fatal resolve. A wooer came,  
 With high aristocratic name,  
 He was third cousin to some duke,  
 And had a most *distingué* look,  
 Dark bushy hair—a slight moustache—  
 Waltzed well—rode well—but had no  
 cash.  
 He praised my eyes—he praised my  
 smile—  
 He knew full well how to beguile

A trusting heart—at last—at last—  
*The question came!* The die was cast!  
 Flurried and fainting, I said "Yes."  
 He did not stop my hand to press,  
 But forthwith to his lawyer flew.  
 The settlements with him he drew,  
 And I had but the deed to sign  
 Which took from me all that was mine!  
 I had not time, just then, for thought;  
 There were new dresses to be bought,  
 And orange-flowers, and wedding cake,  
 And bridal gifts to send and take;  
 My head went whirling round and  
 round—  
 Then came *the day*—what was that  
 sound?  
 By some mistake the death-bell tolled  
 Instead of marriage bells—how cold,  
 And frightened I became! That bell—  
 I knew not then—but—'twas the knell  
 Of all my comfort here below!  
 My honeymoon? Heigh-ho—heigh-ho!  
 'Twas passed in bitterness and gall;  
 My bridegroom let the mask soon fall,  
 Confessed he only sought my pelf,  
 Nor cared a straw for me myself.

I sobbed, and I was called "old fool"—  
 I smiled, and I was told "to cool  
 My antiquated love." I knew  
 That recklessly my husband threw  
 My wealth away—yet not a pound  
 Its way into my pocket found.

Neglected—jeered at—stinted—  
 cheated—  
 This is the way that I've been treated.  
 Oh ye! who spinsters have remained  
 Till a certain age has been attained,  
 Be warned by my experience!  
 If ye have any common sense,  
 Stick still to single-blessedness,  
 Nor madly rush on wretchedness.  
 You'll lose your money, if you're  
 wealthy—  
 Be made a sick nurse, if you're healthy—  
 Be laughed at by your dearest friends—  
 And nothing get to make amends.  
 Like me, you'll ask, with many a sigh—  
 "Why did I marry—why, oh why?"

## A RIGHI DAY.

THE scriptural expression for a day, is "the evening and the morning," and though in general this description passes over parenthetically the busiest portion of our waking hours, it may be affirmed that "the evening and the morning" are emphatically "the day" on the Righi, for the rest of the time is occupied in climbing the mountain so as to arrive before sunset one day, as the morrow is devoted to getting down again after the sun is fairly risen upon the earth. As to any one being found to spend by choice twelve waking hours on the Righi culm, we believe that such an event is not on record, even in the annals of English eccentricity or perseverance. To Righi tourists the whole business of life, whether of failure or success, is compressed into the two quarter-hours before and after sunset and sunrise respectively.

Our Righi day was eminently a success, although quite an accidental detour from our route of travel, the occasion of which is too amusing to be forgotten. It was as follows:

Some months in Italy had given a certain facility of asking and answering questions in the language, though far be it from me to say I had achieved or even attempted a mastery over its difficulties. I had none of the courage with which people will rush at Dante, just as rash amateurs in music insist on beginning with the violin! that most excruciating of instruments in the hands of a learner, but I can truly affirm I never committed the folly of entering the circles of the "Inferno." I doubt if to this day I comprehend the abominable niceties in the application of the teasing little verb *essere* (to be). Still I could make my way well enough, hold a common colloquy, and, by degrees, a kind of Italian began to come so naturally to my lips, that whenever a civil native attempted to communicate in *his* execrable French, I always begged him to accept *my* vile Italian phrases in preference, and got along very well.

Turning our heads northward again, we well knew that with the climate we must leave the soft language of the South behind us, and we made preparations for getting up our French for current use once more; but we never calculated upon a great *crucasse* (to use an Alpine phrase) which lay between the two languages; we knew that we must leave our Italian, like a contraband article, at the Splügen barrier, but we were utterly unprepared for tumbling headlong into a region of unknown tongues; this "minor misery," however, actually did happen to us, and for three days we lay helpless and tongue-tied in the land of Romanch!

I don't know what the "learned Bopp!" makes of Romanch, but I think it not impossible that its basis may be the lost language of the ancient Etruscans, upon which has been raised a superstructure of jargon, to which every nation and tongue, from Dunkirk to Dalmatia, has contributed its quota. To simplify the matter, it is arranged into three dialects! so that if you should insanely attempt to master the Romanch of the "Engadine!" and flatter yourself you had succeeded, you have only to cross into the valleys of the "Vorder" or "Hinter Rhein," to find your labour on a new variety of this patois all to begin over again. A pleasant language this, truly, for weary "birds of passage" to light upon!

As for our case, it was ludicrously pitiable. At the first summons of thought, an Italian expression would rise to the lips; then, on recollection that we were off *Italian* ground, came a halt, and an awkward attempt to dress the same thought in half-forgotten French; and when this was accomplished, to see the stolid postilion, waiter, or chambermaid, *looking Romanch!* at us, with all his or her might, was confusing beyond measure. One of our perplexities I must detail, to give an idea of many.

From Coire we drove on to Ragatz, as a pleasant resting-place, meaning to give two or three days to the examination of the baths of Pfäfers, which, with their mane of foam and tail of cataract, are indeed a Swiss lion of no ordinary interest. Instead of burying ourselves in the extraordinary hotel at the baths themselves (a *locale* where even "Mark Tapley" would have found merit in being "jolly!"), we set up our staff of rest in the "Hof Ragatz," at the entrance of the gorge of the Tamina, where in general we enjoyed glowing sunshine, and a superb Alpine range at the other side of the Rhine in the foreground, with the power of plunging in five minutes into all the Radcliffean horrors of the defile in our rear, whenever it suited the "gloomy habit of the soul." The afternoon of our arrival, unaware of the distance, and as I was suffering under a slight lameness, we, my girls and myself, with S——, who still kept us company, took a *char-à-banc* from the Hof to the Baths. A safer carriage (your feet within step of the ground) could not be made, and a steadier horse, kept for the route, could not have been selected; still as we drove on a road not broader than an ordinary shrubby walk in England, without fence or parapet of any kind, and close over the torrent of the Tamina, raging and thundering in its channel a hundred feet below us, it was impossible to avoid some nervousness; man and horse, habituated to the place, trotted briskly up and down the small steep of the path, but I, with my imagination realising all the horrors of a start or a stumble, could not but wish them to go a little slower. When I attempted to express this, an Italian "*zoppo*" came uppermost—no, that won't do; then a French "*restez*," "*alte*," "*arretez-vous*;" still no effect! At each sound the man looked round with the same stolid countenance. All was in vain. I was utterly unable to make him comprehend what I wanted. At last I was obliged fairly to throw myself back, and fright was dissipated in laughter, as I despairingly exclaimed, "Well, what a country we have got into, where a man can't say 'stop,' with his neck in danger of being broken."

Some Shaksperian hero "plucked the flower of safety out of the nettle danger;" out of this confusion of tongues, we collected a day of unmixed gratification, in a perfect ascent and achievement of "the Right,"—an adventure which, nine times out of ten, as we are informed, gives the tourist his toil for his reward. At leaving Coire we thought it well to do as we had heretofore done with convenience and safety, that is, despatch our heavier trunks to meet us at Zurich, thus qualifying ourselves for light carriages and mountain roads for some days. On delivering "*Nos bagages*" to our Coirean host, he seemed to comprehend perfectly what we desired, but just at parting asked some question (I suppose in Romanch), to which I first answered "*Si, si*," and then "*Oui, oui*," with an air of perfect intelligence, at the same time comprehending what the man had *said*, as little as if he had addressed me in Parsee. He shortly

returned, and handed me a "billet," engaging<sup>g</sup> to deliver my trunks at Zurich, which I placed in my pocket-book, and departed for Ragatz.

We loitered some days in this delightful locality, so as to pass our Sunday in quiet; and then proceeded by the wild lake of Wallenstadt (the "cat's paws" of which are proverbially dangerous, and reminded us the more of the whirl blasts of our native mountains) to the "margin of fair Zurich waters," down the full length of which we steamed to Zurich town, in a perfect hurricane. We kept the deck of the steamer, kept our heads on our shoulders, but it fared otherwise with head-gear—for it was then and there, that my daughters were compelled to surrender up those convenient though unsightly shades for the complexion, to which foreigners give the expressive name of "Uglies;" which had done "yeoman service" during many a long Italian day, but were here yielded tributes to the power of the storm—being blown from their bonnets down the wind as cleanly as the kites or sky-scrapers of a frigate in a squall.

Arrived at Zurich, our first inquiry was for our baggage. "No effects!" was the sum of the answer; we produced our voucher, and the cause of the delay was then evident—that lucky or unlucky "*Oui, oui*," of mine had been in reply to a question whether the articles should go by the fast and more expensive coach, or by the "waggon?" Thus the boxes, though safe, were but "coming," and would not arrive for "three days yet"—we must wait until Thursday! Here was, a gain or a loss—which?—we immediately set about turning it to the best account we could.

\* I must premise that my travelling companions were of rather different temperaments—one personified Prudence, and the other Romance—Prudence knew that our tour had a fixed limit, and that my presence at home was essential by a certain ascertained day; hence whenever a detour from the laid-down route was hinted at, in came Prudence with her inexorable almanack—"Papa, you have not time—this is such a day"—and then the number of days necessary to reach home by sheer travel were reckoned up, and so we (Romance and I to wit) used sulkily to submit. I suspect, indeed, that Prudence was suffering under a slight fit of that "*maladie du pays*"—the *nostalgia*, or pining for home, to which the Swiss are said to be subject. As for Romance, I do believe her thirst for travel was so unsated, that if I had told her on any given day that I had "engaged a veturino for Palmyra!" she would merely have asked, "At what hour in the morning must I get up?"

Here, however, were three days which Romance and I had *honestly* come by in this *apropos* mischance. Now to "Murray" once more. "I can see Zuingle's Church and the "Zurich Archives" to-day—and what for to-morrow?" The moment we cast our eyes on the map the same idea struck us all—even Prudence herself was not the last to say, "As we can't advance towards England, let us go to the Right." And to the Right we went. Next morning found us slowly wending our way over the Albis range, which separates Zurich from Zug. These heights are memorable in the records of ancient and modern Swiss warfare. Here it was that Zuingle, in one of the conflicts of the early Reformation, acting as chaplain militant to his flock, and refusing to "call on the Virgin," when wounded and a prisoner, was smitten as a "heretic dog" by some one who, in the act, thought he was "doing God service." Here, in a later day, Massena and the French out-manœuvred Suwarrow and the Russians in the Republican wars of the last century. As our eyes tra-

versed the smiling prospect, it seemed hard to realise the fact that human hate and strife had so often marred its loveliness. The rough stone block monument, however, which marks the spot where Zuingli fell, is a record not to be disputed, proving

That human strife had once been there,  
Disfiguring what God made fair,  
And doing deeds in God's own name  
Which put humanity to shame.

The traveller has his choice of no less than three ascents to the Righi culm (culmen), which owes its attractions entirely to its position and advantages as an observatory for probably the finest and most varied panorama in all Switzerland. Standing at a junction-point for no less than three lakes—Zug, Lowertz, and Lucerne, which may be said to wash its base—it commands on the one side the whole range of the Oberland Alps, while on the other, the more level country, *flat* for Switzerland, though well diversified by wood, hill, and dale, loses itself in the shadowy outline of the Jura mountains and Black Forest hills, at a distance, it is said, of one or two hundred miles. Probably other points of view may command as fine or finer individual features of scenery, but, as a complete prospect, the Righi is said to give the most magnificent in all this land of grand panoramic beauty. We decided to ascend by one route, and to diversify our excursion in descending by another; accordingly, having driven through Zug, and ordered an early dinner at Arth, we dismissed our carriage to Lucerne to wait us there, purposing to retake it at breakfast hour next morning.

At the table-d'hôte of Arth, there were but three guests beside ourselves; two of whom, a young gentleman and lady, seeming to be "all the world to each other," evidently eschewed any society but their own, for they took their seats at the extreme end of a long table, at coffee! The remaining guest joined in our more substantial repast, and ultimately became our rather useful and entertaining companion on the Righi and in the descent next morning to Lucerne, where we parted company, probably never to meet again, though for a year or so we fully expected that some day or other he would walk into our remote residence, since as to plan or determined route in his travels, it seemed quite uncertain whither he might direct his steps; the lakes of Killarney were just as likely to be his destination as Jerusalem, which he spoke of visiting, and when he left us his most definite idea was to "Go and look for a cousin!" who was "*somewhere* in Russia—he believed at St. Petersburg!"

He was one of those young men with more money than taste or judgment, whom America annually turns out to make the "Old World" circuit, just as England formerly sent her sons to go the "grand tour" as a part of education. He told me that his father had dismissed him for a "three-year European travel," and that "he must make it out as well as he could." His good-nature was great; knowledge of any kind meagre; manners not so much bad as peculiar; free, but not impertinent; very much such as you often find in a well-born and nurtured lad who has been learning style and finish during a long cruise in the midshipman's mess of a line-of-battle ship. Above all, his self-reliance and complacency seemed thoroughly American—not that I know aught of America, except as I am led to "guess" and "calculate" by occasional specimens and general descriptions.

Our acquaintance commenced in this wise. I found him walking about the *salon* and amusing himself in poising and selecting one from a bundle of "Alpen-stocks" standing in the corner of the room. Not knowing his nation, I said, in French, "Apparently, Monsieur is for the Right?"

"Yes," he replied in the same language; "I am going to walk up with a guide."

Nothing more passed at the time. Shortly after we sat down to dinner, when, on my remarking to my daughters in English that we had often had watery soup, but I never remembered any so guiltless of flavour as this, to my surprise our companion turned to me, and in our common mother tongue exclaimed,

"You may say that, sir! regular *potage du lac*."

Here a pleasing little trait of Swiss simplicity broke in. The waiter overheard the epithet applied by our friend, laughed freely, declared it was a "mot," and that he would go down and tell the—cook! all as a capital joke. We begged him to "do so by all means."

"Monsieur is an Englishman, then?" said I.

"No!" said he, carelessly. "Genuine Boston, that's what I am." He said this defiantly, as I thought, and I said no more.

Presently one of my girls, having been curiously observing the pair who sat wrapped in each other at the further end of the long board, remarked,

"I am certain those are new married people; they seem to care neither for scenery, nor dinner, nor anything but each other."

Our Yankee friend stooped forward, took a long stare at the supposed "*nouveaux marries*," and abruptly said, "Well, I'm not married, thank God!"

It seemed doubtful whether there was intended rudeness in this brusque speech, but I thought it better to follow it up jestingly. So, looking at him half-seriously, I shook my head, and said:

"I never knew a garrison boast so loudly that was not near surrender; that very speech assures me, that though you may not know it, you are on the brink of matrimony."

He returned my look, and seeing a joke in my eye, abruptly said:

"You're not English!"

"How do you know that?" I replied.

"Because I never met an Englishman yet that would joke at first sight."

"Well," I said, "I am *not*, though here I may reckon for one—I am Irish."

"I knew you were not," he said coolly; "I know the English all the world over *by their starch*."

He spoke as promptly and decidedly as if he had been a studier of national character for years, and yet the boy, for he was little more in age, was probably only repeating a national axiom learned with his letters. It is true the Englishman is too apt to wear a starched covering over his sterling and estimable qualities, but I hardly think our young American friend could have known much of it, except by "tradition received from his fathers." I don't mean to put the two national characters in comparison, but I will say, for the mere *compagnon du voyage*, Irish affability makes its way better than English exclusiveness. Our friend held all his American *fiercé* bristling to match English *hauteur*, as long as he thought us "Britishers;" the moment he found Irish *rednecks*.



ness to exchange a repartee, his national *brusquerie* was laid aside—at once he became obliging and courteous. We accommodated him by sending his portmanteau to Lucerne in our carriage, and he offered to engage our rooms at the Righi Culm Hotel, where, by breasting the steep hill-side, he was sure to arrive a considerable time before us equestrians; a very useful kindness, when, as on this occasion, at least one hundred and fifty persons were scrambling for accommodation.

Dinner ended, we turned our backs on our new friend to meet a few hours later on the Righi top. He took the mountain path, steep and direct from the town of Arth; while we equestrians, each mounted on a stout horse, and each conducted by a stalwart guide, made a detour to the left, leading us over the buried and through the re-building village of Goldau, which lies in the valley between what is left of the Rossberg mountain and the Righi, up which we presently found ourselves ascending by successive traverses or flights of stairs, which our stout steeds clambered steadily and leisurely, as “to the manner born.”

The tremendous fall of the Rossberg mountain about forty years ago, the *débris* of which buried a town, half filled a lake! and flung itself half way up the slope of the mountain opposite, was one of those events which, well and vividly described as we find it in books, had been one of the exciting causes of my wish to see Switzerland. The descriptions of it in “Beattie’s Tour,” or “Murray’s Hand-book,” are excellent, and realise the scene as far as any description can do; but nothing short of ocular observation could give full idea of the tremendous catastrophe which, to all within its influence, must have been as “the crash of a world.”

The Rossberg seems, as does its gigantic neighbour the Righi, to be mainly composed of that conglomerate rock called by many local names—“conglomerate,” “nagel flue”—with us “plum-pudding” stone. In the former mountain, beds of this rock form its slope; they rise from the valley at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and present a bluff face or end to the lake and village of Zug; they are of great thickness, and seem to rest upon seams of clay, “hinc illæ lachrymæ.” It was the moistening of this clay in a season of long-continued rain, which may be said to have converted it into a well-greased run or slide for the superincumbent rock, which, from the accounts collected after the disaster, would appear to have been slowly slipping down on the valley for some days, until at length “getting way,” and the base yielding, the whole mass, forming a section of the mountain equal in area to the city of Paris, burst in huge fragments and rushed on the devoted valley beneath, and not only overwhelmed the village, but actually sent its fragments half way up the ascent of the Righi opposite! It is only this last fact which now remains to give any idea of the tremendous forces engaged in the event.

As we rode from Goldau up the Righi side, and our guides showed us here and there enormous masses of conglomerate, many of them as large as a church, and then pointing to the fractured Rossberg, explained that they came from thence in the slip, we could not help shuddering at the idea that the danger of a similar calamity still exists, and that another rainy season may detach and scatter another slice, in a shower of conglomerate rock, sending death and ruin upon all within the sphere of its action. And yet there was the toll-taker at Goldau, “sitting at the receipt of custom,” smoking and drinking “schnapps” as composedly

as if there was not a buried village under his feet and a fractured mountain over his head. The reckless indifference with which human nature seems to resist all warnings as to possible danger is wonderful. There, for example, is Torre del Greco, under Vesuvius, six times drowned in lava, seven times built again. The present railroad to Castellamare carries you above the level of the flat house-tops, and you see old women dozing, young women drying corn, and children basking and playing in the sun, on the roofs of dwellings built under the shadow of the volcano, of the lava rock which flowed in fiery torrents from it, and covered with a compost formed of the ashes of former conflagrations. In our want of familiarity with these phenomena we wonder at their recklessness; but they!—what do they do? Why they realise the reflection of the poet—

Unconscious of their fate  
The little victims play.

But we are making slow way up the Righi side. How can it be otherwise, when it is literally what I have before called it—"a getting upstairs." When we came to the real steep of the ascent, the path or road consisted actually of trunks of trees placed at intervals, and transversely, to serve as retaining walls to the loose gravel soil of the mountain. But for this precaution, the road, *pour ainsi dire*, would in the first shower of rain become a mountain gully, impassable to any quadruped. As matters stood, our trained horses climbed step by step, and seemed almost to hook their hoofs over the transverse timbers.

For us to attempt any guidance would have been out of the question. All our care was fully employed in keeping our seats and guarding against a fall crupper-wise. Moreover, the care of the horses was the official business of the guides who conducted us; had we interfered, we should probably have only done mischief, and (though a rule sometimes to be broken when the *salus populi* becomes the *suprema lex*) in travelling I am generally for leaving each "department" to discharge its own duties, relying on the *prestige* of that universal departmental bugbear—responsibility. Official men from Downing-street to a Dogana are proverbial for becoming worse and slower in their proceedings the moment you attempt to hurry or put them out of their routine course.

At about one-third of the way up we halted at a "rest haus," to give our beasts provender and their conductors "schnapps." They were hearty, frank young fellows, and did not abuse the order I gave for their refreshment. In about a quarter of an hour we began the ascent again, and the only effect of this little indulgence showed itself in their bringing on the cattle somewhat more briskly, and presently, as we met a large herd of Alpine cattle descending to the "haus," two of them broke into song, rousing the mountain echoes by a "Ranz-des-Vaches." Here I perceived, for the first time, the origin and meaning of this Alpine melody. It would seem that the cattle of each commune graze together in the upland pastures, and that as they come homewards the herd of each proprietor follow with unerring sagacity its own leader and bell. These bells, made of thin copper of a large size, give out a weak musical note, with a slight variety in tone; and are suspended round the neck of generally the finest cow in each herd, who marches proudly at the head of its attendant companions, and the "Ranz-des-Vaches" (literally meaning, the ranking or ranging of the cows) is neither more nor less

than the imitation of the combined tones which these various bells give out, in that simple and not unpleasing harmony which is said to act with an irresistible attraction on the feelings of the Swiss peasant when heard at a distance from his native valleys. We now heard, in primitive perfection, the original melody from the bells of the descending cattle, and the excellent imitation from the manly voices of our guides, which, not having *then* heard the unequalled performance of Mr. Pringle (the *flageolet* friend whom Mr. Albert Smith introduces at his *sourées*), I considered the best I had ever heard.

We were now entering what is called the middle region of the mountain, where the deciduous trees of the woods through which we had been hitherto travelling began to give place to those enormous firs indigenous to, and characteristic of, the higher Alpine regions. These giant trees stood farther apart than the timber of the woodland below; deep drifts of snow lay here and there (though it was mid-June) in the sheltered hollows, and occasionally stood forth a huge, shattered, and ~~aching~~ trunk, flinging its bare arms, as if in desperation, towards heaven, and realising the description of

Those blasted pines, wrecks of a single winter,

so graphically used by Byron to symbolise his soul-blighted hero, Manfred. Through this sombre avenue, dotted at intervals by "stations of penance," we approached the dreary hamlet, composed of homely inns and a humble convent, where three or four Capuchins serve the church of "Notre Dame des Nieves," or "Our Lady of the Snow," as she may well be called, inasmuch as the whole region is wrapped in a snow-mantle for at least nine months of the twelve.

The difficulties of the ascent were now overcome, and a half hour's easy riding over upland levels brought us to the point of the "Staffelhaus," where the traveller, carefully enjoined not to look round until the proper minute, obtains a kind of preparatory glimpse of a section of that full Righi diorama which awaits him at the "culm," after riding and rising gradually for about another half hour.

We had timed our journey admirably. We were dismounted, and pacing the smooth turf of the Culm (culmen, or top) about a quarter of an hour before sunset, where we found assembled more than a hundred individuals of all nations, ages, sexes, tongues, and temperaments; all waiting eagerly until the sun should make his descent from behind a thick bank of cloud into a small band of sky, "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," which joined the horizon, and which guides, waiters, and chambermaids; all the *cognoscenti* learned in Righi views, assured us gave every promise of a sunset specially glowing and beautiful. Among the crowd we were at once recognised and hailed by our American friend, with the intelligence that he had secured us apartments,—a favour the importance of which we understood better when we saw more than one party, instead of turning in like ourselves, after the sunset-glory was gone by, to a warm saloon and excellent ready supper, sulkily descending to seek such accommodations as the "Staffelhaus" inn might afford them, with the prospect of a shivering re-ascent for the sun's *levee* to-morrow, at that very coldest and darkest hour of all the twenty-four, which the period immediately before the dawn is known to be.

We all walked to and fro, counting the minutes until the sun should

make his appearance. Every eye was fixed on the distant horizon, and none were taking note of what was happening at our feet, when suddenly, from the little lake of Zug which washed the steep Righi base, there exhaled a thin, gauzy vapour, extracted by the glowing heats of the day just closing—this wreathed and curled gently up the sides of the mountain, until, in an instant, before we had time to think, the whole expectant assemblage on the Righi top were enveloped in a cold fog, so dense as to render it impossible to discern any object even at the distance of a few yards.

The polyglot exclamations of vexation and dismay which burst from the parties thus helplessly shrouded in "cold obstruction," showed how highly their expectations of the coming sunset-glory had been wrought, and how deeply the disappointment was felt. As the wetting vapour floated round and by us, we all sadly reflected that though it was but a passing mist and might soon dissipate, yet minutes were passing too, and it would probably clear away "just in time to be too late." For myself, I had but time to utter to my daughters an Italian expression, which may fit each and every disappointment, serious or trifling—" *Così è la Vita*"—when we had another illustration of the "changes and chances of this uncertain world," in a withdrawal of our mist-veil, with a suddenness and magical effect which might almost lead us to think that the whole had been a device expressly "got up" for our surprise and enjoyment. Not all the seeming magic which entrances the wondering schoolboy in the glories of his Christmas pantomime could equal our delight and surprise in the scene which presently opened on our view. The mist was obviously getting less dense, and occasionally a few objects in the immense amphitheatre below us began to loom through the haze—such as, a church spire, a tree-crowned hill, or picturesque hamlet—and it was very evident that the whole exhalation would soon pass away completely. By this time, however, the glorious sun had disengaged himself from the cloud bank which had hidden him so long, and began to tinge the emerging objects with his golden light. Every second was now bringing some new and surprising effect with it. The mist, still sweeping along in most gauzy fineness, concealed nothing, but gave to every object an indescribable character of ethereal lightness and grace. It was, in fact, a vast dissolving view of realities, shown on a scale, and executed with a perfection of beauty, no human artist could have achieved. At first every one held the breath, to drink in the passing and changing beauty of the scene; then exclamations of delight burst from those but a moment ago so desponding and murmuring. The whole militia of the Righi Culm Hotel—albeit well used to sunset splendours—turned out to gaze on this wondrous spectacle; and I heard the master of the hotel declare that, in twenty years, he had never before witnessed such a marvellous combination of light and shade at such a critical moment. But, while we gaze it passes; the sun has touched the horizon's verge, and is descending below it with that seeming acceleration of motion so well known to observers of nature; a moment more! "he sinks! and all is grey"—the long Righi horn sounds its plaintive and simple farewell to day. We turn into the hotel in search of creature-comforts for the night, and I repeat once again, " *Così è la Vita*." Yes! in its joys and its sorrows—its sudden depressions and as sudden upliftings—"such is life!"

## THE TEN COURTS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.\*

THE catalogues of the Crystal Palace are pre-eminently in need of an introduction. It is all very well to be told in an appropriate guide-book, that in the Egyptian Court the central colonnade, with its starry ceiling, is taken from the temple of Karnac—the lesser one from Philæ; that the Roman Court is full of choice works; that the Alhambra Court is a reproduction of the castellated palace of the Moorish kings of Granada; with a great deal of detailed information. Still much more was wanted, part of which can only be supplied by preliminary education, part by such a work as that now before us.

It is now understood that to appreciate the art of a nation, we must know the climate that surrounded the sculptor or the painter, the sky that he looked upon, the mountains or plains that formed his horizon. You must recal his religion, his tutelary deities, the government under which he lived, the social institutions that either invigorated or enervated his mind; you must feel his wants, and remember his pleasures. All this requires some previous acquaintance with the circumstances and position under which arose the giant structures of Egypt, and the richly ornamented Ninevite chambers—those under which the latter existed, being, it is to be remarked, quite different from those under which arose the more graceful structures of Persepolis, and which are so incongruously jumbled together in the so-called Assyrian Court of the Crystal Palace—we require to know that, after all, Pompeii was only the Worthing of Rome, not its Brighton; and to understand the nature of the closet-like rooms of its country-boxes demands some little intimacy with the manners and customs of the Romans of old.

Then, again, there is another kind of information requisite. In going into the Byzantine Court some little previous information as to the technical characteristics of the Romanesque in general is absolutely necessary—some idea of Saxon, Norman, Lombard, and Byzantine edifices is essential to enter into the peculiarities of these revivals through Christianity of Roman art, purified and carried forward from the point at which it had petrified. So also in the Renaissance and Italian Courts, where the decorative art of the fifteenth century became the apotheosis of upholstery, a perfectly different kind of elementary information is equally absolutely essential.

Both these kinds of information the Crystal Palace visitor will find in this account of the Ten Chief Courts of the Sydenham Palace, which thus constitutes an indispensable introduction to the Company's catalogues. The stringent necessities, both of time and space, have required that many of these Courts should be formed of condensed compilations from various temples and of different periods, and, except in the attempt to wed Assyrian and Persian architecture together, we think, with advantage to the student; but these incongruities can only be fully understood and appreciated by the study of elementary works, or the perusal of introductory notes, such as are presented to the reader in this clever and most useful little book.

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\* The Ten Chief Courts of the Sydenham Palace. G. Routledge and Co.











